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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 16, 1958

Vol. 26, No. 6

Our cover

● She's a French model, junior version. Her name is Nadine, and we don't know any more about her, except that she looks charming dressed for her afternoon walk in Paris in the winter.

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The Weekly Round

● A distinguished Canadian woman doctor writes for us in this issue (see page 5). She is Marion Hilliard, former chief of obstetrics and gynaecology at the Women's College Hospital, Toronto.

DR. HILLIARD retired not long ago after 25 years of practice. In those years she met thousands of women, listened to their problems, and advised them.

It was only within recent years that the editor of a magazine, husband of one of her patients, approached her to write some of her advice. These articles met with deserved success and she recently began a new series for which we have secured Australian rights.

"Over the years I have developed a practical philosophy," she says. "I believe in inevitability, the inevitability of living that produces pain and joy in unequal and unfair amounts . . . This is what I tell my patients: Don't waste your strength in being outraged because life is difficult. Assume that life naturally is difficult, will never be easier. Accept the inevitables and live vigorously."

IT isn't surprising that Beverley Prowse (see opposite page) is on the road to success. She is the daughter of enterprising parents. Her father, Norman Prowse, a builder and contractor, is a spare-time inventor. "He invented a marvellous car-lock, but it's a bit expensive to produce," Beverley told us. "I tried to sell it for him in Detroit. He's doing better with a special broom to sweep out cow-bails."

Beverley's mother, Winifred Prowse, writes on racing for newspapers in Queensland.

OUR pictures on pages 8, 9, and 11 give some idea of the spectacular variety of the Brussels World's Fair. We were interested to hear this week that Australian skater Pat Gregory will be starring in a show at the Fair. Pat, who was last in Sydney two years ago in the show "Rosemarie on Ice," has since toured America and Europe.

In a recent letter to Sydney relatives Pat described the season in Lisbon, where the show began at 9.45 p.m. and where, incidentally, she bought two pairs of the latest high-fashion T-bar shoes for the price one pair would have cost in England.

NEXT WEEK

● With next week's paper you'll get a 64-page cook book illustrated in color. It's our Dione Lucas cook book and it contains 144 recipes including those which Mrs. Lucas will demonstrate during her appearances at Mark Foy's Ltd. See page 12 for details and times. Make sure of your copy by ordering the paper in advance.

MODEL MOVES TO MOVIES

By ANNETTE FIELDING-JONES, staff reporter

● Beverley Prowse has been making headlines since she was 19. Now, at 23, she has landed a British film contract and joined the small band of Australian model girls who have invaded the international glamor field.

SOUNDS simple? Well, for Beverley it was.

Her story is one of those good-luck-plus-good-looks fables that other girls read about and wish would happen to them.

For Beverley it happened this way: A shy Queensland teenager of 19 from Toowoomba took herself to Melbourne to join a model school—not because she thought she was model material but because she hoped to learn poise and confidence.

"I really was shy," says Beverley in an earnest please-believe-me voice. "I grew up in country towns like Armidale, N.S.W., in wartime,

and then Toowoomba, with my parents and three younger brothers—and you know what young brothers say if their sisters try to look glamorous."

The shyness didn't last. A couple of months in Melbourne and she won the title of Miss Victoria, 1954.

Next stop was England in 1955, and the gimmicks of the modelling business. With Miss South Australia (Pat Doran) she raced down Fleet Street carrying a basket of eggs with invitations to breakfast at Australia House.

Beauty contests came next, and Beverley, now acting Miss Australia, came seventh (out of 42) in the Miss World, 1955, contest.

Everything speeded up and Beverley's pretty face again began peering out of advertisements in the glossy magazines.

Famous Italian portrait-painter Annigoni asked her to sit for him; the late Royal photographer, Baron, took pictures of her.

"Baron didn't like my profile. And I used to bite my nails, so he always cut my hands out of the photos."

Pretty girls usually manage to have a good time anywhere. Beverley had her share

of fashionable Mayfair parties and exciting escorts.

She went back to Toowoomba to see her family, and then there was another trip to England—and that much-publicised return from Singapore.

"I forgot my toothbrush," was all Beverley would say as 90 hours later—and £300 poorer—she set off again and did this time get to London.

Australia House was partly responsible for the film contract with Associated British Pictures.

They sent Beverley to test for the Flying Doctor series.

She didn't get the part, but the studio took 60 portraits and signed her up.

Now in Sydney, Beverley must be back in London by August for a small film part. "Then they'll see whether I'm any good and could be trained."

Beverley Prowse's 36-23-36 is neatly packed into 5ft. 5½in.

Sometimes she looks like Elizabeth Taylor (that's her wide-eyed, serious lady mood); sometimes like the prettiest girl-next-door (her crinkly-eyed, laughing mood).

Mostly she looks like Beverley Prowse, and so far that's got her quite a long way.

BEVERLEY PROWSE shows off three of the faces that may make her a successful film-star. Below, the laughing outdoor girl modelling beachwear; left, in a high-fashion black cocktail sheath gown with flouncy harem skirt; and, right, in sarong mutador pants at her Sydney flat.



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Shopping list
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for better
LIGHT



"We're all right, darling," said Patti Morgan

By Betty Best, of our London staff, after a radio-telephone talk with her old school friend Patti Morgan, former Sydney model and London television star. Patti, now the daughter-in-law of President Chamoun, of Lebanon, spoke from her Beirut home against a background of rebel gunfire. "Don't worry, we'll be all right," she said.

● For two days I badgered the international telephone people in London to get a call through to Patti Morgan when the latest rioting flared up in Beirut.

MY fears for her safety were considerable by the time the call finally came through.

Our transport strike and other troubles seemed small when I thought about the possibilities of another "Suez Crisis" in the Middle East.

When I picked up the receiver I was amazed to hear her first words: "Darling, how are you with all those buses off?"

Her voice was cheerful as she said: "I can hardly hear you for the racket that's going on here. For days there's been a background of explosions, gunfire, and the shouts of the mob.

"But don't worry, we're all right."

Talk censored

Patti was speaking from her apartment in Rue Badaro, where she lives with her husband, Danny Chamoun, son of the President. Only three-quarters of a mile away was one of the rebel strongholds.

I asked how close the firing was, but as soon as she began to answer the line went dead.

Every time I mentioned the possibility of personal danger from the rebels or asked about her father-in-law's political moves, there was silence from the other end until Patti had finished speaking.

The censoring was so effi-

cient that Patti did not know it was happening.

"Are you having any trouble with telephone calls?" I asked.

"Oh, no," came her answer quite clearly, "you're coming through beautifully."

It was hard to imagine that the calm brave voice at the other end belonged to the little blond girl in a tunic who had been with me at school.

Patti continued: "Danny, who's an engineer for the Lebanese International Airways, goes to work every day, no matter what the difficulties.

"It's hard to get through to the airport because for seven weeks we haven't been able to use our own car. It's too easily recognisable.

"But we borrow our friends' cars and get through trouble-some areas that way.

"I even manage to get to the beach on some days, or go water ski-ing.

"But that's not always possible.

"We haven't been short of food yet, although I haven't been able to do my shopping for two months.

"Funnily enough, it seems to be all right if I telephone my order to the shops. The rebels let their delivery men through with provisions for us."

Patti said the President was



PATTI MORGAN and her husband, Danny Chamoun, son of the President of Lebanon, chat happily after a meal at Beirut last month, even though they could hear rebel gunfire in the distance.

very worried about her and Danny.

"He has asked us to leave the country until the trouble is over," she said.

At this point came the longest break in the conversation. The telephone went dead for nearly a minute.

When Patti came back on the line she seemed unaware of the interruption.

May leave

She was saying: "Danny wants to save his father any additional worry. If he can find a job out of the country we will leave for a while.

"But only for a while. We both want to come back just as soon as we can."

The phone went dead again when I asked if the rebels had attacked their apartment.

Patti's mother is staying with her daughter in Beirut and I asked whether she and her mother would be given unmolested passage from the city.

But again we were cut off.

When Patti came on the line again she was talking very quickly. "There are a lot of people plotting against us," she was saying.

"I can't explain it now except to tell you that we are in a very vulnerable position.

"We have been fighting against leaving the country but now we think that for the President's sake we should go if we can.

"I can't talk any longer. The President rang us this morning to say that he wanted us to stay in the flat today because he was expecting trouble.

"I must not make it any worse for him.

"But don't worry. I really don't think there is any danger of the rebels taking over."

This was the last sentence I heard.

The operator cut across the line with a final "Terminez, terminez," and the line went dead.



GOVERNMENT TROOPS shelter behind sandbags on the roof of a building near the centre of Beirut, capital of Lebanon, as rebel snipers keep up a steady stream of rifle fire. Patti Morgan's home is only three-quarters of a mile from one of the rebel strongholds.

Love and passion —what's the difference?

By DR. MARION HILLIARD,

former chief of obstetrics and gynaecology at the Women's College Hospital, Toronto. Dr. Hilliard is widely known for her forthright views on the emotional problems of men and women. We will publish other articles from her later.

● I had just given her my last hearty words of encouragement and farewell. "Don't ever lose your sense of humor — and relax."

IT had been fun—this chit-chat about getting married. But now the interview was over and it was time for her to go. Suddenly she looked directly at me and said in a quiet, hesitant voice, "How do I know that I love him?"

I was shocked for a moment at the depth of her questioning. She was a brilliant girl, in her middle thirties. I expect that in her profession she was known as a hard-bitten career woman who knew where she was going and exactly how to get there.

But at that moment she was like a child in spite of her apparent sophistication.

I realised that the interview was far from over.

"Well," I said, "this is a fine time to ask that question. Aren't you getting married tomorrow?"

"Yes," she said, "we've been talking about the 'making of love' part of marriage, and I am quite sure that will be all right. But how do I know I love him?"

"It's easy for a girl to find what she needs for her sex life—it may not be the right thing, it may be only half of life, but it can be found."

"How do you find love and how do you recognise it for certain?"

First, as I told my patient that day, I believe that you can't find love. Love finds you. You never know whether you will be loved in return. You can only know that you love.

In these days when everyone is so anxious for security in every possible aspect of life, love can offer no security, no promise of so much return for so much expenditure, no bank balance that can be hoarded for a rainy day in the future.

Love wants no contract or guarantee. Love must never be bargained for, but given without any "money-back" clauses attached.

In our times when we make such a production of so many unimportant matters, our main difficulty is to recognise such a

simple, unsophisticated thing as love.

In my patient's case, I could be reassuring. The sound of her voice when she said, "How do I know I love him?" was really answer enough. It was full of gentleness, wistfulness, and a longing to know what he thought and what he felt.

From a practical point of view I was sure that she loved him because she was so content to give up the things she had worked for — her career, her independence, her own home — to follow him wherever he wanted to go, without any assurance that there would be even as much success or money or prestige as she could earn for herself.

Love before marriage, of course, doesn't mean a happy life together is inevitable.

I mentioned earlier the importance of keeping a sense of humor sharp and ready, and the importance of maintaining an atmosphere of relaxation.

Amazing ignorance

But you must also have time and rest so that the creative and imaginative facets of your mind — through which love lights up the daily routines of our lives — have a chance.

No matter how hectic or complicated your daily existence may become you must provide areas of comparative peace and quiet so that you can experience each day a sense of living your lives together.

There must be occasions created when you have time to feel together the spiritual forces which surround our lives.

In the minds of many people today, the word "love" is used so casually and frequently that its meaning is blurred.

I have been very disturbed about many of the letters I have had from women. The writers have obviously confused love with something quite different — passion.

"Why must I spend my life without a man?"

"Tell the married women to stay with their own men and give us single women a chance."

"It's very hard for a single woman to make her way, be-

cause it's easier for a man to take out a married woman because it is so safe."

"There must be another woman in the life of a successful man."

"I am 25, life is over for me. I have no desire."

After I read these remarks I am amazed at just how ignorant women can be.

They are misinformed about the obvious needs of a woman — of any human being — the need for status, achievement, and affection. We are born with desire, but satisfaction of passion in mating is not among our basic needs.

Why do we confuse love and passion?

Our difficulties in understanding come from the fact that the power to love and the power of desire are both present in the infant.

As we grow up, no dividing line develops between physical desire and the time when this feeling becomes overlaid with spiritual warmth and understanding.

On the converse side, there can be a sudden communication of spirit which shortly may overflow into a physical sense of nearness and closeness and a desire to express this spiritual communication into a communication of body.

This feeling is natural to all men and women and can work in all directions. As there is no clear dividing line, we often become confused, and mistake passion for love — or love for passion.

But in all our behaviour we have to take care that our actions are constructive and nourishing to the whole personality. This means behaving

in a manner that doesn't cause the destruction of ourselves or anyone else, in the society in which we live.

There is one point which I want to stress particularly.

Certain situations make for the sudden recognition and communication of two minds or hearts. Similarly, there are certain situations which make for the sudden recognition and communication of two passionate desires.

But one person can never know what the depth of need another person may have. This need is like a vacuum which has a positive drawing power — you can almost feel the pull.

We all have to be mindful, as we go about our daily business, of other people's needs and be prepared to act as our brothers' keepers, if need be. This is particularly true when we come to physical desire.

I remember one patient who came rushing into my office one day and said, "May I sit in your waiting-room for a little while?"

"Of course, but why?"

"My husband brought one of his business friends home for dinner last night and something extraordinary happened to me. I was terribly attracted to this man. I almost felt I could melt into his arms if he held them out."

"I am a very happily married woman. I know, logically, that I don't want that man. I don't even want to see him again."

"If I can stay in your office during the day for a while, I'm sure that I can work this out and it will pass."

It is natural for everyone to experience unaccountable attractions. Sometimes, with the right timing and staging, these feelings can be almost violent. But they just cannot be allowed to develop, because they may destroy ourselves or other people whom we care about.

Sometimes women feel it is right to follow the command of these sudden desires because of the great need of the other person. They are almost ready to subject themselves to this person completely because they are suddenly and sharply aware of this vacuum of loneliness — and the pull of the other person.

Many a woman has entered into an affair because the feeling of being needed was so compelling. But if her actions contribute to the destruction of her own self-respect, or the unhappiness of any other person, her action is wrong.

Love more powerful

Let us try now to put down in simple terms the difference between love and passion.

Passion is relentless, rushing into any vacuum, driving on to its own self-satisfaction regardless of the circumstances or the havoc which may follow.

Passion has no morals, no standards, no control, and no compassion. It is cruel and devouring, looking only for its own immediate fulfilment.

Passion tosses aside the rules, Christian ethics, civilisation, and individual plans and intentions.

Passion disregards dignity

and grace. It is humorless, full of rage.

Love, on the other hand, is more powerful than passion.

Love illuminates all aspects of relations between men and women, parents and child, friends, and, ideally, between nations.

Sometimes, in the recognition of one spirit by another, there is a sudden spark kindling an inspiration which may last a lifetime.

Love never destroys. It is trusting like a child, tender like a lover, and tough like a mother. Love knows no social barriers, no age limits.

For me, love implies the ability to accept the person just as he is.

Love understands, respects, and is always willing to wait.

Love listens, and love then gives. Love is also joyful and, at times, exquisitely and quietly humorous.

Love can occur in many different guises, but when love between a man and a woman overflows into passion the relationship is restored and re-created again and again. The marriage is then truly blessed.

But passion without love is disaster, and love without passion is no marriage. Love with passion, but without the knowledge of how love is nurtured, may wither and vacuums may form. Time, imagination, laughter, and the rest are the prescriptions I give.

Surely one of the best of all sounds is the happy, tender, affectionate, understanding laughter of a husband and wife in the prelude of their love-making.



"How do I know that I love him? How can you recognise love for certain?"

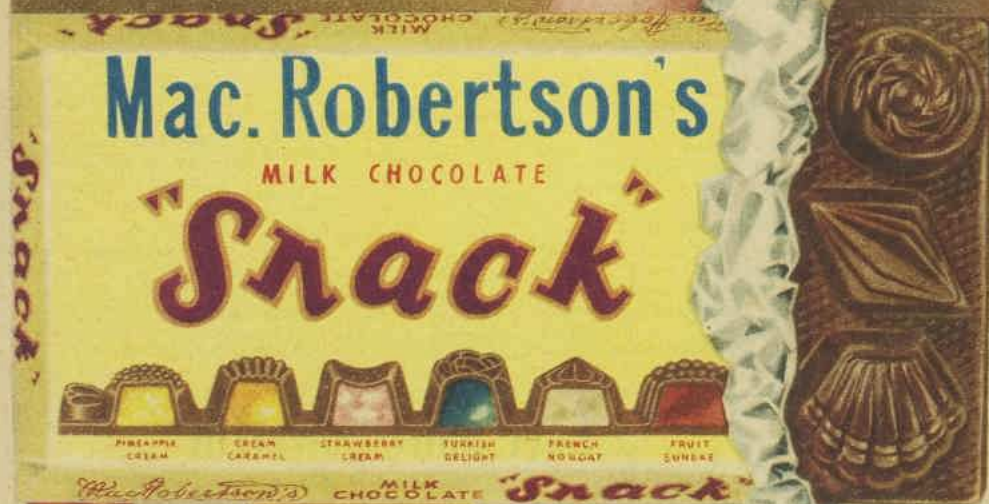
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YOUNG STARS Dana Wilson and Colin Petersen pose with two of London Zoo's greatest charmers, Bobo and Fifi. The chimpanzees were taken specially from their cage—the kind of privilege of stardom which most impresses Colin and Dana.

Two bright stars who were kept in the dark

● Smuggling children into Britain and keeping them hidden from prying eyes is no easy task, which is why producers of "A Cry From The Streets" are heaving exceptionally great sighs of relief now that the secret shooting of the film is finished.

THE two children smuggled into the country with all the drama of a top-security operation were Australian child stars Colin "Smiley" Petersen, who's just flown back home to Queensland, and Dana "Shiralee" Wilson.

And the producers are happy because the children safely finished their leading roles without having a school inspector shoulder his way into the studio, stand guard over the too-young-to-be-working stars, countermand shooting schedules, and generally upset the filming apple-cart.

Without as much as a peep from the newspapers, the two lively young stars settled in with practised ease before the cameras in the studios at Twickenham on the Thames. "A Cry From The Streets"—to be released in London next month—brings Australia's two best-known child personalities together in a big film for the first time.

Top British musical star Max Bygraves plays a "straight" role as adult lead opposite Barbara Murray in the film, which is a tear-jerker stitched with humor.

Little Dana Wilson, now a boisterous nine-year-old, has the role of a stoic and cheeky elder sister who "mothers" her two brothers when a welfare worker snatches them from a slum after their father murdered their mother.

Colin Petersen plays a bewildered lad hankering after his deprived mother, who has abandoned him.

These two head a cast of some 25 children chosen by brilliant young director Lewis Gilbert after auditioning 200.

During the filming, Dana and Colin had as their school-house "Uncle Lewis" Gilbert's caravan on the studio lot.

The minute shooting was over, their tutor removed them gently but firmly to the caravan for a session at the black-board.

The more determined truant was Dana, whom the technicians adored because of the serene aplomb with which she sailed through her dialogue.

But the moment any scene was over, Dana would be away like a streak through the tangle of scaffolding and maze of sets, sprinting for the open-air lot and the waiting crowds of kids.

And every time the next camera set was ready, there was a hue and cry for her until a studio messenger appeared with a breathless and unrepentant Dana struggling under his brawny arm.

Colin Petersen, whose mother says he is now earning about £15,000 for his films as opposed to the £350 for the "Smiley" role, which made

his name, is something of a veteran at 12.

He takes filming more calmly than Dana, and has become a polished and conscientious performer.

A studious boy who likes drawing, he spent long sessions with his tutor so that he wouldn't be too far behind when he returned to Humpybong State School, Brisbane.

Both Colin and Dana remain severely unimpressed by the importance of their elder stars, and when "A Cry From The Streets" finished, their only thought was to get home and find the friends they left behind.

They had plenty of play-mates on the studio lot among the 25 child support players. "But no real friends," said Colin. "Not like my mates back home."



AT LONDON ZOO, Dana "Shiralee" Wilson makes friends with a kangaroo. She's dressed in a sweater and pedal-pushers which were gifts from Colin Petersen's mother.



FEEDING THE PIGEONS in Trafalgar Square was just one of many tourist treats enjoyed by Colin and Dana between shooting schedules of "A Cry From The Streets."



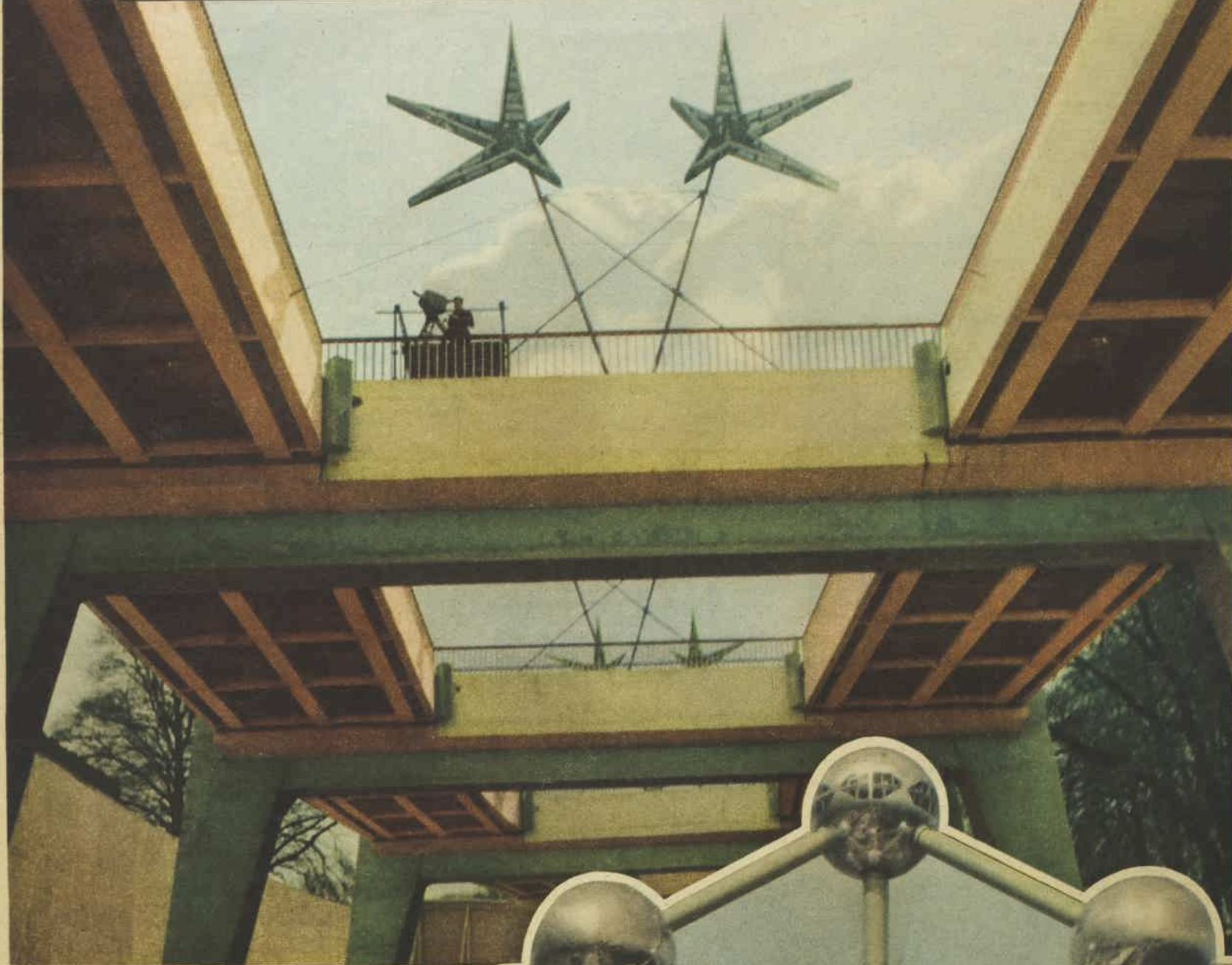
ENGROSSED in the wonders of the toy department of a London store, Colin, a toy-racing-car enthusiast, explains how this race-track works. Dana preferred the dolls.



IN THE FILM "A Cry From The Streets," Dana and Colin play star leads in a heart-twisting story of Britain's deprived children. This shows Dana in a scene with Tony Baker and David Bushell, who play her two young screen brothers.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 16, 1958

THE WORLD'S FAIR



STRADDLING the 500-acre Brussels World's Fair, this high-level pedestrian deck, connected by many ramps, gives some of the expected 40-million visitors a chance to get above the crowd.



THAILAND'S golden temple, built only to please the eye, is a charming gesture among the trumpet-blowing of the fifty exhibiting countries.

ATOMIUM, 360ft.-high steel-and-aluminium symbol of the fair, represents an atom of metal. Top sphere contains a restaurant, and the others house atomic-energy displays.



Centuries-old city plays host to a wonderland of plastic and glass



GIANT MOBILE moves on lake by £24-million Russian pavilion, which is exhibiting Sputniks and selling cut-price caviare in the restaurant.



FIFTY MEN of the American Legion added their uniforms — and cameras — to the color of the huge crowds. The World Fair will remain open until October.



SCULPTURES weird and modern greet visitors among confusion of flags. The Fair took five years to prepare.



HORSES in old-fashioned regalia draw regular loads of old-fashioned Bavarian beer to thirsty tourists.

RICKSHAWS, mechanized in Western style, do lively trade among visitors who are footsore or plain lazy.



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FATHER



"Trying to break the engagement?"

MOTHER



"I couldn't find my washer, and my shirt wouldn't reach any higher."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

IF you wanted to escape drug addiction you wouldn't take a short course of cocaine, would you?

If you want to avoid buying a television set don't spend your holidays with one.

Having written in reckless praise of TV a couple of weeks ago I think it's only fair to issue a warning.

Some time ago I stated that I intended to leave the furniture where it was for the next ten years. This was rash. When you put a TV set into a flat it takes over. It dominates you and your surroundings.

"You are lucky," said the departing salesman. "You have two or three positions for the set."

That was two days ago, since when the appearance of the flat has alternated between that of a newsreel theatre and a second-hand shop.

Some people say that TV discourages healthy exercise. They should try moving a five-foot wardrobe, unaided, to three positions.

It is, of course, possible to secure aid for this sort of thing, but most helpers expect you to make up your mind after one shuffle round. Better to use your muscles and keep your friends.

I now have an arrangement which, while a little deficient from the home-decorator's viewpoint, enables me to watch the machine while sitting in an armchair, at the table, or lying down.

After which I show a perverse desire to view from the floor.

THE promised new "legless look" for furniture will be a wonderful boon to those who like shifting furniture.

An American furniture designer forecasts that in a few years' time sofas, chairs, and tables will be composed of blocks of plastic and foam rubber.

You will be able to assemble your own chairs and sofas in any shape you like.

But I never pay too much credence to these prophecies.

It is more than ten years since enthusiasts envisaged homes of the future which would be so furnished that housework could be done with a hose.

These dreamers never pay attention to the facts of human nature.

Every time I advocate simplicity and lack of ornament I am reminded that nothing would induce me to part with a hideous brass pinbox in the shape of a house-fly which someone bought in 1928 in Brussels.

ANOTHER piece of furnishing news from America states that chairs and sofas are being built to suit the chemise.

The chair seats are 17 inches from the ground, which enables chemise-wearers to sit down gracefully.

I hope local chair-designers pay no attention. Skirts will come down again, but a comfortable chair is a joy forever.

★ ★ ★

THE question of short skirts and graceful sitting recalls an anecdote that's handed down among Sydney newspaperwomen.

When knee-length skirts were last in fashion, back in the 'twenties, an elderly executive of a Sydney newspaper happened to walk past the social department, where the ladies were all dutifully tapping away at their typewriters.

He didn't say a word, but two days later neat brown flounces had been tacked round all the desks.

★ ★ ★

POWERS behind Australian Rules football have changed its name to Australian Football.

Their task will be as uphill as that of the fisheries authorities, who for years have been trying to get fishermen to call Jewish mulloway.

Another note on name-changing comes from Russia, where officials, anxious to lure couples away from church marriages, want to call registry offices "palaces of the people."

In the past few weeks a suggestion was seriously made in Australia that pensions should be renamed "retirement allowances."

East is East and West is West, but the twain do meet sometimes—in equal foolishness.

★ ★ ★

SOMETIMES something happens that makes you really believe in progress.

A suburban train traveller has given me the information that inspires this optimism.

She reports that on some Sydney railway stations the old practice of keeping the locality a secret has been abandoned. The sign bearing the place name has been erected at an angle so that travellers approaching by train can actually read it.

So simple—but it's brilliant.

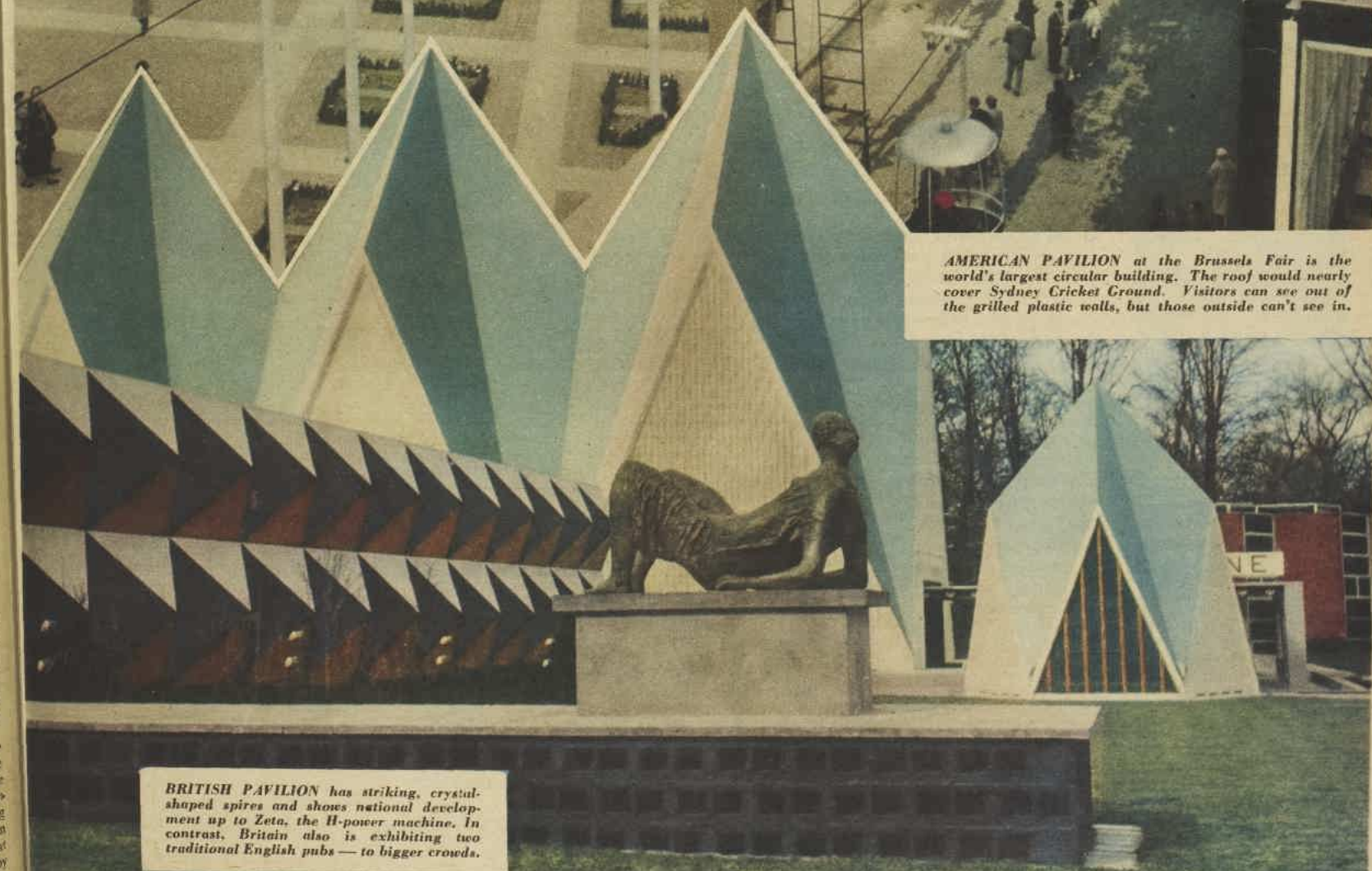
● In New York last week Mrs. Jolie Gabor said that her daughter Zsa Zsa had less time for romance than a housewife. "When she goes out it is usually with her lawyer, her business representative, or one of her ex-husbands," said Mrs. Gabor. "She can speak with them without any hint of romance."

*If a lady, often married,
Prefers to be unharried
By the kind of talk that reputation wrecks,
Yet is given to repining
When she isn't taken dining,
She is safest if her escort is an ex.
Should she like bright lights and dancing
Minus hints that she's romancing,
It's as well to keep her exes in her set,
Though for small talk that's laconic
And appearances platonic
A husband is an even better bet.*

It's the biggest show on earth



AMERICAN PAVILION at the Brussels Fair is the world's largest circular building. The roof would nearly cover Sydney Cricket Ground. Visitors can see out of the gridded plastic walls, but those outside can't see in.



BRITISH PAVILION has striking, crystal-shaped spires and shows national development up to Zeta, the H-power machine. In contrast, Britain also is exhibiting two traditional English pubs — to bigger crowds.

you are looking at
the beginning of
the end of a cough!



The first spoonful starts soothing
"deep-down" relief your child needs!



Here's the safe, sure way to ease coughing with no "overdosing" worries. Your child's cough starts to go as soon as he swallows Vicks Cetamium Cough Syrup. Penetrating quickly deep into his sore throat... it soothes irritations ordinary mixtures can't reach. Then... he feels soothing warmth as Vicks Cough Syrup drives out painful chest congestion.

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CS-M2-42.A

TELEVISION PARADE

● "The Late Show," Channel 9's Tuesday night variety show, is my nomination for the best of the live Australian variety shows. After a pretentious beginning it has settled down into something simpler and better than it promised.

IT is more smoothly presented, with singing, music, and variety acts of higher quality than all the other variety shows, I think. By "the others" I mean the Ken Noyle Show (Channel 2, every second Thursday at 9.30 p.m.), Astor Showcase (Channel 7, Saturdays, 10.00 p.m.), and "Sydney Tonight" (Channel 7, Mondays to Fridays, late evening).

I can hear everyone shouting that you can't compare a weekly show with one that is on every night, and I agree. With a weekly show you don't get a chance to get tired of the faces and the acts, but I don't think that's the whole story.

"The Late Show," disregarding the advantages of ample rehearsal time and once-a-week novelty value, has developed a distinctive character, quite different from the other shows.

The Ken Noyle show, which is only on once a fortnight, always seems to me to be a close relative of "Sydney Tonight," perhaps because of its emphasis on comedy and gags, and "Astor Showcase," with the "Sydney Tonight" orchestra disguised in black dinner-jackets and the dreary approach typical of most Saturday shows—the worst night of the week for TV programmes—seems to me to be just the weekend edition of "Sydney Tonight."

"Sydney Tonight" comes second on my list of the variety shows. Every so often it comes good and is fun to watch, but for consistent, painless variety entertainment I'll take "The Late Show."

★ ★ ★
FOOTBALL has entered the lives of many people for the first time via their TV sets. I mentioned something about League to an elderly friend, a TV Union fan who'd never seen a match till she had TV installed three weeks ago. "Rugby League," she said scornfully, "you mean that football that's not good enough to put on TV?"

By
NAN MUSGROVE

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE must have left Australia rather dazed by his "interview" by Mr. W. C. Wentworth, M.H.R., which ended his memorable telecasts, "Meeting Australians."

Channel 7 chose Mr. Wentworth, the station's publicity said, to "turn the tables" on Mr. Muggeridge and interview him before he left. Mr. Wentworth didn't turn the tables. He harangued Mr. Muggeridge with his views, asked him questions which he generally answered himself, while Mr. Muggeridge sat by,

smoked elegantly, and answered what questions Mr. Wentworth allowed him.

It would be hard for anyone to turn the interviewing tables on Mr. Muggeridge, but why not give an interviewing job to an interviewer, give the subject a fair go, and the viewers a chance of being entertained?

★ ★ ★
SUNDAY programmes are really something these days, and next Sunday, July 13, has a couple of extra offerings from Channel 2. Both these highly diverse programmes are outstanding. At 4.45 p.m. there is a complete tele-recording from the B.B.C. of all the rich ecclesiastical splendour of the opening service in Canterbury Cathedral of the Lambeth Conference—a conference of the Anglican Communion held every 10 years.

If publicity for this service was wanted, it would give even an experienced Hollywood director a headache. Top billing would naturally go to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, but with another 319 bishops present it would have been quite a job to put them in the correct order of precedence.

The second unexpected treat is an Oistrakh recital at 8.00 p.m. on the same day, when Russia's world-famous violinist will play Tartini's Devil's Trill and Tchaikovsky's Waltz-Scherzo and Meditation.

A telecast was not scheduled for his visit, but when Oistrakh found that a telecast would enable many people who found it impossible to go to a concert to see him he was delighted to arrange it.

He altered his Melbourne appointments to make a special visit to the A.B.C.'s new TV studios at Ripponlea and, with his accompanist, Yampolski, gave a half-hour recital, which was filmed.

The film is what you will see. Oistrakh has already seen it, and was very impressed by its quality, which is said to be "as perfect as possible."



"He insists on a balcony seat."

Cookery demonstrations by Mrs. Dione Lucas

● Mrs. Dione Lucas, famous Blue Ribbon cook and American TV personality, will give demonstrations of her cooking in Sydney at Mark Foy's Ltd.

WE are bringing Mrs. Lucas to Australia for the second time.

The demonstration will take place from 2 to 3.30 p.m. daily from July 21 to 25 inclusive. Admission will be free.

A kitchen modelled on the American television kitchen used by Mrs. Lucas has been specially built.

It is being set up in the Empress Ballroom on the 5th floor of Mark Foy's main building. There will be seating accommodation for 400.

The Mark Foy's demonstrations will be

televised on Channel 9, TCN on Monday, July 21; Wednesday, July 23; and Friday, July 25.

Mrs. Lucas will also appear on this TV channel on Tuesday, July 22, from 4 to 5 p.m. as a guest in the regular feature programme "Gas Cooking," which is usually seen at 3.30 p.m.; and on Thursday, July 24, as a guest in the programme "Cookery News," from 4 to 5 p.m., usually seen at 3.30 p.m.

With our next issue we include a 64-page lift-out Cook Book which contains the recipes Mrs. Lucas will demonstrate and many others.

Miss Oates regrets...

She's unable to dream tonight

• When Margaret Oates, of Lindfield, Sydney, dreams these days she can dream only of the number 1095—over and over again.

THIS is not to be wondered at, for Margaret earns her living by numbers. She is the brain behind IBM-650, the first commercial electronic computer in Australia and the biggest in the Southern Hemisphere.

She's the girl who gives the "brain" its complex instructions when it has a problem to solve, and she's the only woman "programmer," as it's called, this side of the line.

IBM-650 has just been installed by International Business Machines in the new M.L.C. building at North Sydney to solve complicated mathematical and statistical problems at the speed of light.

Which, again, is just as it should be, because the machine, which is American-designed, English-built, and looks like a large green refrigerator with a dashboard, cost nearly £200,000—and if anything that cost that money didn't go at the speed of light I'd want to know why.

Fortunately for Miss Oates, she doesn't look too brainy, and has titian hair, much

charm, and a delightful sense of humor.

But she's a little difficult to interview, because all the time I was talking to her, serious-faced gentlemen were creeping in from the direction of IBM-650 and whispering.

One came in and said, "Class three type zero," and Miss Oates replied, without even looking self-conscious, "Yes, three one and three two." And a little later another bemused man asked, "Does it have a minus sign?"

By
RONALD McKIE

and Miss Oates looked surprised and said, "Of course." But even against competition like this I managed to learn a lot about her.

We talked in her office along a hall from where IBM-650 lives and works in air-conditioned comfort. The thing even has a view right across Sydney Harbor.

One entire wall of Miss Oates' office was a blackboard covered with numbers, symbols, words, and diagrams, the whole wall looking like a huge pak-a-pu ticket designed by a drunken Chinese.

On her left, near an inch-high cactus in a two-inch pot, was some light reading—Automatic Digital Computers, Differential Geometry, Statistical Methods, and Uses and Abuses of Psychology.

The last volume seemed a bit out of place, but you never can tell with girls—or computers.

And on her desk, thick with pages of figures and punched code cards, even her temporarily discarded earrings had dots on them.

Miss Oates, originally from Brisbane, is the daughter of an accountant, which again seems just right for a girl who can master the intricacies of an electronic brain.

"I'm an only child, too," she says, "which my mother thinks is just as well because she couldn't stand another one like me in the family."

Miss Oates went from Parramatta High School to Sydney University, where she took her B.A. She specialised in statistics before going to the Technical Education Department for four years as a research officer.

Then she learnt to handle the University of Technology's electronic computer UTE-



MARGARET OATES at the complicated switchboard of IBM-650, first commercial electronic "brain" in Australia. It can't think for itself, she says.

COM, which, Miss Oates says with a twinkle, really stands for "Unlikely to Evaluate Correctly on Monday."

"Before UTECOM I barely knew what a computer was," she told me, "but now they fascinate me. My friends think I'm around the bend. They're polite about it, of course. And I sometimes feel a bit around the bend myself."

"But it's a pleasant bend, and I wouldn't wish to be doing any other work."

Satisfying

"I get a wonderful feeling of satisfaction when preparing a job for the machine and watching the results come through in a few minutes."

"These machines are so fast that scholars using one to work out the sequence of

symbols in the Dead Sea Scrolls completed in 60 hours work that would have taken experts 20,000 man-hours.

"Computers, of course, have no skill or cunning. They can't think, reason. Their answers depend entirely on the information and questions fed into them. They do what they're told."

"But sometimes I get an uncanny feeling that the machine is getting at me, and I know that if it gives the wrong answer I must keep at it and not let it beat me."

Now don't jump to conclusions or make any hasty decisions about Miss Oates.

She looks a perfectly normal girl, even though she likes computers, mathematics,

organisation, logic, is practical in most things, actually keeps appointments, and generally catches the 8.7 from Lindfield if IBM-650 hasn't kept her up until midnight.

She likes clothes, having her hair done, parties, gardening, playing the piano, and reading Agatha Christie whodunits, and one day may even try to solve one of these by feeding the clues into IBM-650.

However, conversation with Miss Oates, as you light another cigarette for her, always and inevitably gets back to that infernal machine, which, she admits with a laugh, takes precedence over all her thinking.

But how does she synchronise with IBM-650? What work does she actually do?

As a "programmer" she works out a "programme" for the machine. This is the statistical information and the questions she wants answered. And all this is punched on numbered code cards.

She then takes what's known as a "control panel," which looks like an old-fashioned washboard, except that it has 2560 holes in it, and she plugs into the holes hundreds of colored wires.

Eats cards

This control panel, which fits into IBM-650, is merely a channel for the electric impulses, which, once the code cards are fed into the machine, travel to its brain.

Don't ask me how the brain works. I don't know, I wouldn't understand if it was explained to me, and you wouldn't either, unless you're a mathematician. It works—that's all that matters.

For quick handling of great chunks of recurring, time-wasting hack work IBM-650 is ideal—automation-plus at £36 an hour for the machine, apart from other work like programming, card-punching, and other labor.

Although Miss Oates told me she had no pet or rude name for IBM-650, I noticed several times during our long talk—and she was quite unconscious of this—that she referred to it as...

Do you know what she called this monster? "The poor little thing."

This baby likes black lace

• Sydney cabaret singer Doris Goddard, who as a sickly child was often too weak to walk upstairs, is, in her own words, "a very healthy baby now!"

DORIS recently returned home after six years of successful singing and acting—in Britain and on the Continent—in films, TV plays and serials, and in nightclubs.

Success, she says, came from her voice and a combination of Scandinavian looks, an above-average height and figure, and a flair for languages.

But it was the need for a rare heart operation that could not be performed in Australia that really took Doris overseas.

Leading British surgeon Sir Russell Brock successfully removed the arterial blockage that had so restricted Doris' activities.

Then, recovered after her treatment, she searched London's variety theatres and nightclubs for a job.

"My natural 'Hark, Hark the Lark' soprano voice had to be dropped for the numbers I sang in variety," she said.

"I write my own Sophie Tucker-type songs like 'Is

There a Man in the House?' and 'There's a Little Bit of Good in Every Bad Little Girl.' A piping soprano was hardly suitable for these."

Doris' first break was at the old Granville Variety Theatre outside London.

Contracts to sing at London clubs and theatres followed, and 18 months after arriving in England she was appearing at the West End's "Coconut Grove" nightclub with band-leader Edmundo Ros.

"That's where I was 'discovered,'" she said.

"An agent for film director Frank Launder, who was casting for the film 'Geordie,' wanted a tall, blond actress to play the part of Helga Svenson, a Danish athlete, and invited me to audition."

"It was the greatest thrill to be cast with Bill Travers in my first film. He really is all you hear about him—SO nice."

"After the film I spent most of my time, particularly the winters, in Spain."

Doris appeared in British television plays and serials, including the long-running

By
MARYA HULL

"Army Game," in which she played a sturdy sergeant.

"This rather typed me for 'heavy' roles," she said. "Not that I object to being typed, but at heart I'm really terribly feminine—the sort that loves black lace and chiffon."

Doris' second big break came with the role of Maria, a Russian receptionist, in the film "The Iron Petticoat."

The stars were Bob Hope and Katharine Hepburn.

"The role demanded someone who looked capable of tossing Hope over her shoulder—although I had a burly stand-in to do it."

"He was made up to look like me, with a blond wig and glasses and from the back and in the distance there was some resemblance."

"Off-stage, Bob Hope is the same funny man and lots of fun to work with."

"But Katharine Hepburn, whom I admire, is a little nerve-racking. She's satisfied only with perfection."

Now, after six years away Doris has no definite plans.

But Australian television has high priority on her "consideration" list.



TRAINED at the Sydney University Dramatic Society, Doris Goddard got her first film role in "Geordie." She had to stand on a box for close-ups like this with Bill Travers, the 6ft. 4in. star of the British film.

Stop paying fancy prices for hair set sprays !

AMAZING NEW *Judith Aden* SUPER-SOFT LUXURY SPRAY..

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 16, 1958

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY BALL. The Lord Mayor, Ald. H. F. Jensen (left), Mrs. Jensen, the U.S. Consul-General, Mr. Frank Waring, Mrs. Waring, President of the American Society, Mr. W. J. Reid, Lady Spender and Sir Percy Spender at the Trocadero for the Fourth of July Ball to celebrate American Independence Day.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Chard dancing at the Fourth of July Ball. Mrs. Chard wore one of the prettiest dresses on the floor—tangerine organza with a floating skirt and a draped bodice.

THERE was fast, exciting polo at Warwick Farm last weekend when four teams took part in the County Polo Tournament. And next weekend the play will be even better, the four teams will become eight and the winners will carry off the coveted Countess of Dudley Cup.

Teams came from Goulburn, Young, and Forbes to play against the County team captained by Hector King, and on Sunday night there was a super party at the Lansdowne Inn.

The first matches in the Dudley Cup will be on Friday, July 11, and the other four teams will be from Scone, Wellington, Willow Tree, and Quirindi.

IT'S "bon voyage" for Diana

George, of Double Bay, who leaves for England this week on board Strathmore with her parents, Captain and Mrs. Frank George. Captain George has been appointed Naval Engineer Officer at Australia House, so the family will be living in London for two years. This is Diana's second trip overseas — she's been working for an interior decorator here and hopes to find a job in the same field in London.

VOTED one of the best parties of the week was Mrs. Colin Cadwallader's buffet luncheon at her Wahroonga home. There were 60 guests at the party, which will help defray expenses for the Palm Beach Pacific Club's winter dance at the Wentworth Hotel on July 18.

LETTER from London brings news of Sydney lass Di Armstrong — she's just back after a holiday in Paris and Rome and is busy repacking to go and stay with some friends who have a castle in Scotland.

IM convinced that every lass who is a dog-lover should have a pair of slacks like those of Narelle Garry, of "Mylora," Binalong. In black velvet, they have a white poodle dog embroidered down the outside of the legs. And, of course, Narelle has a poodle—he's black and named Gigi.

AFTER 36 years as a trustee of the National Art Gallery, and 19 of those years as president of the board, Mr. B. J. Waterhouse is retiring this month. He made his last public appearance at the opening of the Hiroshima Panels, which was THE event of the week for Sydney's art world. So along with lots of other viewers I finished the afternoon by wandering into the adjacent court to have a look at William Dargie's portrait of Waterhouse — commissioned by his fellow trustees.

TOP marks for organisation go to Rosemary Powell and Murray Jacques, who announced their engagement a week or so ago. They've already set their wedding date, January 23, 1959, and will be married at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, where Rosemary's father, the Rev. Gordon Powell, is Rector.

IT should be a wonderful party in Canberra this weekend when Suzanne Kuner and John Nish celebrate the announcement of their engagement. Suzanne is the daughter of the Maurice Kuners and is not long back from finishing school in Geneva, while her fiancé has been studying in Canada and the United States.

ENGINEER John Mills and his fiancée, Mary de Salis, will be living in Goulburn after their wedding at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, on Friday, July 11. Mary, who is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Fane de Salis, will have two bridesmaids, Angela Devereux and Margaret Begg.

SAW some of my Newcastle friends in Sydney last weekend. They were down for Cynthia Kendall's wedding to Dr. Bill Hunter at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Cynthia is the G. B. Kendalls' younger daughter, and for "something old" she pinned her grandmother's gold-and-ruby brooch on to her graceful brocade wedding dress.

HOW do you keep warm this weather and still look elegant? Just watch Mrs. Jack Farrington, undoubtedly one of the smartest and warmest women in town last week. She wears a straight-cut camelhair coat, tucks a silk cravat into the collar, and has a matching turban of silk and wool wound snugly round her head and fastened with a whopping gold pin.

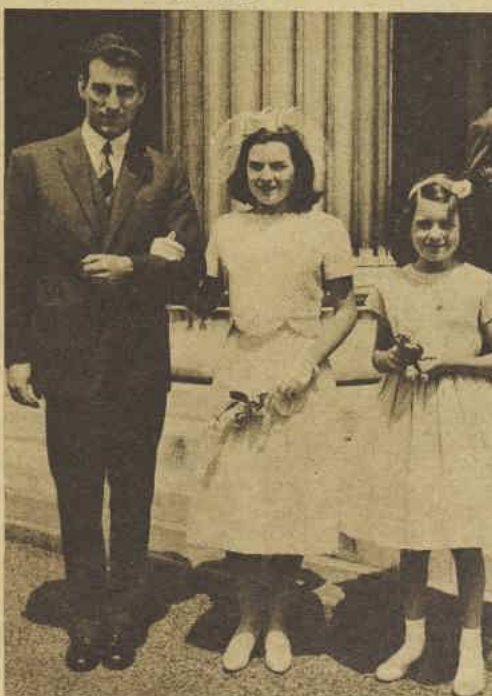
HONEYMOON in the snow country for those enthusiastic skiers Becky and Paul Swain, who'll move into a flat at Point Piper when they return to Sydney at the end of the week. *Anna*



INTERESTING WEDDING. German nobleman Prince Christian of Hesse married Mrs. Anne Field, formerly of Sydney, at the Anglican Church of St. George, Cannes, France. The bride's son John Field (right background) escorted his mother to the church.



SHIPBOARD WEDDING. Lieut. David Howells, of Bunbury, W.A., and his bride, formerly Beverley Louer, of Gladestville, who were married in the chapel on board H.M.A.S. Melbourne in Honolulu, with the reception on the quarter-deck. This was the first wedding to be held on board.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Imre Soos leave St. Andrew's Church, Rose Bay. Mrs. Soos was formerly Mrs. Hedda Peters, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Fuchs, of Prague, Czechoslovakia.

AT LEFT: Signor and Signora Mario Giorgi, who were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, London, with the bride's sister Nicola Davis. The bride was formerly Ann Davis, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Davis, of Woollahra. Ann and Mario will live in London, where Mario manages a travel bureau.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"MY boyfriend is 15 and I am 14. A few months ago he gave me his school badge. When our friendship ends, should I return this badge?" M.A., Sydney.

No. You should give it back to him now, straight away. Girls of 14 are schoolgirls, not pledged sweethearts. You are both far too young to be romancing at all.

"WHAT is your honest opinion, please, of a young girl having a room of her own? Do you think it is a necessity or a luxury? I am a young girl badly wanting a bedroom of my own, but unfortunately I am not allowed to have one. It would be quite possible."

"Optimist," Vic.
I think a room of one's own is essential. Every person in the world needs to be alone at some time during the day; it makes a person much nicer to live with in a group.

"I KNOW that when going to your seats in a theatre the girl should go first, but should she sit in the first seat and let her boyfriend pass her, or should she go to the second seat to save him having to pass her? I have been watching other couples lately, and the majority of girls seem to sit in the first seat. Is there a special rule of etiquette on it?"

"Curious," N.S.W.
There is no special rule of etiquette about it that I know of, but I think the girl should sit in what you call the second seat. After all, good manners are designed to make life easier, more pleasant, and more comfortable, so why make the young man, who has paid you the compliment of taking you to the pictures, climb over your feet? That's just bad manners.

"MOTHER is always reminding me what a good time girls have today and tells me to stay single as long as I can. I am 17. She tells me not to get serious with any boys. My mother is lazy and mean. I feel ashamed to ask anyone to our place as it is most neglected, inside and out. Mother doesn't like visitors for meals; it is too expensive, she says. I enjoy life, except for not having friends home. Mother does part-time work and I think this comes before the home. Do you think she will change later? Dad just puts up with things; he is quite used to it."

"Almost Happy," N.S.W.
I don't think your mother will change, but I doubt if she deserves that "lazy" you apply to her. If she was as lazy as you say, I don't think she'd be doing part-time work, which probably accounts for the house not being as spick-and-span as you'd like it to be.

But I think the whole situation is quite a simple one. You can change the house yourself, and keep it tidy and clean inside. You'd improve things for yourself, and your mother, too, if you did this. And talking of entertaining friends to a meal, this can be quite an expense if you are working on a budget. I think you should offer to contribute some part of what it will cost, and perhaps your father may help with a little extra money, too.

"COULD you please tell me how to address a letter to a boy? At what age do you address them 'Mr.' and 'Master'?" "Worried Fourteen," Tas.

"Master" is a term that is no longer fashionable. Nowadays, people address a letter to plain Bill Smith, not Master Bill Smith, until the boy is old enough to be addressed as "Mister."



A word from Debbie...

• Having dinner in a big restaurant, I mean one that has a headwaiter as well as ordinary waiters, has twice the charm if you know what to expect and

how to act.

The headwaiter will escort you and your host to your table, seat you, and place a menu in your hand. You follow the headwaiter, preceding your host to the table, seat yourself, take the menu, but don't order.

Put the menu down in front of you, make the bright remarks to your host that he expects, and don't take an interest in the menu until he asks you what you'd like. There's nothing unglamorous about knowing what food you like.

Coming next week: How to read the menu.



*****DISC DIGEST*****

I CONSIDER "Click Go The Shears" (O.C.L.P.7531)—sub-titled "Songs of Australia"—one of the most important and best L.P. records yet to be made here.

The singer is William Clauson, the young Swedish-American "troubadour" who visited Australia several months ago. His voice is light yet robust, and he has captured the spirit of old bush-songs. A five-man vocal group is also heard on some of the 14 tracks.

Most of the tunes are traditional, with arrangements by Dr. Percy Jones and Clauson. Dr. Jones, of Melbourne, is regarded as our foremost folk-song authority, and he has given a brief history of each song. As well as "Click," Clauson sings "The Overlander," "On The Banks Of The Condamine," "The Old Bark Hut," "Bold Jack Donahue," "Botany Bay," "The Lime Juice Tub," "Moreton Bay," "Wild Colonial Boy," "Bold Tommy Payne, Wild Rover No More," and "The Dying Stockman." This disc's value is well summed up by Dr. Jones, who says: "... these songs will instil a knowledge and love of Australia in a way no textbook or lesson can hope to achieve."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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complexion

Skin with such clear, young freshness everyone looks twice. Babies have it. Pretty mothers hold it, with baby-mild Pears. Pears is the mildest of soaps... so pure you can see right through it. Each mellow tablet is matured for 14 weeks to ensure the perfect blending of its fine, mild oils. That's why regular Pears care makes your skin clearer, smoother, younger-looking. Buy Pears soap today, for baby, for you... for everyone at your place.

Prizes for mother-and-child pictures!

If your child is a Pears baby you can win a lovely oil painting of any member of the family or 100 guineas paid into baby's bank account. Just send your favourite snapshot of yourself and baby, together with your name and address — also baby's birthdate to Pears Contest, Box 4326, G.P.O., Sydney.

The prize will be awarded for the most appealing photograph received. Contest closes 31/8/58 and winners will be announced in the "Women's Weekly" on 22nd October and in the "Woman's Day" on 20th October. Please enclose postage if you require your photograph returned.

"Let's make Pears a family affair!"

PERSW774



THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

● Ski-ing was introduced to Australia in the goldrush days of the 1860s, when Norwegian miners on snowbound goldfields at Kiandra, N.S.W., and Harrietville, Vic., skied on the slopes of the Australian Alps. Today, ski-ing is a popular Australian winter sport, with lodges, ski huts, and chalets dotted over snowfields in Victoria, New South Wales, and Tasmania. In an average year, the season extends from

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	...	...

June to October; at high altitudes there is still enough drift snow to ski at Christmas. Staff photographer Johnny Smith took this picture of Sydney skier Paul Reader during the 1957 Australian Ski Jumping Championship at Mount Guthrie, in the Kosciusko area. The 1958 National Ski Championships will be held at Falls Creek, Vic., and Crackenback Peak, N.S.W., in August and September.



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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHY must Australians follow the overseas custom of tipping? I have been told that waiters and waitresses do not receive big wages, but surely it must be more than a living wage. It seems ludicrous to see young men tipping waiters who could probably buy and sell them. At dinner the other night the drink-waiter was a man who owns a prosperous little mixed business near my home, and it irked me to see my husband tipping and the waiter accepting money for doing what, after all, is only his job — especially when he is already in receipt of a generous income.

£1/1/- to "Habit" (name supplied), Greenslopes, Brisbane.

WHY, oh why, do some people prefer to appear by a false name and hide their own whenever they write to a paper or magazine? If the idea is theirs, the willingness to share it with others is, too, so why not let the world know the brain behind it? Shouldn't a person be proud of his ideas?

10/6 to Mrs. Viniitha Wickremaratne, Peelehen Group, Beralapanatara, Ceylon.

MODERN youth has my admiration: the way a young married woman can go out to work and help to improve the standard of living, yet retain her feminine daintiness, while a man can put on an apron in the kitchen and still retain the dignity of a man. Such a couple cannot fail.

10/6 to Mrs. G. Middleton, 118 Jamieson Rd., Penrith, N.S.W.

MOTHERS — please see that your sons wear gloves — plain cotton will do — when they go dancing with their young ladies. So many of us have our pretty frocks soiled on the back by that hot left hand. We wouldn't think them sissies, but considerate partners.

10/6 to "Teenage Dancer" (name supplied), Annerley, Brisbane.

OUR sewing guild suggested the formation of a League of the Golden Pen, which consists of men and women who pledge themselves to write kindly letters to sick or lonely people. Instantly the idea caught on, and many have joined the League and are writing to cheer and encourage friends and strangers.

10/6 to Mrs. E. A. MacRae, 5 Essex St., Prahran, Vic.

ONE has only to trip and fall in the street and immediately a small crowd gathers, curious to see what has happened. Perhaps someone will extend a hand to help you to your feet, but the remaining idlers are quite content to be onlookers. Surely at such times more people could exert their tact and continue on their way instead of hurrying to the spot to gaze with morbid curiosity.

10/6 to Miss Hilary White, 28 McCaul St., Taringa, Qld.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

SHOULD another war break out it's a million to one that women will be asked to volunteer for various services. Why not call up young women for national-service training just as young men are called up?

10/6 to "Nasho" (name supplied), Granville, N.S.W.

Maternity hospitals

IN answer to "Natal's" letter (18/6/58) for the renaming of maternity hospitals, the names suggested — "natorium" and "infantorium" — fall in line with the "fruitorium" mixtures of the abused English language. Perhaps "Natal" would like to have her babies in places called "Cabbage Patch Cabin," "Rose Bush Retreat," or even "The Stork Cafe."

10/6 to Mrs. D. W. Newbery, 10 Asquith St., Oatley, N.S.W.

BOTH "natorium" and "infantorium," as suggested by a Granville reader (18/6/58), sound even more clinical than "maternity hospital." What could be nicer than the Australian aboriginal word "ngala," which means "mother and child"?

10/6 to Jane Kennedy, 431b Belgrave St., Cloverdale, W.A.

I WAS delighted in reading "Natal's" letter (18/6/58) to realise that we have solved the question of the authorship of such extraordinary words as "fruitologist," "lubritorium," and other gems. May I also suggest, in case it has escaped "Natal's" notice, "seniliorium" as a hospital for the aged, and "bratorium" for the care of the obstreperous young?

10/6 to Mrs. C.C. (name supplied), Hornsby, N.S.W.

Family affairs

THE effort of getting four young children ready for an outing to the beach always took a long time until I tried a Beach Box. It may help other mothers next summer. The Beach Box is a carton which fits in the boot of the car. It is always kept ready with swimsuits, bathing-caps, towels, sunburn-cream, beach tennis set, buckets and spades, etc. It's only the matter of a moment to return things to the box when they come off the line. A bottle of cordial and a tin of cookies added at the last minute and we're off with a minimum of fuss.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. M. Grimwade, 11 Glemmer St., Moorabbin, Vic.

Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

HAVE you got good taste? Are you more chic than the Jones?

There is a lot of current interest in this question.

It is a tricky business, because things that are good taste one day are bad taste the next.

When few people ate spaghetti, eating it was believed to show good taste. Now it only shows a taste for spaghetti.

I remember how I fell in over Van Gogh.

I heard it was good taste to have a colored copy of Van Gogh's "Sunflowers." It was bad taste to have pictures of stags at eve or Indian maidens in canoes.

So I got rid of my Indian maidens and bought a copy of Van Gogh's "Sunflowers." But at that moment everybody else bought one, too.

It was the same with barbecues, Ernest Hemingway, suede shoes, venetian blinds, wall-to-wall carpets, cocktail sausages, Rachmaninoff, and black coffee in small cups.

ARE YOU TASTELESS?

Just when I caught up with them, the mob caught up with them. They were not distinguished any more.

As a general rule, what you want to have is smart; as soon as you have it, it's not.

But surely, you ask, there must



be simple, unchanging proofs of good taste.

After making inquiries, I have been told a few.

Experts say it is smart to take your lunch to work in a brief-case, not smart to carry it in a paper-bag in your hand.

Writing-paper with lines on it is not chic.

Neither are meat pies, tomato sauce, barefoot golf, long underwear, playing tennis in braces, or wearing a badge that shows what kind of car you own.

Salami is smart, frankfurts are not, and saveloys are less so.

It is good taste to grind your own pepper and call breakfast food cereal.

It is bad taste to buy ground pepper and talk about Crunchy Flakes.

Some people believe they can make tomato sauce smart by calling it ketchup, but they are kidding themselves.

Office girls should not go to work in mauve matador pants.

Well, there you have a modern guide to good taste, and I suggest that you do not take much notice of it.

Some of it is O.K., like the ban on tennis in braces. But I like pies with tomato sauce — in fact, I'm going to have one now.

And when I grind my own pepper, that, as they say, will be the day.

A SALESMAN SOLD

By MARY BURNEY

JIMMY ELBOURNE thought to himself, "Nothing to it," as he swung his small car into the rutted gateway. Although he had not been a travelling salesman for long, he had soon realised that he had a natural talent for selling. His happy personality and friendly manner drew people, particularly women, to him, and a month or two of hard experience had taught him the finer points of the art of salesmanship. Today he had made four sales and he felt that this had been one of his most profitable tours.

"Jimmy, my lad," he told himself, "you could sell a refrigerator to an Eskimo!"

He glanced at his watch and saw that it was almost afternoon-tea time. He hoped the kettle would be boiling at this house. The road was rough, and for a while he concentrated on missing the larger potholes and keeping the mud splashes down to a minimum. Perhaps the firm would come good with a larger car for their star salesman! He grinned, and mentally put on his armor for the battle as the house came into view.

He remembered what he had gleaned about this—Mrs. Brien, wasn't it? Yes, that was her name. It was a more friendly approach when you knew their names, and saved the slight embarrassment of asking. Altogether it had a flattering effect, he found.

Now, Mrs. Brien! She had three small children, plenty to do, and her husband had suffered heavily in the flooding of the lucerne crops on the river flats. It might be a bit difficult to make a sale here if the garrulous Mrs. Brown was to be believed. Overworked mothers would be his line, of course. They all fell for a sympathetic approach to their problems.

The house was old and built of rammed earth, which looked to be crumbling in places. The garden was overgrown with weeds, although some effort had once been made to cut the front lawn. An upturned lawnmower stood in the tangled grass and testified to this with an air of hopelessness.

As Jimmy Elbourne switched off the engine he could hear the wail of a baby from the verandah. He hoped that he would not be required to dandle this one. They always seemed to expect it to show your sincerity. He smiled at himself in the rear-vision mirror, and straightened his tie before going into battle.

There seemed to be activity at the back of the house, so he picked his way carefully through the puddles and came upon Mrs. Brien hanging out her washing. As he ducked under a line of limp white squares—bugbear of the overworked mother—he spoke cheerily but with a hint of sympathetic understanding.

"It's not good drying weather, is it, Mrs. Brien?"

She turned in surprise. A bad start, he thought. They never liked to be caught unawares. He should have whistled or something. In the brief seconds before he continued his patter he noticed that she was small and thin, neatly but shabbily dressed, and that she looked, even as her expression became one of surprise, despondent and tired.

"This rain's a blessed nuisance all round as far as I can see. No one wants it. I believe there's a dry spell forecast, though, and that'll be a help. You'll be able to get your washing dry, and I'll be able to drive with more safety if not much more comfort. The roads are terrific, aren't they?"

She agreed that they were, and stood waiting, still clasping a handful of pegs, as if inviting him to state his business and let her get on with her job. With a friendly grin he continued:

"My name's Elbourne, Mrs. Brien, Jimmy Elbourne. I'm travelling for the Mechanical Magic Company. I have a cleaner-polisher that I'd like you to see. It would be a tremendous help to you, I'm sure. All mothers need a Briteclean; in fact, they need and should have every labor-saving device available, and the Briteclean is a good start. I'll demonstrate it for you on your floors; no—" as she started to protest, "no obligation at all. And you'll see your floors cleaned and polished with a minimum of effort. How about it, eh?"

Before she could reply, a grubby urchin of two years or so appeared and ran to its mother. Jimmy tried to determine its sex, but decided to play safe.

"Ah!" he smiled benignly, "and this is the youngest of your kiddies?" "Oh, no," she said as she tousled the head burrowed into her skirt, with an incomprehensible expression he had often seen in the eyes of mothers contemplating their young. "She's the eldest. I have twin boys, too. You can hear them now," she added grimly, as the wail from the verandah became a roar.

"Nothing wrong with their lungs! Twins, eh? You've certainly got your hands full. One kiddy," he improvised rapidly, "keeps my wife going, so I can imagine how you must work." He looked at her admiringly. "You seem to thrive on it, anyway!"

"Oh, I manage," she said, her hostility broken. She smiled, and he was surprised to see how she came alive with the smile. "But I wouldn't mind a day off sometimes."

"The Briteclean," he seized his opportunity,

• To page 45

Jimmy called a cheery greeting to Mrs. Brien as he picked his way carefully through the puddles.

Take DeWitt's Pills for
quick relief from



BACKACHE and FIBROSITIS

THE cause of certain types of muscular pain is faulty kidneys. When the kidneys become inactive, your system is clogged with toxins and body waste. Then you suffer fibrositis, backache and stabbing muscular pain!

Knowing the cause of your pain, you may well wonder how to stimulate your kidneys to proper action again. The answer is DeWitt's Pills. World famous, sure acting DeWitt's Pills go to work stimulating and cleansing your kidneys immediately

—and give you visual evidence of this within 24 hours. Don't suffer a day longer. Buy a bottle of DeWitt's Pills from your chemist or storekeeper.

Economy Size (100 pills) 8/-
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Mrs. H.C. Wonthaggi, Victoria, writes:—

"I still derive tremendous benefit from your great health-giving relievers of pain and distressing backache. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills do everything they claim to do."

(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.)



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For Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica,
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Protect their shoes
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—covers scuff marks better and nourishes the leather.



Kiwi protects all your family's shoes — keeps them looking like new longer. Deep shine your family's shoes every day with Kiwi—the polish that keeps leather alive.

CHANGE TO KIWI

FOR AN EASIER SHINE

SYLVESTER

Presenting the sixth long
instalment of our
captivating Regency serial

By *Georgette Heyer*

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

IN spite of the fact that PHOEBE MARLOW runs away from home to avoid a proposal from SYLVESTER, Duke of Salford, and takes refuge in London with her grandmother, LADY INGHAM, she and Sylvester become good friends and he is her constant escort. However, Phoebe is worried about her novel, "The Lost Heir," in which she satirises London society, particularly Sylvester. Her character Count Ugolino is based on her first unpleasant impressions of him. When the book is published all London discusses it avidly, speculating on the author's identity. Phoebe is distressed when LADY IANTHE RAYNE, flighty sister-in-law to Sylvester, insists the novel is the story of the family, for the plot bears a strong resemblance to the situation wherein Sylvester is sole guardian to young EDMUND RAYNE, his nephew, and refuses Edmund leave to live with his mother when she marries foppish SIR NUGENT FOTHERBY. Ianthe accuses Phoebe of being the

author, and although she denies it, soon all London is convinced she is.

Her misery reaches a climax at a fashionable ball when Sylvester says he is sure she is the author, but will continue to be her escort to stifle suspicion. In a fury Phoebe leaves him in the middle of the ball-room and the quarrel is the talk of the town. To escape further gossip her grandmother takes her and TOM ORDE, her old friend, off to Paris. At Dover, while bad weather delays them, Phoebe and Tom are astonished to see Sir Nugent, Ianthe, and young Edmund board a ship. Following them, Phoebe begs Ianthe to allow Edmund to return to his uncle, and when Ianthe says it was the novel that gave her the idea Phoebe realises Sylvester will hate her even more. Her efforts to restore Edmund to his uncle are frustrated when the ship sets sail with Phoebe and Tom still aboard. NOW READ ON:

SIR NUGENT gave a chuckle. "Told 'em to cast off when I went up to fetch Edmund," he explained. "Told you he was watching the carriage got aboard! Diddled the dupes, my lady! Ah, I fancy Nugent Fotherby has rather more of quickness than most, eh?"

"Then you didn't mean to let Miss Marlow take Edmund away? Oh, Nugent!" said Ianthe admiringly.

"Did it pretty neatly, didn't I? Wouldn't you say I did it neatly, Orde?"

Tom, who had managed to reach the porthole without losing his balance, saw grey seas tumbling past and turned a face pale with anger towards Sir Nugent. "I'd say you're a damned nail!" he replied fiercely.

"Not in front of ladies!" protested Sir Nugent.

"You must be mad!" Phoebe cried. "Turn back! You can't carry us off like this! Grandmama — all our baggage —! Do you realise that my grandmother has no notion of where I am, and neither Tom nor I has a stitch to wear but what we have on our backs? Tell the captain he must turn about!"

"He won't do it," said Sir Nugent.

"Oh, won't he?" said Tom, making his precarious way to the door. "We'll see to that!"

Sir Nugent obligingly opened the door for him, saying amiably: "No sense in stopping him. Let us discuss the matter while he's gone!"

Tom, reaching the deck, found that the Betsy Anne was clear of the mouth of the Tidal Harbor, with the wind filling her sails. He had negotiated the companionway, but the ladder leading to the quarterdeck presented a worse problem to a man with a stiff leg. He was obliged to shout at the stalwart individual above him, which set him, he felt, at a disadvantage. Certainly the ensuing dialogue was not a success. Admitting that he was the skipper, the stalwart individual seemed to be amused by Tom's demand to be set ashore. He asked if Tom had chartered the Betsy Anne, and upon being assured said that that had removed a weight from his mind.

"Now, listen," said Tom, keeping his temper. "You'll find yourself in trouble if you don't put back!"

"I'll find myself in trouble if I do," responded the skipper.

"No, you won't. If you take me, and the lady who is with me, to France against our will, it's kidnapping!"

"Is it, now?" said the skipper, impressed. "That's bad, that is."

"As bad as it could be!"

The skipper shook his head. "It don't bear thinking on. And yet I don't seem to recall as you was forced to come aboard. Nor yet I never see anyone a-luring of you. Dang me if I see anyone arsting you! All I see was you and the young lady coming aboard without so much as a by-your-leave! Maybe I'm mistook, though."

"No, you aren't!" said Tom, incurably honest. "Now, be a good fellow, and put back! You wouldn't wish to upset the lady, and if she's taken off to France she'll be in the devil of a fix!"

"I'll tell you what!" offered the skipper handsomely. "You come up here, sir, and I'll hand the ship over to you. I ain't seaman enough to put into Dover with the wind in this quarter, but then I've only been at sea a matter of forty years."

Aware of several grinning faces turned his way Tom flushed. "Do you mean you can't put back?"

"I can't!" said the skipper.

"The devil!" ejaculated Tom. "Now we are in the suds!" He burst out laughing. "Lord, what a mess. Hi, skipper! I'd like to come up there presently to watch how you do the trick!"

"You're welcome," responded the skipper.

Returning to the cabin, Tom found Ianthe reclining once more on her berth, a bottle of smelling-salts clutched in her hand. This had apparently been abstracted from a large dressing-case, which was standing open on the deck with a number of its expensive contents spilled around it. A dazzling array of gold-topped bottles, initialled with sapphires, met Tom's awed gaze, and he blinked.

Sir Nugent, observing this, said with simple pride: "Something like, eh? My own design. I daresay they showed me fifty cases, but 'No,' I said, 'Not up to the rig! Trumpery,' I said. 'Nothing for it but to design a case myself,' I said. This is the result. Same thing happened when I wanted a carriage for her la'ship. 'Windus,' I said, 'it must be of the first stare. None of these will do,' I said. 'Build me one to my design!' Which he did. I am very fond of designing things."

"Well, I wish you will design us out of this rare mess you've pitched us into!" said Tom. "It's no go, Phoebe; the skipper says he can't put back; wind's in the wrong quarter."

"Then what in heaven's name are we to do?" she cried.

"Make the best of it. Nothing else we can do," he answered ruefully.

He was mistaken. The door was just then rudely thrust open, and the valet appeared on the threshold, his aspect alarming, his eyes glazed. He clung with one hand to the door, and over his shoulder drooped a small, wilted figure. "Sir—my lady—the young gentleman!" he said in a strange voice. "Must request you—take him quick!"

"My child!" shrieked Ianthe, struggling up. "Is he dead?"

"No, of course he is not!" said Phoebe, hurriedly relieving the valet of his burden.

"I regret, sir—shall not be available—rest of the passage!" gasped the valet, clinging now with both hands to the door.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Sir Nugent. "No, dash it, Pett, you can't be ill!"

"Sir," said Pett, "I must!"

With these tortured words he disappeared with great precipitancy from the cabin, his exit being accelerated by the deck's rising suddenly at a steep angle as the Betsy Anne triumphantly lifted her bows over the trough of the waves.

"Edmund!" cried his anguished parent. "Speak to me!"

"Don't be so ridiculous!" said Phoebe, out of all patience.

"Can't you see what's the matter with him, poor child?"

Master Rayne, game to the last, raised his head from Phoebe's shoulder, and spoke gallant words. "I'm not dead, Mama. J-just cast up me accounts!"

Tom, who had no sooner set eyes on him than he had started, with great presence of mind, to search for a basin, now handed this homely article to Phoebe, saying, with a grin: "That's the dandy, old chap! You're a prime gun!"

But Master Rayne had shot his bolt. His lip trembled. "I want to go home!" he said tearfully. "I don't like it!"

"Dearest, try not to be ill!" begged his mother. "Think of something else!"

"I can't think of anything else!" wept Edmund, once more in the throes.

Ianthe, who was growing steadily paler, shuddered, and sank back with the smelling-salts to her nose, and her eyes shut.

"You feeling queasy, too, my love?" asked Sir Nugent, concerned. "Now, I'll tell you what: I'll get you a drop of brandy, and you'll be as right as a ram's horn! Nothing like it!"

"No!" faintly moaned his love.

"Extraordinary thing, ain't it?" said Sir Nugent, addressing himself to Tom. "Some people only have to look at a ship for their stomachs to start turning over; other people wouldn't



be sick in a hurricane. Runs in families, I dare say. Take my father: excellent sailor. Take me: the same. Famous for it! Made the crossing two years ago with George Retford.

"Now, that was a rough passage! People hanging over the rails all the way; most diverting spectacle! 'Nugent,' George said to me—and as game a man as ever lived, mind you! 'Take your choice!' he said. 'Either that cigar of yours goes overboard, or I do!' Curious, wasn't it? Nothing else turned him queasy, never blenched at his dinner; in fact—"

But at this point his bride brought his reminiscences to a close by requesting him, in a voice of loathing, to go away.

"Well, if there ain't anything I can do, I was thinking Orde and I might crack a bottle," he said. "Very willing to remain, however. Swore I'd cherish you, didn't I? Nugent Fotherby is not the man to go back on his word. Ask anyone!"

"Go away, go away!" screamed Ianthe. "Do you wish to kill me?"

Seeing that Sir Nugent was about to assure her that he had no such desire, Tom thrust him out of the cabin. "I'd better go, too," he said, with an uneasy glance at Ianthe. "Unless you'd like me to stay, Phoebe?"

"No, no, there's nothing for you to do here. There, there, Edmund! Let Phoebe tuck you up warmly, and you'll soon be better!"

"Well, call if you need me," said Tom. "I won't go out of earshot."

He then withdrew, in the comfortable conviction that both sufferers would probably fall asleep, leaving Phoebe nothing to do but to watch over their slumbers. He was astonished, and considerably concerned, when he heard her calling to him from the foot of the companionway less than an hour later, and learned that Edmund was very much worse. He saw that Phoebe was looking pale herself, and exclaimed: "I say, Phoebe, you aren't feeling seasick, are you?"

"If No, indeed! I have no time to be seasick!" she replied acidly. "Don't come down! I want you to ask that wretched man if I may carry Edmund into the other cabin. I believe it is his, but he can't want it, after all. And, Tom, try if you can come by a hot brick! Edmund shivers all the time, and do what I will I can't get him warm."

"He must be pretty bad! You don't mean to say he's still sick?"

"Not actually sick, no, but those dreadful paroxysms go on, and it hurts him so, poor little man, that he can't help

but cry. I've never seen a child so utterly knocked-up, and I've helped to nurse my sisters often and often. It was wicked to have brought him on such a journey! She must have known how it would be! She did know, and all she will say is that he could be well if he would but make an effort! She makes no effort!

"She is feeling far too ill herself, and her sensibility is so exquisite that she can never bear to be near him when he is ailing! It gives her palpitations. She has them now, so he must be removed from her cabin. Tom, if I could be taken back to Dover on some magic carpet I would not go! No! Or leave that child until I see him safe in Salford's charge! Whatever his sentiments may be towards Edmund, he cannot be more unfeeling than that creature!"

"Steady, steady!" said Tom. "Throwing your tongue too much, my girl!"

She gave an unsteady laugh, brushing her hand across her brow. "I know. But only to you, Tom! I've been running mute enough, I promise you!" She raised her finger suddenly, listening, and called: "I'm coming, darling!"

Not his greatest enemy could have denied that Sir Nugent was as compliant as he was amiable. Upon hearing what was required, he instantly went below to beg Phoebe to consider his cabin her own. He was very much shocked by Edmund's appearance, and said: "Poor little fellow! Burned to the socket!" so many times that it irritated Ianthe's nerves. Informed of this, he withdrew his attention from Edmund, and said solicitously: "Still a trifle out of sorts, my love? Now, see if I don't tell you something that'll do you good! With this wind we shall be in Calais in only four hours!"

"Four hours!" Ianthe said in a hollow voice. "Oh, how could you be so brutal as to tell me. Four more hours of this! I shall never survive it. My head! Oh, my head!"

"What's to be done?" whispered Sir Nugent in Phoebe's ear. "Seems to be bellows to mend with her. Devilish distressing: wouldn't have had it happen for the world!"

"I expect," said Phoebe, somewhat woodenly, "that she will feel better when she is alone. Lady Ianthe, will you tell me where I may find a nightshirt for Edmund? Were they packed in your trunk? May I look for them there?"

But Ianthe had been unable to bring away any of Edmund's raiment without arousing suspicion in her parents' household.

Phoebe looked wonderingly at the smart new trunk, at a pile of bandboxes, and dress-boxes. "But—"

"My child!" shrieked Ianthe as the white-faced valet appeared at the cabin door with the hapless Edmund over his shoulder.

"I had to purchase everything new! And in such haste that I was quite distracted," said Ianthe, in failing accents.

"Told her la'ship to rig herself out in the first style of elegance, and have everything sent to my house," explained Sir Nugent. "Good notion, don't you agree?"

Her ladyship, in fact, had forgotten, in an orgy of expensive shopping, to provide for her son's needs.

Removed to the smaller cabin, tucked up in its berth, with a champagne bottle full of hot water produced by Tom, Edmund seemed to grow easier. Phoebe had the satisfaction presently of seeing him drop asleep, and was about to snatch a little rest herself when Sir Nugent came to beg the favor of her attendance on Ianthe. Her la'ship, he whispered, was in devilish queer stirrups, and wished for assistance in an affair of too much delicacy to be mentioned.

Mystified, Phoebe went back to the larger cabin, leaving Sir Nugent to maintain a watch over his stepson. The affair of delicacy proved merely to be a matter of untying Ianthe's stay-laces, but one glance at her was enough to inform Phoebe that Sir Nugent had not exaggerated her condition. She looked to be in extremely queer stirrups, and when Phoebe felt her pulse she discovered it to be tumultuous.

Phoebe was absent from Edmund's side for a considerable period. Unfortunately he woke up while she was away, and no sooner saw Sir Nugent than he repudiated him. Sir Nugent remonstrated with him, pointing out that for Edmund to order him out of his cabin was coming it a trifle too strong. However, when he heard himself apostrophised as a Bad Man he realised that Edmund was lightheaded, and strove to reassure him. His efforts failed.

During his late agony Edmund had had no leisure to consider anything but his body's ills. It was otherwise now. No longer racked by paroxysms but only a very small boy pitchforked into nightmare, a pressing need presented itself to him. His face puckered. "I want my Button!" he sobbed.

"Eh?" said Sir Nugent.

Edmund, turning his face into the pillow, repeated his desire in muffled but passionate accents.

"Want a button, do you?" said Sir Nugent. "Now, don't

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Rosemary grows up

A short story
complete on
this page

By
**HELEN E.
GREENWOOD**

ILLUSTRATED
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MR. HENDERSON settled down in his favorite chair and picked up a book from the side table. He opened the book and raised his eyes to look approvingly at his wife. She was sitting opposite, knitting what seemed to be a scarf—a scarf to end all scarves, apparently, for it already was about six feet long.

In the glow of the lamp, Sara Henderson's curly brown hair was still unstreaked by grey, her skin was as smooth and fresh as it had been the day he married her. Mr. Henderson sighed in contentment. Upstairs he could hear his daughter Rosemary apparently galloping through the bedrooms. Lowering his eyes to the book, he soon was lost in the political machinations of the Whigs and Tories.

But he was jarred out of his absorption when Rosemary came down the stairs—catapulted down—for Rosemary defied the laws of gravity and took three steps at a time. She whirled into the room, her shining hair still swinging from the swiftness of her descent.

Mr. Henderson smiled at the picture Rosemary made in her white wool dress, her slender waist caught by a tight gold belt. His wife's sharp voice startled him. "Rosemary," she was saying, "your hem is crooked!"

"Oh, mother—" the child's voice wailed as she darted in, planted a quick kiss on her mother's forehead, and whirled away from Mrs. Henderson's attempt to straighten the hem. A peck at Mr. Henderson's cheek and she was already out in the hall.

Her father caught a glimpse of her going out the door, her coat slung over her shoulders. He turned again to the book, his heart swelling with pride. She was going to be good-looking, like her mother.

"Roger!" Mrs. Henderson was leaning forward in her chair. "Roger, I'm a little worried about Rosemary."

"Worried about Rosemary? She looks the picture of health to me—a little thin, perhaps, but she's pretty active."

"Oh, I don't mean I'm worried about her health. I mean she doesn't seem to care about, well—" Mrs. Henderson fumbled, "well, boys."

"Boys! Sara, she's crazy about her brothers. You know that."

"Her brothers!" The scorn in Mrs. Henderson's voice for the apples of her eye, now away at college, so startled Roger Henderson that he almost lost his page.

"The boys!" Mrs. Henderson continued, her voice scathing. "They had her playing goalie for them when they were home at Christmas—so they could improve their hockey game!"

"Well, it was unfortunate that she got that black eye, but after all she wanted to play with them."

Mrs. Henderson clucked and attacked her knitting with renewed vigor.

"And she's gone to a party tonight," Mr. Henderson put forth

soothingly. "There'll be boys there, I presume."

"Yes, and she'll probably tackle them or punch their noses or something. Why just yesterday Mrs. Clay told me that her Herbert had been knocked down in the schoolyard by Rosemary and a group of girls playing tag."

"Well, after all, she's only sixteen," he cried. "Lots of time yet."

Mrs. Henderson sighed, but seemed to be willing to knit in silence. After a moment her husband picked up the book again and stretched out his legs.

Mr. Henderson was an absorbed reader, and Mrs. Henderson had spoken his name four times before he looked up again.

"When I was sixteen, Roger, I had lots of beaux," Mr. Henderson waited. "You remember Henry Case, that man who came to dinner last year—he used to carry my books home from school every day."

"That imbecile? Maybe if Rosemary waits a few years she'll show better taste and won't inflict the worst bore in Christendom on her husband twenty-five years later."

Mrs. Henderson's lips trembled ominously.

"I'm sorry, dear," Mr. Henderson was instantly contrite. "But he did come on the night I was preparing my annual report, you know."

"But Roger," Mrs. Henderson said, "I'm afraid she'll grow up to be one of those horrid masculine girls who'd rather win golf championships than marry and have babies."

"Nothing like that in my family," he announced with complacency and picked up his book very resolutely this time.

The clock in the hall was chiming midnight when they both heard footsteps on the porch. They were slow, sedate steps, and Mr. Henderson had half risen to go and investigate when he heard a low murmur. Shooting a warning glance at his wife, he settled back into his chair.

Through the half-opened window the Hendersons could hear their daughter's voice. At least, the tone was their daughter's—the pitch was unlike anything they had heard before. "Good-night, Stan," she was saying softly, as they stood under the porch light. "It was lovely of you to bring me home."

"Good-night, Rosemary." The boy's voice broke on the "Rose" and righted itself on the "mary." The next words came in a rush: "Rosemary, may I, uh, kiss you good-night—on the cheek, I mean."

There was a pause while the Hendersons sat holding their breath, waiting. Rosemary's voice was even huskier this time. "Why, I guess so, Stan."

There was a pause, and then they heard the door opening. Mr. Henderson bent quickly over his book in concentration. Mrs. Henderson started to count, audibly, the stitches of her straight knitting.

They both looked up with an air of surprise as Rosemary came into the room, but she gazed at them unseeing, her eyes starry.



"Goodnight, Stan," Rosemary said softly as they stood under the porch light. "Thank you for bringing me home."

"Did you have a nice time, dear?" Mr. Henderson's question got a bemused glance.

"Super, Daddy, simply super."

Then she drifted out to the stairs. She paused a moment there, smiling languidly, with an expression that reminded Mr. Henderson of the painted face of a movie siren.

"Six boys wanted to bring me home," Rosemary announced from the foot of the stairs. "I chose Stan, because he's captain of the football team." Then she started upstairs, waving a graceful farewell to her parents.

Mr. Henderson turned to his wife, satisfaction wreathing his face, but his "See, what did I tell you?" died

on his lips, for Mrs. Henderson's head was bent, her shoulders quivering.

"Sara!" Mr. Henderson dropped his book without marking the place. "Sara! What's the matter?"

"Oh, Rog," she sobbed, "she's growing up!"

Mr. Henderson felt a moment of angry bewilderment. Then he smiled and went to his wife's side. He gathered her into his arms while he kissed the tip of her reddened nose.

"I like it," he said. "Now I'll be known as the husband of that lovely and charming Henderson woman and the father of that beautiful and popular Henderson girl."

(Copyright)

This Year - Next Year

Then came the time for a final decision . . . a sophisticated story

By IRWIN SHAW

BEDDOES got in from India in the middle of the morning. He went to his hostel and shook hands with the concierge and told him that the trip had been fine. From the concierge he found out that the city was crowded, as usual, and that the price of the room had gone up once more, as usual.

"The tourist season now lasts twelve months a year," the concierge said, giving Beddoes his key. "Nobody stays at home any more, it is exhausting."

Beddoes went upstairs and told the porter to put his typewriter in the cupboard, because he didn't want to see it for a while. He opened the window and looked out with pleasure at the Seine flowing past.

Then he had a bath and put on fresh clothes and gave Christina's number over the telephone to the woman at the switchboard. The woman at the switchboard had an annoying habit of repeating numbers in English, and Beddoes noticed, with a smile, that had not changed. There was the familiar hysteria on the wires as the woman on the switchboard got Christina's number. The telephone in Christina's hotel was down the hall from her room, and Beddoes had to spell the name slowly—Mlle "T" for Theodore, "A" for Andre, "T" for Theodore, "E" for Edouard—before the man at the other end understood and went away to tell Christina an American gentleman demanded her on the telephone.

Beddoes heard Christina's footsteps coming down the hall towards the telephone and he thought he could tell from the sound that she was wearing high heels.

"Hello," Christina said. There was a sudden crackle on the wire as Christina spoke, but even so Beddoes could recognise the breathless, excited tone of her voice. Christina answered the phone as though she expected each call to be an invitation to a party.

"Hi, Chris," Beddoes said.

"Who's that?"

"The voice of India," said Beddoes.

"Walter!" Christina said happily. "When did you get in?"

"This minute," Beddoes said, lying by an hour to please her. "Are you wearing high heels?"

"What?"

"You're wearing high heels, aren't you?"

"Wait a minute while I look," Christina said. Then, after a pause, "Did you turn psychic in India?"

Beddoes chuckled. "Oriental fakery," he said. "I brought back a supply. Where're we going to lunch?"

"Walter!" Christina said. "I'm in despair."

"You have a date?"

"Yes. When are you going to learn to cable?"

"That's O.K.," Beddoes said carelessly. He made a point of never sounding disappointed. He had a feeling that if he asked Christina to break the date she would, but he also made a point of never pleading for anything. "We'll make it later."

"How about a drink this afternoon?"

"We can start with that," Beddoes said. "Five?"

"Make it five-thirty," Christina said.

"Where're you going to be?" Beddoes asked, annoyed at the postponement.

"Near the Etoile," Christina said.

"Alexandre's?"

"Fine," Christina said. "Will you be on time for once?"

"Be more polite," Beddoes said, "the first day the man comes to town."

"A tout a l'heure," Christina said.

"What did you say?"

"All the kids are speaking French this year," Christina laughed. "Isn't it nice to have you back in town?"

There was a click as she hung up. Beddoes put the phone down slowly and went over to the window. He stared at the river, thinking that this was the first time in a long while that Christina hadn't come over immediately when he arrived in Paris. The river appeared cold and the trees were bare and the sky looked as though it had been grey for months. But with all that, the city looked promising. Even the sunless, snowless winter weather couldn't prevent Paris from looking promising.

Beddoes got to the cafe a little late, but Christina hadn't arrived. He sat on the glass-enclosed terrace, next to a huge window, feeling it cold from the winter afternoon against his sleeve. The terrace was crowded with women drinking tea and men reading the evening newspapers.

Outside, under the trees, a little parade was forming, the veterans of some World War I unit, huddling, middle-aged, and chilled in their overcoats, with their flags and decorations, preparing to walk behind an army band up to the Arc de Triomphe, to put a wreath on the tomb in memory of comrades who had fallen in battles that no one any longer remembered.

The French, Beddoes thought sourly, because Christina was late and the afternoon had failed its promise, are always finding occasions to block traffic.

He ordered a beer, because he had drunk too much at lunch. He had also eaten too much, in the first wave of gluttony after Indian food.

His stomach felt uncomfortable, and he was suddenly very tired from all the miles he had travelled in the past twenty-four hours.

After the age of thirty-five, he thought, in evening melancholy, no matter how swift the plane, how calm the air, how soft the cushion, the bones record the miles inexorably.

He had turned thirty-five three months before, and he had begun to reflect uneasily upon age. He stared at his face in mirrors, noticing wrinkles under grey eyes and grey in his beard when he shaved. He remembered hearing that ageing ball-players shaved two and three times a day to keep managers and sports-writers from seeing the telltale flecks in beard stubble.

Maybe, he thought, career men in the foreign service ought to do the same thing. Seventy minus thirty-five leaves thirty-five, he thought. It was an equation that came ominously to mind, especially late in the afternoon, more and more often after the midway anniversary.

He stared out through the cold glass at the shuffling veterans, ranked shabbily behind their flags, their breath, mingled with cigarette smoke, rising in little clouds over their heads. He wished they'd start marching and get away from there. "Veteran" was a word that suddenly fell on his ear with an unpleasant sound.

He also wished that Christina would arrive. It wasn't like her to be late. She was one of those rare girls who always got to places exactly on the appointed hour and took only a minute or two to comb her hair.

She had blond hair, cut in the short Parisian manner, which left the back of her neck bare. Beddoes thought about the back of Christina's neck and felt better.

They would give themselves a gay evening, he thought. One should not permit oneself to feel tired or old in Paris. If the feeling ever gets chronic, he told himself, I'll move away for good.

He thought about the evening ahead of him. They'd wander around to a couple of bars, avoiding their friends and not drinking too much, and go to a bistro in the markets where there were thick steaks and a heavy red wine, and, after that, perhaps they'd go to the nightclub where there was a queer, original puppet show and three young men who sang funny songs which, unlike so many nightclub songs, really did turn out to be funny.

When you came out into the street after their act you were charmed and amused, and you had the sense that this was the way a man should feel in Paris at two o'clock in the morning.

The night before he left for India he had taken Christina there. The prospect of going back on this his first night home gave him an unexplained but pleasant feeling of satisfactory design. Christina had looked very pretty, the prettiest girl in the room full of handsome women, he'd thought, and he had even danced, for the first time in months.

The music was supplied by a pianist and a man who was quivering rich sounds from an electric guitar, and they played those popular French songs that always made you feel how sweet was love in the city, how full of sorrow and tempered regret.

Christina had been a little moony, he remembered, which was strange for her, and she held his hand during the show, and kissed him when the lights went out between numbers. Her eyes filled with tears for a moment and she had said, "What am I going to do without you for two months?" when he spoke of his departure the next morning.

He had felt, a little warily, because he was affected, too, that it was lucky he was leaving, if she was moving into that phase. That was the pre-yearning-for-marriage phase, and you had to be on guard against it, especially late at night, in Paris, in darkened rooms where pianists and electric guitars played songs about dead leaves and dead loves and lovers who were separated by wars. Beddoes had been married once, and he felt, for the time being, that that was enough.

He had been a little surprised at Christina. Yearning was not in her line. He had known her, although until recently not very well, almost from the time she arrived from the States four years before. She did some fashion modelling and was pretty enough to have done very well at it, except that, as she said, she felt too silly making the fashionable, languorous grimaces that were demanded of her.

She knew how to type and take dictation and she found odd jobs with American businessmen who had work for a month or two at a time in Paris. She had picked up French immediately, and drove a car, and from time to time she got curious little jobs as a companion for old American ladies who wanted to tour through the chateau country or into Switzerland.

She never seemed to need any sleep (even now she was only about twenty-six) and she would stay up night after night, and she went to all the parties and had had, to Beddoes' knowledge, flirtations with two

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Christina came into the restaurant and stood still for a moment, looking round for Beddoes, who rose to greet her.



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Continuing . . . This Year, Next Year

[from page 25]

friends of his—a freelance photographer and an Air Transport Command pilot who had been killed in a crash outside Frankfurt.

You could telephone her at any hour of the day or night without making her angry, and you could introduce her into any group and be pleased with the way she behaved. She always knew which bistro was having a rage at the moment and who was singing at which night-club and which new painter was worth seeing and who was in town and who was going to arrive next week and which little hotels outside Paris were pleasant for lunch or a weekend.

She obviously didn't have much money, but she dressed charmingly. French enough to amuse her French friends and not so French that she made Americans feel she was trying to pretend she was European.

All in all, while she was not a girl of whom your grandmother was likely to approve, she was, as Beddoes had once told her, an ornament to the wandering and troubled years of the second half of the twentieth century.

The veterans started to move off, the banners flapping a little in the dusk as the small parade turned past the airline office and up the Champs-Élysées. Beddoes watched them, thinking vaguely of other parades, other banners.

Then he saw Christina striding diagonally across the street, swift and sure of herself in the traffic. She could live in Europe the rest of her life, Beddoes thought, smiling as he watched her, and all she'd have to do would be to walk ten steps and everybody would know she had been born on the other side of the ocean.

He stood when she opened the door into the restaurant. She was hatless, and Beddoes noticed that her hair was darker than he remembered and she was wearing it longer. He kissed her on both cheeks as she came up to the table. "Welcome," he said. "In the French style."

She hugged him momentarily. "Well, now," she said, "here's the man again."

She sat down, opening her coat, and smiled across the table at him. Her cheeks were flushed from the cold and her eyes were shining and she looked glitteringly young.

"The spirit of Paris," Beddoes said, touching her hand on the table. "American division. What'll it be to drink?"

"Tea, please. I'm so glad to see you."

"Tea?" Beddoes made a face.

"Anything wrong?"

"No," Christina shook her head. "I just want tea."

"That's a funny sort of drink to welcome a traveller home on," Beddoes said.

"With lemon, please," Christina said.

Beddoes shrugged, and ordered one tea from the waiter.

"How was India?" Christina asked.

"Was I in India?" Beddoes stared at Christina, enjoying her face.

"That's what it said in the papers."

"Oh, yes," Beddoes said. "A new world struggling to be born," he said, his voice deep and expert. "Too late for feudalism, too early for democracy."

Christina made a face. "Lovely phrases for the State Department archives," she said. "I mean, over a drink, how is India?"

"Sunny and sad," Beddoes said. "How is Paris?"

"Too late for democracy," Christina said, "too early for feudalism."

Beddoes grinned and leaned across the little table and

kissed her gently. "I mean, with a kiss," he said, "how is Paris?"

"The same," Christina said. She hesitated. "Almost the same."

"Who's around?"

"The group," Christina said carelessly. "The usual happy exiles. Charles, Boris, Anne, Teddy . . ."

Teddy was the freelance photographer. "Seen very much of him since I've been away?" Beddoes asked, very lightly.

"Uh?" Christina smiled, just a little, at him.

"Merely checking," Beddoes grinned.

"No, I haven't," Christina said. "His Greek girl-friend's in town."

"Still the Greek?"

"Still the Greek," Christina said.

The waiter came and placed the tea in front of her. She poured it into the cup and squeezed the lemon. She had long, competent fingers, and Beddoes noticed that she no longer used bright nail polish.

"Your hair," he said. "What happened?"

Christina touched her hair absently. "Oh," she said. "You noticed?"

"Where're the blondes of yesteryear?"

"I decided to go natural," Christina stirred her tea. "See what that was like for a change. Like it?"

"I haven't decided yet. It's longer, too."

"Uh—huh. For the winter. The back of my neck was cold. People say it makes me look younger."

"They're absolutely right," Beddoes said. "You now look exactly eleven."

Christina smiled and lifted her cup to him. "To those who return," she said.

"I don't accept toasts in tea," Beddoes said.

"You're a finicky, drink-loving man," Christina said, and placidly sipped at her tea.

"Now," Beddoes said, "the evening. I thought we might skip our dear friends and go to that place in the markets for dinner, because I'm dying for a steak, and after that—"

He stopped. "What's the matter? Can't we have dinner together?"

"It's not that exactly," Christina kept her head down and stirred her tea slowly. "I have a date—"

"Cancel him," Beddoes said promptly.

"I can't, really," Christina looked soberly up at him. "He's coming to meet me here any minute now."

"Oh," Beddoes nodded. "That makes it different, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Can't we shake him?"

"No," Christina said. "We can't shake him."

"The man doesn't live who can't be shaken," said Beddoes.

"Old friend, you say, who just arrived from the horrors of the East, just escaped yellow fever by the skin of his teeth, needs soothing, you say, and tender attraction for his shattered nerves, et cetera."

Christina was smiling but shaking her head. "Sorry," she said. "It can't be done."

"Want me to do it?" Beddoes said. "Man to man. See here, old fellow, we're all grown-up, civilised human beings—that sort of thing?"

"No," Christina said.

"Why not?" Beddoes asked, conscious that he was breaking a long-standing and, until now, jealously adhered-to rule about not pleading for anything.

"Why can't we?"

"Because I don't want to," Christina said.

"Oh," said Beddoes. "The wind is in that direction."

"Variably," Christina said softly, "in that direction. We could all have dinner together."

The three of us. He's a very nice man. You'd like him."

"I never like any man the first night I'm in Paris," Beddoes said.

They sat in silence for a moment while Beddoes remembered all the times that Christina had said over the phone, "O.K., it's awful of me, but I'll put him off and meet you at eight." It was hard to believe, sitting across from her, noticing that there was no obvious change in the way she looked at him, in the way she touched his hand, that she wouldn't say it in the next minute or so.

"Two months is a long time, isn't it?" Beddoes said. "In Paris?"

"No," Christina said. "It's not a long time. In Paris or anywhere else."

"Hello, Christina." It was a tall, rather heavy set young man, smiling and blond, who was standing, holding a hat, next to the table. "I found the place all right." He leaned over and kissed her forehead.

Beddoes stood up.

"Jack," Christina said, "this is Walter Beddoes. John Haislip, Dr. Haislip."

The two men shook hands.

"He's a surgeon," Christina said as Haislip gave his hat and coat to the attendant and sat down beside her. "He nearly had his picture in the paper last year for something he did with kidneys. In thirty years he's going to be enormously famous."

Haislip chuckled. He was a big, placid, self-confident-looking man, with the air of an athlete, who was probably older than he looked. And just with one glance Beddoes could tell how the man felt about Christina. Haislip wasn't hiding anything in that department.

"What'll you drink, Doctor?" Beddoes asked.

"Lemonade, please."

"Jack doesn't drink," Christina said. "He says it isn't fair for people who make a living out of cutting other people up."

"When I retire," Haislip said cheerfully, "I'm going to drink like a fish and let my hands shake like leaves in the wind."

He turned to Beddoes. You could tell that it took a conscious wrench for him to stop looking at Christina. "Did you have a good time in India?" he asked.

"Oh," Beddoes said, surprised. "You know about my being in India?"

"Christina's told me all about you," Haislip said.

"I swore a solemn oath that I was going to forget India for a month once I got here," Beddoes said.

Haislip chuckled. He had a low, unforced laugh and his face was friendly and unself-conscious. "I know how you feel," he said. "The same way I feel about the hospital sometimes."

"Where is the hospital?" Beddoes asked.

"Seattle," Christina said quickly.

"How long have you been here?" Beddoes saw Christina glance at him obliquely as he spoke.

"Three weeks," said Haislip. He turned back towards Christina, as though he could find comfort in no other position.

"The changes that can take place in three weeks. My word!" He patted Christina's arm and chuckled again. "One more week and back to the hospital."

"You here for fun or for business?" Beddoes asked, falling helplessly into the pattern of conversation of all Americans who meet each other abroad for the first time.

"A little of both," Haislip said. "There was a conference of surgeons I was asked to

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The new toque look

• "Cynthia" (right) and "Angelina" (below) are the latest hats to be featured in our exclusive Paris millinery pattern service.

BOTH hats have a French air—and the chic trademark of their designer, Simone Vernet.

"Cynthia," made in velvet, will add a party touch to any ensemble; the hat could also be made in tweed to match a special dress.

It requires ½yd. material. See the panel below for how to order the pattern.

"Angelina" is "different"—but is still easy to make.

Our model took ½yd. faille with ½yd. organza for lining, and two curtain rings.

The faille and organza are sewn into three big "petals." They are looped through the rings so that the petals form a circle and fit the head snugly.

Complete how-to-make instructions are enclosed with the patterns, which are specially priced at 2/- each.



HOW TO ORDER

PATTERNS for the two hats photographed on this page may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney, or Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

Tasmanian orders should be sent to Box 66D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

When ordering, please specify "Cynthia" or "Angelina."

"CYNTHIA" (above) is an adaptable shape which can be draped in a variety of effective folds. It can be made in velvet, brocade, or tweed.



LEFT: "Angelina," shown side view, hugs the head in a flattering curve. The hat is made in three sections joined by covered rings. This model was made of faille.

ABOVE: Back view of "Angelina" shows the way the three sections (two on one side, one on the other) meet and are caught by a ring. They can be pulled snug.

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GO-GO REALLY DOES

WE got taken for a ride — quite literally — one recent sunny day in Sydney. And we have to report we stopped some of the traffic.

Heads turned and people goggled as we buzzed along in Australia's newest, lightest, and cheapest car, the Gogomobil (now christened Go-Go for short).

"Tread on it for you?" asked a nice policeman, unbending from a great height to peer in the window.

Athol Yeomans, who was introducing the baby beetle car to us, just smiled.

"Go-Go is foolproof — ideal for women," Athol told us (blandly ignoring our careful



explanation that WE were among the Good Women Drivers).

"Mum hops into the car," he said, "turns the key and Go-Go is off. It doesn't much matter if she bumps the garage doors on the way out — might scratch the garage, but it won't dent Go-Go — she's fibre-glass."

Athol then got technical. Go-Go, he said, has:

- A fibre-glass body that doesn't dent, bounces off when it hits anything, and can be repaired at home with a patching kit.

- A two-stroke engine that has very little that can go wrong with it.

- Two doors, four seats, room enough in front for our above-average length of leg.

Go-Go weighs only 7½ cwt. So if you get in a tight spot, four strong men can lift Go-Go out of it.

WORTH REPORTING



DOGS, it seems, have nationality. Englishman Peter Maher describes the U (Upper-class) English dog this way: "There is something superior about our dogs. The way they curl up by the fire, the way they go to bed, and the dignified manner in which they parade the pavements is awe-inspiring to a foreigner."

Fulbright man strikes oil

A FULBRIGHT SCHOLAR who struck oil in America is wartime R.A.A.F. navigator Bob Nielsen, just back in Melbourne with his wife and two children, Robert, 13, and Rosemary, 11, and a new degree.

A Bachelor of Economics of Sydney University, Bob gained a Doctorate of Philosophy in Economics at the University of California with a thesis on the "Economics of Oil Tankers."

Bob flew for two years with Bomber Command in England during World War II and in 1943 was navigator in Q for Queenie, the first Lancaster to fly from England to Australia.

WHEN does middle-age start and at what age does a woman reach her peak of beauty? Americans recently had a lovely time arguing these questions in a public opinion poll.

Everyone — men and women — agreed that a woman's peak beauty age is 30. But middle-age seems to be a matter of how old you are yourself.

Women voted for 45 as middle-aged. Men were less charitable and said 40. The poll averaged it out and came up with an answer: 42 years and six months.

Could be that an awful lot of women are going to stay 42 for a long time.

Five girls and a car boot

AUSTRALIAN girls have a certain resourceful quality that's especially evident among those who tour Europe.

We've just had a letter from Janet Gordon, of West Geelong, Victoria, telling us about an incident while she and four other Australians were driving through Spain in a battered 1939 car.

"In Barcelona there was a clatter-bang-crash," she wrote. "The boot section of the car had dropped off."

"Having halted the following traffic and stopped the car, we gathered our goods and the boot, threw them in the back seat, and drove on."

"At the hotel we had to try to put the boot back, and it was embarrassing. We'd get one end on, and the other would drop to the ground."

"By this time about 15 Spaniards had gathered round to stare."

"One of my friends removed her hat, and walked round the group with a questioning look that almost demanded a collection."

"Not a word was said, but the Spaniards quickly left."

Spear-fishing not so new

TODAY'S popular sport, spear-fishing, is not so modern to Adelaide gunsmith Arch Ekins, who has an ancient Norwegian harpoon — gun



among the trophies of his Currie Street shop.

Just celebrating his 75th birthday and 60 years in business, Mr. Ekins thinks the gun is the only one of its kind in Australia. It belongs to a member of a well-known South Australian family, who wants to harpoon sharks with it.

DRESS SENSE

• The elegant evening coat photographed here is our answer to Dress Sense pattern requests.

LETTERS from readers asked if we could suggest "something smart and pretty to wear over a short evening dress — not a stole."

This coat meets those requirements, and its "look" can be changed slightly by leaving off the neckline-tie and allowing the collar to widen to a deep V-shape.

Made in delustrated satin, velvet, or silk, it's a perfect choice for a cover-up wrap to wear to a theatre or party.

Dressed up with accessories — satin shoes, bag, and long gloves — the coat is a stunning addition to a short, formal ball gown.

Details of how to order the pattern are given below.

DS318.—Evening coat pattern may be obtained by writing to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36 in. material. Price 4/6.



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Another
world-famous
love story

HE BOUGHT A WIFE - FOUND FAME, LOVE

By WILLIAM JOY

● Times were particularly hard in the Japan of 1891, and there was very little rice in the bowl of an impoverished Samurai family.

SO, in accordance with custom, the dutiful daughter agreed to offer herself in marriage so that her family could eat.

They soon heard of a man who was seeking a wife, and she was paraded before him.

To her dismay she saw a shabby, undersized little Englishman with only one eye and a straggling moustache, obviously one of the "foreign devils" every right-minded Japanese avoided.

For him it was to be a marriage of convenience, to be dissolved without fuss when he wished to return to the West.

He had been ill. His Japanese friends insisted he needed someone to look after him. This shrinking girl, not beautiful but full of charm and grace, would do.

Thus did Setsuko Koizumi marry the brilliant writer, erratic, emotional Lafcadio Hearn.

And this marriage of convenience became a great love.

From Setsuko, Lafcadio Hearn first heard the fables and legends with which he enriched the world.

There was little romantic about Hearn when he took Setsuko to his home at Matsue, Northern Japan, where he was Professor of English at the local school.

He was 41. He had been knocked from pillar to post in America, where he had spent the greater part of his life. He had lost one eye as a child and the other was defective.

The early days of their marriage were complicated. Setsuko could speak no English. Hearn's Japanese was limited. They had to employ an interpreter for ordinary household conversation till they worked out a language of their own.

Setsuko, then 22, had been trained to be meek with men, who, she knew, could be very cruel.

Because of that she warmed at once to the gentleness and courtesy of the funny little man who was her husband.

Took charge

Hearn's extravagance appalled her. When she went to buy a new kimono, he ordered a dozen. "I like to see you in pretty clothes," he said.

Understanding came quickly. He was glad when she took complete charge of the house and his finances.

When she thought he was working too hard she lured

him away to wrestling matches and art exhibitions.

And out of this understanding, love soon bloomed and Hearn decided not to return to the West. "My little woman would be very unhappy away from her people and gods," he wrote.

When Setsuko realised Hearn was wealthy by Japanese standards, she took an old Samurai castle, where professors and students came to sit at his feet.

No wonder Hearn, who doubted the Japanese man, wrote of the woman: "How sweet she is. All the possibilities of her race for goodness seem to be concentrated in her."

Tender care

Under Setsuko's influence, Hearn wrote his first great book "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" in entirely Japanese surroundings.

She made him wear the loose, comfortable Japanese robes. He sat on cushions, smoked the Japanese pipe, slept on a bed of mats on the floor.

Sometimes he felt the call of the West, only to find that his love for Setsuko was binding him more and more to Japan.

She watched his frail health with tender affection. When the snowy winter in Matsue racked his chest, she encouraged him to become an English instructor to the larger Kumamoto college in Kyushu Province.

Unhappy in the strict military setting of the college, Hearn found relief in her quiet company at home.

Then she began to plan trips for him to study the folk lore he so avidly collected.

On his first trip he longed so much for her that he sent her a message to join him at once.

She took him to a lantern-lighted courtyard, where more than 200 Japanese in bright costumes performed a harvest dance few foreigners had seen.

Sometimes she had the heartache of seeing him pelted from lonely villages where fear of "foreign devils" was still strong. But she persisted in showing him the life of her country.

When wells were cleaned she marshalled the cleaners to relate the legends and superstitions of Suijin-Sama, God of the Wells.

She trained the servants to watch for facts and stories which would interest him.

Setsuko saw that the household revolved round him.



LAFCADIO HEARN, who made a marriage of convenience but fell so much in love with his wife, Setsuko Koizumi (below), that he became a Japanese citizen.



She woke him at six with Samurai salutations. The servants prostrated themselves in greeting before him.

She served him breakfast in traditional Japanese manner, and when he came to dress handed him each garment in its order. When he protested against this, she was so dismayed that he allowed her to continue.

The only concession he made to the West was to kiss her hand as he left each morning.

Their love continued to grow and, in the summer of 1893, Setsuko was expecting a child.

Hearn, an agnostic, prayed to the gods that the child

should come into the world with good eyes.

His prayers were answered when Setsuko's grandfather burst into his room, shouting, "The Treasure Child is born."

By now Hearn was so much in love that he turned down a big job in America.

"To leave Japan now would be like tearing myself in two," he wrote.

Became Japanese

Trouble loomed soon after Hearn transferred to Tokio University. Japan passed new inter-racial marriage laws that invalidated his marriage to Setsuko and barred her from inheriting his property.

Without hesitation the man who once was prepared lightly to dissolve his marriage took Japanese nationality to keep her his legal wife and bind her more closely to him.

By 1895 Hearn had written several books on Japan and was starting another on ghosts.

Setsuko collected the gruesome and unearthly legends for him and related them in her own vivid words till both were terrified.

Sometimes they talked of ghosts till the quiet house seemed haunted.

They could not sleep. He cried out in nightmares till Setsuko and his son ran to wake him. It was good when the book was finished.

Soon Hearn's eye began to grow dim. He had to put his face almost to the paper to read. His writing arm became numb. Increasingly he brooded on death and the need to provide for Setsuko and the children, now three boys and one girl.

"I cannot live many more years," he told her. "There's no time to waste. I must earn all I can."

She tried to cheer him. "You must not say such things," she said. "It makes us sad. Forget about it and be happy."

"Don't cry"

But she knew the end was near. It came soon after he left the University in a rage over pay cuts.

She found him pacing his study clutching at his chest. "It's my heart," he said.

"I may die if this pain increases. This is what I want you to do."

"Buy a little urn and bury my bones in it near some quiet temple. If anyone asks for me, just say, 'Oh, he died some time ago.'"

"And I shan't like it if you cry. Amuse the children. Play games with them. I'll enjoy that more."

Setsuko was at his side on September 26, 1904, when he died of another heart attack.

In America the first copies of his masterpiece, "Japan, an Attempt at Interpretation," were coming off the press.

Setsuko remained true to his memory and her gods.

Each year her children burned incense before a shrine where stood the portrait of the man who took her in a marriage of convenience but came to cherish her with abounding love.

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*Prices slightly higher in some areas.

Elegant embroidered cloth

● In this section are many new ideas that will help housewives to give their homes an extra touch of glamor. Make this dainty embroidered voile tablecloth and six serviettes for the tea or supper table.

THIS elegant cloth comes from Italy, where the women are famed as embroiderers.

The scroll design is worked from the back in shadow-stitch and the spots are worked on the front in satin-stitch.

Here are the directions:

Materials: 2½ yds. 60in. voile; 8 skeins stranded cotton; 3 skeins broder cotton.

Measurements: Cloth, 54in. diameter; serviettes, 12in. square.

Cut a strip 14in. in length from the end of material, and cut 4 serviettes 14in. square from it. The extra 2in. is for a margin when working scalloped edging. The remaining

2 serviettes will be cut from the corners of material, after the circular cloth has been cut.

Take the remaining material and mark a 56in. square by pressing a crease into the material or with a threadline. Fold the square of material into four equal parts, and mark quarters with a threadline from side to side.

Using the sketch on this page as a guide for spacing, draw a scroll design on to paper and mark it into four by ruling pencil lines from side to side.

Lay the design out on a flat table, and place voile on top with wrong side facing, taking care to place centres together and quarter lines on top of one another. Pin and then tack each quarter into position.

Carefully trace a quarter of the design on to the voile with a hard lead pencil.

Repeat the process until the whole design is marked on to the voile.

Note: The design varies in width. See lines under diagram.

Remove tackings and separate design from voile. Cut around outer line of design, leaving 1in. margin all around.

The outer line of scallops is worked by means of loop-stitch.

Do not cut edge away until all the embroidery on the cloth is completed.

The scroll work is done in shadow-stitch or double back-stitch, and is worked from the wrong side of the cloth (i.e., the side on which the design has been traced).

When all embroidery is completed run into wider sections, work the smaller sections first, then join up with a wider stitch. At the curved ends of the design put a few stem-stitches in to give the effect of a continuous line of back-stitches.

The spots are worked in satin-stitch, firstly with vertical stitches to form padding, and then in horizontal stitches to give raised effect.

When some parts of the pleted, trim edge around loop-stitching, cutting voile as close to the stitching as possible.

To Make Serviettes: Cut the two extra serviettes from the corners of the circular cloth, then place each serviette on to the design and tack it into position. Trace on the design around one corner as described for the cloth. The same stitches are used for serviettes as in the cloth.

Remove tackings and all surplus material around the design. Press carefully.

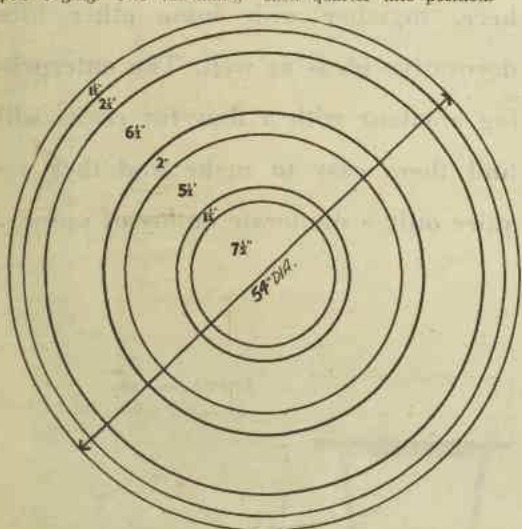


DIAGRAM above shows the varying widths of the embroidery scroll. For instance, it is 1½in. wide at the centre point, 2in. wide at the table edge, and 2½in. wide at the hem.



THIS GRACEFUL CLOTH of white voile gains richness from the delicate tracery which encircles it at the hem, at the table edge, and in the centre. Once the working design is drawn, the embroidery motif is not difficult to do. This tablecloth could also be made most effectively in pretty pastel shades.



CLOSE-UP of the scroll pattern to use as a guide. Scrolls are embroidered in shadow-stitch or double back-stitch. The spots are worked in a simple satin-stitch.

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AND SAVE MONEY



DID YOUR FAMILY PROTEX THEMSELVES THIS MORNING?

DRESS UP YOUR HOUSE



● Do-it-yourself enthusiasts and household handymen can really let themselves go with the bright ideas for enhancing the home that are pictured on these pages. Suppose, for example, you would like a new coffee table for the living-room, a pretty pelmet for an awkward bedroom window, or perhaps find a fresh approach to arranging flower prints on a dull wall. All the answers are here, together with some other nice decorative ideas as well. The enterprising amateur with a flair for crafts will find them easy to make and they require only a moderate outlay of money.

Coffee table

THE low-slung contours of the coffee table illustrated above are designed to follow today's trends in dining habits and low-scaled furniture.

Its long, slim lines not only look attractive but have been specially planned to give added dimension to a small room. This makes it a splendid serving unit.

Although sturdy, the table is light in weight and can be easily moved from room to room.

This style of table is invaluable for casual meals, such as snacks on the patio and afternoon tea. It could also be used as a low-level rest for TV suppers, or even for buffet meals in the living-room.

As shown above, the table, made of selected timber, measures 3ft. by 1ft. 9in. It is approximately 18in. high, and has dovetailed legs.

Here are the directions for making:

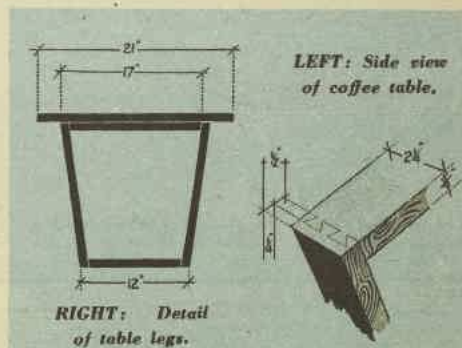
Materials: 11ft. selected timber 2½in. wide and ¾in. thick for legs; 14ft. timber ¾in. wide and ¾in. thick for edging; 1 piece core 59in. long and 20in. wide and ¾in. thick for topping; several sheets each Nos. 0, 1, and 2 sandpaper; saw, hammer, chisels, plane, glue.

Cut two lengths of edging of ¾in. timber, each measuring 60in., and two lengths each measuring 21in. for edges of tabletop. Glue and nail these strips round the edges of the solid core. Finish with plane and then sandpaper.

For legs, cut 2 pieces each 16½in. long, 2 bottom pieces each 11½in. long, and four upright each 17½in. long.

Dovetail uprights into top and bottom pieces (see sketch at right). Plane, sandpaper, and polish inside of legs before assembling them; glue dovetails together.

Plane, sandpaper, and polish outside of legs. Sandpaper top and polish. Then screw and glue the legs to the top, 9in. from each end.



LEFT: Side view of coffee table.

RIGHT: Detail of table legs.

Wire baskets



MODERN WIRE BASKET of bananas, tomatoes, and a pineapple could be used just as well for vegetables, eggs, or even pegs. This attractive style has one tray, a shaped handle, and is painted with enamel paint.



TRAY-BASKET of colorful grapes and nectarines. Equipment needed for making is soldering apparatus, large pliers for wire-cutting, small pliers for hooking net into place, and small wire-cutters for netting.

Window pelmet

ATTRACTIVE curtains add the final touch of femininity to a bedroom, but it is the pelmet or valance like that shown at right that gives a professional finish to window decoration.

The pelmet, usually made of painted board or of board covered in fabric, can set the style of the whole room.

The pelmet in the pretty Victorian bedroom illustrated is covered in rich blue-green silk to match the side drapes, and finished with a scalloped edge of white bobble fringe.

This pelmet covers a traverse rod that enables the curtains to be drawn at night. The practical purpose of a pelmet is to hide pulley fittings such as these curtain fittings.

Remember, if you are trying to adapt curtains that don't quite fit to any window, your best bet is a pelmet.

If you use old curtains you may not have matching material for your pelmet, in which case the board is usually painted to match woodwork, or covered in a fabric already used in perhaps a chair or bedspread.

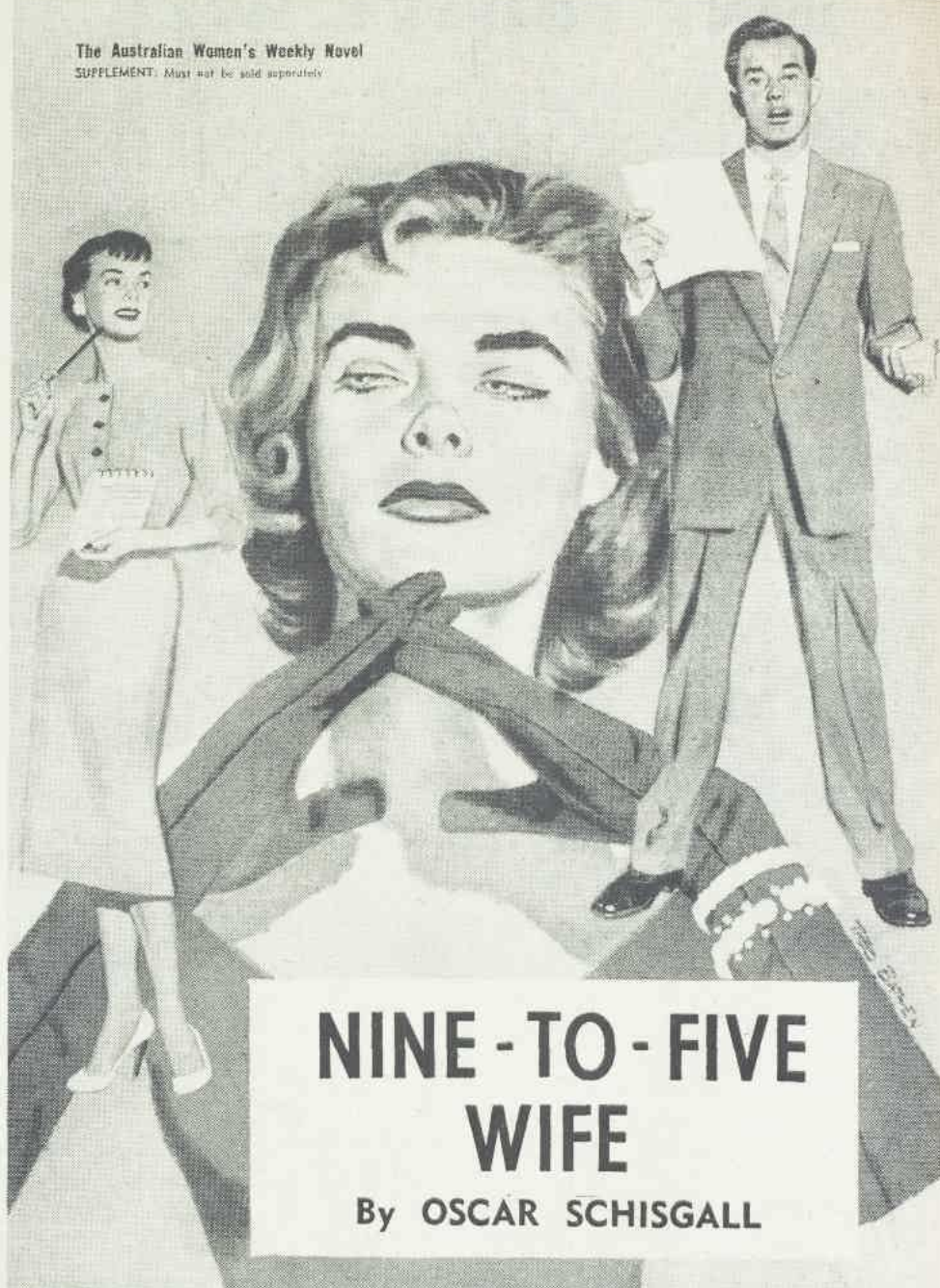
The unity of your furnishing scheme is then preserved without the use of another color. Leather substitutes used today in upholstery make handsome padded pelmets.

A pelmet can be either shaped or straight, and of various depths. The size of your windows and the length of the drapes as well as the height of the room itself should be considered. A good general proportion for a pelmet is one-eighth of the full height of the curtain.

Windows that are too high and narrow can be lowered in appearance by means of a broad pelmet. Conversely, a window that is too low can gain the necessary illusion of height by mounting the pelmet on a bracket above the win-

FIRESIDE READING

The Australian Women's Weekly Novel
SUPPLEMENT: Must not be sold separately



NINE-TO-FIVE WIFE

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

Plus: UNEXPECTED HOURS

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

FIRST FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

NINE-TO-FIVE WIFE

KENNETH BALL ran up the stairs two at a time, hoping desperately that he would find Sandy Warren at home. He pressed the button, and a gong sounded inside.

When she opened the door Sandy faced him in astonishment. It was nearly midnight.

But Kenneth Ball was conscious of nothing but Sandy herself: slim, straight, and attractive in a long blue flannel robe. He must have roused her out of bed, for her short dark hair was disarranged.

He began, "Sorry to crash in like this, Sandy. I got in from Boston just thirty minutes ago. I dropped my bag and—"

"Wait." She frowned as she shut the door behind him. "Come inside." She led him into the living-room. Ken realised he had never before seen how Sandy lived in her downtown New York apartment.

"Sandy," he said, looking down into her face, his eyes intent. "I want you back in the office."

A humorless smile twisted her lips. "I'd like it, too. But the answer has to be no."

At that he threw his hat on to a chair. "Look, you've got to be reasonable about this. People do lose their tempers. It's unfair to hold them responsible—"

"Natalie Carlyn didn't lose her temper," Sandy said. "She was quite cool and deliberate. Besides, she's going to be your wife and she has the right to make demands."

"Natalie doesn't understand how we've worked together," Ken said urgently. "You and I know that our relationship has been something special. That's why I'm here. I need you back in the office, Sandy."

"I'm flattered, but I won't come," she said.

Abruptly she turned away from him. He saw in consternation that her eyes were filling with tears.

"Sandy, if you've been hurt, I'm sorry." He spoke in a low tone. "I wouldn't have let it happen if I could have prevented it."

She did not answer.

"You and I, we've always understood each other," Ken went on. "We've had—remember what you once called it?—a real marriage of minds."

"A stupid thing for me to say." "No. In many ways we do think alike. What's more—"

"Please. You don't have to butter me. Natalie Carlyn has won her point. I've lost a good boss and you've lost a good secretary. That's that."

"No. I won't accept it!"

"Oh, why dramatise things? You'll have another secretary within a week. And you'll be rushing along at the same wild pace."

"Sandy!"

She stopped, as if she realised he didn't deserve the rancor in her voice.

"I'm sorry," she said quietly. "You're really a—wonderful man, and I'm sure you know I've always felt that way. You have drive and ambition and brains. I've enjoyed every minute of working with you. And please don't think I'm unappreciative. You've been more than generous about salary."

"Not generous. You've earned every cent."

"Thanks. All that's fine. But as for my coming back—no. I'm not going to let my job stand between you and Natalie Carlyn. So, please, could you just—leave me to myself?"

He was usually crisp of manner and sure of himself, but at this moment he felt clumsy and ineffectual.

"Sandy," he said, "if you don't come back, what are you going to do?"

"I haven't had time to think about it. Except that Tuesday or Wednesday—whenever I can get a plane reservation—I'm going to fly down to the West Indies for about a month of rest. After that—"

She shrugged. "Maybe I'll hunt for another job. Or maybe I'll get married."

He hadn't expected her to say that. He studied her narrowly as she went past him and opened the door for him to leave. He had picked up his hat, and now he turned it around and around in his hands. In a strained tone he said, "Married?"

"What's so surprising about that? I'm healthy, normal, and twenty-three. Why shouldn't I?"

"Mark Seward?"

"Could be." She drew a long breath. "Won't you let me get some rest now? I'm really bushed tonight."

Kenneth Ball left in a frustrated mood. He was annoyed with his fiancée, Natalie Carlyn, for having precipitated this situation; and he was annoyed with himself.

This was the first time he had felt vexed by anything Natalie Carlyn had done, which was remarkable, considering the fact that he had known her practically all her life. Three years ago, when she had inherited her block of stock in Ball Business Books, Inc., she had naturally turned to Ken for advice. He, too, was a stockholder by inheritance. And this business bond had drawn them together, closely and frequently. Now they were to be married in June, immediately after her graduation at a New England college; the whole thing seemed preordained.

Now, as he walked along Christopher Street, Kenneth Ball tried to recall just when and how the hostility between Nat and his secretary, Sandy, had begun. The thing seemed in many ways ridiculous, except that it was causing so much heartache.

At Fifth Avenue he got into a taxi. And on the way uptown he began to wonder how much of this emotional tension had been caused by his own hard-driving tactics as president of Ball Business Books. Maybe he was pushing too hard. Could it be that the pressure he was exerting had begun to wear down everybody's nerves? Sandy's and Natalie's as well as his own?

He tried to recall just when this trouble had begun. The only way to pinpoint it, he decided, was to go back four months to the time when he had succeeded his late uncle as president of the firm.

There was the day when he had called in Mark Seward, his public-

relations man, for a conference. George Donnellan had been in the office, too. George, himself a sizeable stockholder, was vice-president and controller of the company, and he had been with Ball Business Books longer than anybody else.

"I'm not kidding myself," Ken had told them, sitting on the edge of his desk in his shirt sleeves. "I'm in the president's spot on a temporary basis. On approval. The only reason I'm here is that my uncle asked it of the stockholders in his will."

Mark Seward put in, "But he wouldn't have urged it if he hadn't had confidence in you, Ken."

"That's not the point. The stockholders okayed me with deep misgivings. We all know that. What it amounts to is that I've got a year's trial. If I make good, fine; they'll probably vote me a continuance in office. But if I flop, I'll be out on my ear at the next annual meeting. So I've got to make this business pay off big this year—and grow!"

"Grow in what way?" Mark asked. "Advertising? Circulation?" After all, you now publish twelve of the largest trade journals in the country."

"By the end of the year I want to publish sixteen."

At that, George Donnellan had risen in the manner of an elder statesman.

"Ken," he said, "it took your uncle thirty years to build up twelve trade publications. He brought out a new one about every two-and-a-half years. Now you expect to add four in a single year. You think you're much smarter than your uncle was?"

"No. But he left us with something he didn't begin with: a lot of know-how, an experienced staff, a fair amount of capital, and a plant that hasn't yet hit its maximum production. We'll get out new monthly books in the automotive, real-estate, pharmaceutical, and insurance fields." He turned to Mark Seward, his eyes burning with the enthusiasm and ambition that drove him. "I'm counting on you, Mark, to come up with a publicity campaign that'll help put this expansion programme over. Will you get busy on ideas?"

Running a hand back over his sleek, dark hair, Mark nodded. He looked vaguely worried.

Ken said, "Let's get together for lunch on—Wait." He went to open the office door and spoke to his secretary in the outer room. "Sandy, when's my next free date for lunch?"

She glanced at his calendar. "Friday."

So he arranged to see Mark again over a desk lunch on Friday. If he was driving these people, he was driving himself, too. He could think of no other way to prove himself in this first year of his presidency.

On Friday, however, Natalie Carlyn had unexpectedly walked into his oak-paneled office at five minutes to twelve. She had come down from Massachusetts for the weekend, and he had met her at the station the night before. But he had not expected to see her again until he picked her up for dinner at seven.

"Hi, darling." She rose on her toes to kiss his cheek. "I've got an hour between shopping and the hairdresser. Lunch?"

"Lunch is fine if you'll have it here with Mark and me. I'll order up another sandwich. We're going to discuss publicity."

"As a stockholder," Nat said, throwing off the coat, "I'll do my best to look interested."

So the three of them had had lunch together that Friday.

Mark was a brisk, dark-haired man of thirty-four, smoothly turned out by his tailor. He had served the firm for a decade, first as an assistant account executive, now as the head of his own agency. He took several papers from his pocket.

"Item one," he said. "Here's a story that just went out through Industrial Syndicate. It'll hit 800 newspapers. Total circulation 40,000,000. Your picture went with it."

Natalie said, "Eight hundred newspapers. Well, well."

"Don't let that impress you," Ken answered dryly. "This is one of those 'Notes and Comments' things—no real news value. If it's picked up by five per cent of the papers, we'll be lucky. But it all helps." He gave the publicity release back to Mark Seward.

"What else?"

Unfolding another sheet, Mark said, "Speaking engagements. Five of them so far."

Ken was about to reply when he noticed Nat's expression. Her thoughts had obviously strayed from the publicity programme, and her eyes were speculatively following Sandy Warren. Sandy, pouring coffee into the three cups, looked extremely attractive that day.

Ken brought back Natalie's attention when he asked the public-relations man, "What've you got in mind with this speaking orgy?"

"Publicity in the fields you want to hit with your four new publications," Mark said. "We have a great advantage now: a new young president for Ball Business Books. Let's make the most of it."

Ken made no comment. He watched Sandy pour his coffee.

"Right now," Mark said, "people want to know how a guy of twenty-nine gets to be president of an outfit like this. What's he got? What makes him click? How does he think? In other words—let's face it—you're a curiosity."

"Go on," Ken said, intent but non-committal.

"And since they want to know you, this is the time for us to hit. I've gathered a list of business luncheons, dinners, and conventions that are scheduled for the next few weeks. Of course, I've limited our interest to the areas you want to tackle. I got busy on the telephone, and so far you have five invitations to speak. You start Tuesday with a talk to the Weekly Luncheon Club of the Real Estate Association. About a hundred and fifty people. Next Friday you talk at the semi-annual dinner of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Guild. That's a big affair, close to a thousand."

"It involves a lot of preparation," Ken remarked.

"But it's worth it," Mark assured him.

"The only thing that bothers me," Ken said, "is where do I find the time to prepare speeches?" In these first weeks of his presidency he was working closely with every department of the company. He held a dozen conferences a day, filled a

briefcase every evening for reading at home.

In spite of his hesitation, however, Ken could see that Mark Seward's plan was good. So he agreed to test it, and Mark left in great satisfaction.

Fifteen minutes later, as Ken helped Nat into her beaver coat, she asked casually, "Ken, dear, when are you going to get your own secretary?"

"Secretary?" he said. "I've got my own secretary."

"A holdover from your uncle's day?"

"What of it? Practically the whole staff comes from my uncle's day."

"But a secretary is different, more personal."

Ken said, "Sandy's no problem. She's an asset. The only problem person my uncle left me is George Donellen." He became more serious. "George is likely to oppose a lot of things I want to do."

"No need to worry about him," Nat said in a dry tone. "Once you and I are married we will control this company, and people like George—well, they just won't matter. But you're side-tracking me, dear. We were talking about you getting a new secretary, someone of your own choice."

"What for? Sandy's good. My uncle gave her two full years of experience, so she's helping to steer me through these first weeks."

"The boss, not the secretary, ought to steer in this business."

"Oh, forget it," Ken said with a laugh. "Sandy's fine. I'm lucky to have her." He gave Nat a teasing squeeze. "You're jealous of a pretty brunette, that's all. Go look in a mirror and you'll realise how silly you are."

THE trouble was

that Nat's presence in New York that weekend had filled Ken's time, as it always did. By Monday morning he had done little about the talk scheduled for Tuesday's real-estate luncheon.

"Mark Seward telephoned twice," Sandy told him when he entered the office. "He wants to quote the main features of tomorrow's talk in a newspaper release. It'll have to be mimeographed today."

"But I haven't had a chance—" Ken stared at the work on his desk. "How am I going to get a speech written today?" he demanded. "This is one I'll have to do off the cuff."

Sandy asked, "Have you any idea what you want to talk about?"

"Ye-es. A few labor unions have invested in housing projects, which is a new wrinkle in the building industry. It's worth going into as a new opportunity for real-estate people. But I'd have to dig up facts and figures."

Sandy looked at her wristwatch. "If I get on the phone right away I ought to be able to get some quick information from various sources."

She nodded at the papers on the desk. "I can do it while you go through those."

It seemed the wisest—in fact, the only—thing to do.

At four-thirty that afternoon, when he had finished his final conference of the day, Ken sat back wearily in the brown-leather chair he had inherited from his uncle. Sandy came into the office.

She placed several typewritten sheets before him.

"Would you look these over now?"

she said. "It's the notes for the real-estate speech."

With the pipe jutting from his mouth, Ken leaned back, crossed his legs, and began to read what Sandy had written.

It would run, Ken estimated, to a twelve-minute speech. When he finished reading he looked at Sandy intently. Under that bronze-colored hair, he told himself, there was a clear and articulate brain.

"Sandy, where did you learn to write speeches?"

She smiled. "I tried to imagine how I'd like to hear you say things, and set them down that way."

There were a few phrases he wanted to change, some he wanted to amplify. He did it with a pencil in less than ten minutes.

When she went out to send the sheets by messenger to Mark Seward's office, Ken felt a peculiar sense of excitement. If he was to retain the presidency of Ball Business Books he had a tremendous job to do this year, and it seemed to him that he had just found, in Sandy, an unexpected source of strength.

Tonight, four months after that day, Ken, riding uptown from Sandy's apartment, scowled out at the dark street and told himself that it was unfair, even grotesque, to sacrifice the friendship of his secretary. Yet this was the only way he could see of ensuring some chance of happiness with Nat.

When the cab reached his house on East 56th Street, it was almost midnight.

He didn't bother to switch on a lamp. He went to a window and gazed at the lights on the Queensboro Bridge.

Could it be that from the outset everything that had seemed right to him had actually been wrong?

That first speech, for example. It was true he had risen with a speaker's anticipatory nervousness. But later Mark Seward, who had come to hear him, insisted he had done very well, indeed.

And at four o'clock that afternoon, Ken remembered, Sandy had brought an evening paper to his desk. Her finger tapped a headline in the business pages:

"KENNETH BALL HAILS LABORS SHARE IN HOUSING"

The story quoted all the principal points of the speech. It ran almost three quarters of a column. Sandy's eyes were bright with triumph.

"I'll bet the morning papers carry it, too," she said. "Mark feels sure of it. He just called."

It was the first time he had heard her speak of the public-relations man as Mark, rather than Mr. Seward. Perhaps he should have caught the significance of the change.

Sandy added, with a laugh, "Now he's begging you to get busy on the Friday night speech, while you're in the groove."

"While we're in the groove," Ken gave her an amused glance. "Maybe this collaboration is what it takes."

"It's fun, anyhow."

"Ready for another crack at it?"

"Any time."

"How about trying one on pharmaceutical research?"

"Along what lines?"

"Well," he said, "I have an idea the pharmaceutical industry spends an astonishing percentage of its gross on research. If you can dig up some figures, we can talk over ideas. Right?"

Before she could reply, George Donellen came into the room. The big man stood still, his hands

twisting a rolled copy of the paper they had been reading. His eyes were hard and unfriendly.

"So you've started this public-appearance nonsense," he said. "Mark tells me you'll be talking on five different subjects in the next three weeks, and more thereafter."

Ken was puzzled. "Anything wrong with that?"

"Don't you see what's wrong? How can any one man, or any one firm, know so much about so many things? How can you pretend to be an authority on so many subjects? If you want to make yourself look ridiculous, that's your affair. But I don't want you to make this firm look ridiculous!"

Ken rose from the desk chair. He said quietly, "I don't expect to make the firm look ridiculous, George. The reputation I build will depend on what I say, not on how often I step up on a platform."

GEORGE was silent, his small eyes speculative as they studied Ken's face. Finally he turned away, uttering a sound like a snort.

"Waste of time even to talk about it, I guess," he said. "After all, you're president of this company. If the job can be made to pay off in personal publicity, why not? Have your fun. Get your newspaper stories. Only—" Pausing on the threshold, he delivered his final thrust: "How you're going to run this business from a lecture platform, I don't know!"

When George Donellen was gone, Ken stood drumming his fingertips on the desk. His face was tight and pale.

"Sandy," he said at last, "when my uncle was president was it George's habit to oppose everything he did?"

"No. He—he had a sense of awe about your uncle."

"He's fought or ridiculed every idea I've had as president."

"That shouldn't surprise you."

He gave her a sharp glance. "No, I suppose it shouldn't. But I don't like it. I wish he didn't so obviously resent my being president."

"He'd be superhuman if he didn't," Sandy shut the door. She leaned back against it, slender, businesslike, attractive in a simple blue wool dress. "I don't say this in criticism, just in explanation. Mr. Donellen has been with the firm for twenty-two years, eight of them as vice-president and controller. Also, he owns quite a bit of Bull stock. So, in a way, he had a right to expect the presidency. He was next in line, you know. Also, he knows that when you and Natalie Carlyn are married, your joint stock holdings will run the firm. So he's resentful of — many things."

"It shows," Ken eyed Sandy in a searching way. "Do you know why my uncle didn't recommend him to the stockholders? For the presidency?"

"I do, yes. There were two reasons — one positive, one negative. The positive reason was his confidence in you. He'd watched you operate for five years, and he considered you able, energetic, up-and-coming. He felt you'd make the business hum."

"And the negative reason, as you call it?"

"That had to do with Mr. Donellen himself. Your uncle felt that a man who is all twisted up in his family life, constantly worrying

over personal matters, could hardly give a business like this the clear-headed, concentrated leadership it ought to have. Besides, he thought Mr. Donellen was just a trifle too — well, conservative, even stodgy."

Ken could certainly understand his uncle's misgivings about George's home life. Kathy Donellen was the most self-centred woman Ken had ever known.

"Pity," Ken said. He felt an honest compassion for George Donellen. "It looks as if his only fulfillment, his only chance of happiness, might have come from the business — and now I've blocked that. He probably hates me."

The next evening he took Sandy to a quick dinner so that they might discuss the pharmaceutical talk. And by Thursday afternoon she had the first draft on his desk.

"This one," she said, "I'd like to hear you deliver."

He smiled. "Pride of authorship?"

"No, pride of boss. Besides, I want to hear how you talk in public. It'll help if I have to write more of these."

He nodded. "Okay, Sandy. I'll have Mark arrange for you to be there. In fact, you can use his dinner ticket. He's going to some Atlantic City shindig."

So Friday night, at the pharmaceutical dinner, Sandy sat directly below the dais. He smiled at her. Maybe it was a matter of imagination, yet her presence somehow eased the tension he felt.

Then, as he rose to speak, an impossible thing happened. He glanced up at the balcony and thought he saw Nat.

It was an illusion, of course. There were several hundred people up there; he could scarcely have distinguished her face among so many others. Besides, Nat was at college. He shook his head, smiling.

Then he began to talk. He knew that it was a good speech — Sandy had given it substance — and he handled it well. It was brief; ten minutes in all. When he finished an audience of almost a thousand broke into warm applause.

He was, as usual, keyed up when it was over. The crowds were streaming out of a dozen doors, and Sandy joined him as he pushed his way to the cloakroom reserved for guests of honor.

"Let's get out of here fast," he whispered, clutching her arm. "I was too jittery to eat dinner. Come have a bite with me."

He took her to a small place where rose-tinted lamps hung on the walls. In the dim light he saw that Sandy's eyes were filled with a beautiful brightness. He felt like an actor who had just given a memorable first-night performance.

"How did it go?" he asked, wanting to hear her say it.

"Perfect!"

"How does it feel to hear your own words spoken like that?"

"Our words! It was fine. And I learned something. I've got to write short sentences. You get real punch into the short ones!"

Ken nodded, smiling. He drew a deep breath and began to relax. He perceived anew that he had inherited a remarkable secretary. And he was just beginning to know her.

She was amused by his look of intense absorption. "Sunk in your next talk so soon?" she asked.

"No-o." He came out of his reverie. "As a matter of fact, I was wondering about you. Your per-

sonal life. The men who are lucky enough to be your dates."

Sandy assured him with good humor: "My dates, I'm happy to say, are plentiful and, for the most part, they are interesting."

"Odd that I've never met any at the office. Don't any of them ever pick you up there?"

"Of course they do. You've met my most persistent date again and again."

"Really? Who?"

"Mark Seward."

He felt a curious sting of surprise. Yet he knew Mark was wise. Girls like Sandy were not easy to find. She had beauty, she had sense, she had poise.

It was almost midnight when he took Sandy home by taxi, and he found her perfume heady as she sat beside him. From time to time he looked down at her, at the fine lines of her profile.

When the cab stopped in front of Sandy's brownstone house, Ken did not immediately move. "Sandy," he said, "you did a wonderful job on that speech. I wish I could tell you how much I appreciate it. Right now — well, this is the only way I know how to say thanks."

Impulsively, he bent towards her and kissed her.

If she was surprised, the surprise was tempered by amusement. Smiling, she leaned back, studying his face in the shadows. Finally she said, "I guess this is the only way I know how to say you're very welcome."

She bent towards him and kissed his cheek in return. The next moment she was out on the sidewalk. She called, "Good-night," and ran into the house.

All the way home he smoked his pipe with a feeling of contentment and well-being. It lasted until he walked into the lobby of his own house. There he stopped with a jolt. Natalie was waiting for him.

Bundled in her beaver coat, she sat with her slim legs crossed. The right foot swung up and down with the ominous rhythm of a temper about to explode.

"Well!" she said. "Good evening!"

"Nat —"

"I've been waiting for hours," she said. "I don't know why." She got to her feet, and her fingers shook in their effort to button the coat collar. "Put me in a cab, please!"

"Nat, I had no idea you were in town. I'm sorry — desperately sorry." He caught her arm, turned to the elevator. "Come on up."

"Thank you, no. Just get me a cab!"

"Don't act like a child." He pushed the elevator button. Suddenly he looked at her in wonder. "Were you at that dinner?"

"I came to hear you speak, yes! I thought you'd be pleased —"

"For heaven's sake, Nat, you never said a word about coming!"

"I didn't know I was coming! Not till five this afternoon, when I heard Ernie Miller was flying his plane to New York. I got a lift." She gave Ken a challenging look. "Was I supposed to wire for permission to come? So you wouldn't be involved with somebody else?"

The elevator door opened. He led her in, touched the tenth-floor button. Still holding her arm, he could feel the trembling tension that gripped her whole body. He had to concede that, from her point of view, she had grounds for indignation.

Ernie Miller, he thought, as the elevator rose. He had met Ernie at one of two college dances. The

Miller family owned one of the great New England woollen mills. Ernie, the oldest son, operated his own small plane for business trips to New York and Boston, for fishing trips to Maine and Canada. Before her engagement, Ken knew, Nat used to see a great deal of Ernie. A lanky, casual fellow with unruly hair and an amiable grin.

Ken let Natalie into the apartment, switched on the light. "You might have let me know you were at the dinner," he said gently. "You could have sent word to the dais."

"I was too late for the dinner. I arrived just as you got up to speak." She added bitterly, "The best I could do was a spot in the balcony. But she was right down in front, wasn't she? Making eyes at you—"

"Nat, stop it! Sandy wrote my speech. She wanted to hear her work, and the reason she sat near the dais was because Mark couldn't come, and she used his ticket."

Natalie faltered a moment, and then rushed on: "How do you think I felt when I tried to get to you in that mob—and found you'd left with her?"

"I said I'm sorry."
"I thought maybe you would take her home and then come here, so I rushed over to meet you." She gave a short laugh. "If I'd known you were going to spend half the night with her—"

"Oh, stop making a thing of it. We stopped for a sandwich, that's all." He tossed Nat's coat on to a near-by armchair. "If you were too late for dinner, let's see what we can scrounge out of the refrigerator."

Nat was reluctant, but she went with him to the kitchen, and listened as he told her his qualms about the speeches and how Mark thought they were effective and good business, and was planning others for the future. He told her a little about Sandy's help with the speeches, but he didn't think it necessary to mention how he had thanked her with a kiss.

Nat listened, and ate a sandwich and had some coffee with him, and gradually her anger subsided. She was almost herself by the time they had finished their pickup meal, and even ready to admit that she might have been a bit hasty in judging him.

"We mustn't let anything like this happen to us again," she told him as they moved towards the door. She turned and kissed him, to show that he was forgiven. "All that matters is that we're in love. Now take me home, darling."

THERE was a small apartment on Fifth Avenue which she used as her New York home. Ken took her there.

"How long can you stay?" he asked.

"I told Ernie I'd fly back with him Sunday afternoon."

"That'll give us tomorrow and Sunday morning, anyhow," he said. "We'll make the most of it."

Ken thought of all this as he stood alone, tonight, at the window in his living-room, staring out at the Queensboro Bridge. He told himself that the night of the pharmaceutical dinner had certainly been the beginning of real strife between Nat and Sandy, though for months, he realised, the conflict had been wholly within Nat herself. Sandy could hardly have been aware of it.

He went into the bedroom and undressed. One fact was inescap-

able: He had reached a point at which he could not satisfy Natalie, whom he was going to marry, without hurting Sandy. On the other hand, he could not be decent to Sandy without antagonising Nat.

He got into bed, clasped his hands under his head, and frowned in the darkness. Things might have been easier if he hadn't allowed Mark to launch the speaking project.

Yet, as a business measure, the idea had unquestionably been sound. But there were two disturbing items:

One was George Donellen's constant and bitter disapproval of what he insisted was a programme of self-advertising for Ken. The second was Natalie's opposition to Sandy.

Just what to do about all this, Ken didn't know.

Ken was far from content. An increase of business was not the only thing to consider. What about his future with Nat? If he wanted a happy and serene married life, perhaps he should make the complete break with Sandy that Nat continually urged. He sighed. Even as exceptional a secretary as Sandy was not indispensable, he supposed. And was he being fair to the girl who would soon be his wife?

For his relationship with Nat had not improved since the night she had waited for him to come home from the pharmaceutical dinner. He could count off each additional disturbance that had brought him to the present crisis.

The Bill of Rights speech, for example . . .

Ken had been one of those invited to address the final session of a three-day convention of electronics manufacturers. His talk was to be delivered from the stage of the Golden Glade Theatre, with more than 2000 people present.

It turned out to be too long an evening. First there was a patriotic pageant, in the course of which a character in colonial costume read the Bill of Rights in ringing tones. The pageant was followed by a Midwestern senator who spoke for forty minutes, covering every subject that could be even remotely associated with electronics.

Ken sent a troubled glance at Sandy, who sat in one of the front rows. She answered his look with a shrug. What could you do if the senator exhausted the audience?

When Ken at last rose to speak, it was after eleven o'clock. He could sense the weariness in the auditorium. People were shifting restlessly in their seats. Why subject everybody to a fifteen-minute address, much of which had already been incorporated in the senator's remarks? So, for the first time, Ken put his prepared script aside.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I'd like to talk for just about one minute, not about electronics but about electrifying the world. A few minutes ago we heard a young fellow recite the Bill of Rights. I wonder if you all had the same reactions I had. As I listened I couldn't help feeling that the Bill is a stirring answer to the domination the Kremlin is trying to impose on mankind. In the ten articles of that Bill, all guaranteeing human freedom and dignity, we have the most powerful weapon that has ever been devised against dictatorship. We have the soundest argument that any government has ever fashioned to bring the hearts and the minds of men to the support of freedom."

He concluded by urging that the government broadcast the Bill of Rights again and again throughout the civilised world. "It can be more shattering than bombs, more inspiring than a million words of diplomatic debate."

When he sat down, the applause was quick and loud. But Ken couldn't help wondering how Sandy would feel about having her script discarded.

However, when she came to join him in the wings after the meeting, her eyes were bright with approval. "It was the best thing you could have done in the circumstances," she whispered. "A wonderful idea!"

"I thought you would understand, Sandy."

"Of course I understand."

Ken had a warm sense of satisfaction as they left the theatre. He had just learned something important. Perhaps he had long felt it, but tonight it was underscored and made clear. Between him and Sandy, in this joint venture, there would never be rivalry for self-glorification. What mattered to them both was getting something important said. They were a team.

He had arranged to visit Nat that weekend. When he got off the train she was waiting at the station, her windblown blond hair a cloud of beauty. She greeted him with a duty kiss that should have told him something was wrong.

Yet she clung to his arm in the old familiar way as they walked towards the hotel where he would stay. She talked easily enough of graduation plans, only six weeks off now. After that, they would be married.

They were halfway to the hotel before Ken became sure of the inward coolness. He looked at her in perplexity. "Hey!" he asked. "What gives here? Why so remote?"

She said nothing. She simply strolled along with him, still holding his arm, glancing off to the rooftops at her right.

"Come, Nat," he said. "What is it?"

This time she turned her head to him. "Well, darling, I wasn't going to get you into this till later. But if you must know, I read that speech you gave the other night. All those clichés about the Bill of Rights."

He could feel the tightening of his stomach muscles. "I saw the newspaper story. Sorry you didn't like it."

"Like it! Ken, darling, I've never read anything so trite and corny and obvious. I just don't see why you must let that girl drag you down to her level."

"It so happens," he said in a strained voice, "that Sandy had nothing to do with this one. I spouted it myself." Nat's scornful laugh stopped him. "What's funny?" he asked.

"Darling, you don't have to defend your secretary to me."

"I'm not defending her. I'm giving you the facts."

"Please. Let's not turn this into a silly quarrel." She patted his arm affectionately. "I'm talking for your own good. You're the man who's going to be my husband—remember? Don't you realise that if I didn't love you, if I weren't so concerned about you, I wouldn't care? But I do love you, and it hurts to see what she's doing to you."

The spring sun was bright, and the new leaves on the trees were gay and shimmering and shiny-green. But he did not see them. He said to himself, "What's the sense

of feeling annoyed, impatient? Nat means well for me, just as I'd mean well for her." Nat, as a stockholder in the company, was as concerned with its success as he was. And now that he and Nat were in love, on the brink of marriage, she certainly had a right to speak her mind without offending him. And yet—

"You won't be happy till I fire Sandy, will you?" he said.

"Darling, I do think it's best for everybody."

"Why do you dislike her so?"

"Maybe I'm—jealous."

"Ridiculous!"

"Well, if you ask foolish questions you get foolish answers," she countered lightly.

"Nat, I can't do it to her, I won't."

She looked at him with wide eyes. "I don't understand. You sound so—personal about it."

"It's just that she's capable, hard-working, and loyal. You don't pay for such qualities with a kick in the teeth."

She walked on for a while in silence. Then she asked, "Isn't this speech-making season about at its end? People don't go on talking right into the spring and summer, do they? When everybody's too wilted to listen?"

"No. As a matter of fact, I've got just two more talks scheduled."

"Good."

"One is in Boston next Friday night. Then there's one in New York the following Monday." He paused. "And so that we don't have to get into this again, I may as well tell you I'm doing the Monday talk at Sandy's request."

"Really?"

"It's not an industrial speech. She belongs to a club of secretaries to top executives. About two hundred of them. I promised to talk at their monthly luncheon."

"How nice of you, darling." Her arm abruptly tightened in his. She tossed back the waves of her blond hair. "Well, if there are just two more talks scheduled, let's stop discussing your ghost-writing secretary. We've got a hundred more important things to think about. Do you realise we have a wedding coming up in just seven weeks?"

But Ken knew she was not accepting defeat in the matter of Sandy. He hid the feeling that she was biding her time.

On the next Friday, just before he was to leave for Boston on the noon train, Ken had gathered up stacks of papers which Sandy had brought to his desk. He was stowing them into a briefcase when Mark Seward came into the office, tall, faultlessly tailored, a Hom-burg dangling from his hand.

Mark said, "I just dropped by to wish you luck tonight."

"Malarky!" Ken answered, with a grin. "You dropped by to take Sandy to lunch."

Mark chuckled. "Okay. So it's two birds with one stone. . . . Seriously, though, that's a swell speech you've got for Boston. One of the best."

"Sandy and I really toiled over this one," Ken admitted. "How many insurance people will I be talking to?"

"Twelve hundred."

"Very nice." He was still loading the briefcase. It was beginning to bulk.

Mark said, "When do you expect to read all that?"

"On the train. Four hours should give me time to catch up on paper work. A chance to see what Ball Business Books will be printing next month—"

He stopped at a folder labelled "Preliminary Fiscal Report," some of whose statistics had puzzled him. George Donellen had compiled this as the company's controller.

"I want to talk to George about this before I leave," he said, rising. On the way to the door he gave Mark a friendly pat on the shoulder. "See you after Boston," he said. "And thanks for dropping in."

In the outer office, at her desk, Sandy was finishing the script from which he would read. "Have it done in a minute," she promised without looking up. "You should leave for the station by twelve-thirty."

"Thanks, I'm set."

"And good luck up there!"

He nodded, smiling.

George Donellen's office was at the other end of a long corridor, beyond the circulation and advertising departments. When Ken walked into the controller's office he halted on the threshold, shocked speechless.

George, seated at his desk, was pouring whisky into a tumbler. The bottle was almost empty. George, however, looked more than full. His big face was puffed and mottled; his eyes were bloodshot.

"Hi." His voice was raspy.

"Drink?"

Ken said, "For heaven's sake."

George! What—?"

"Shut up. So I'm drunk. Whose business is it? Whose business?"

Ken shut the door and came into the room. It was then he saw the cablegram. It lay beside the bottle.

"Bad news?" Ken asked quietly.

"Who's to say what's bad, what's good? Who knows? Kathy—my fine wife. Kathy. Off with the kids again. My kids. Off for divorce!"

KEN was not surprised. But he was sorry for George Donellen. The man so desperately wanted a home. He so desperately wanted his children, his wife. And he had for so long been living a lonely and thwarted existence.

George narrowed his eyes to a squint. He shook his head to clear his sight. Then he bent forward on the desk, wagged a finger at Ken.

"Wanta know why she's divorcing me? Tell you why. My fault. Yes, sir. My own fault. Was a fool. Kept telling her some day I'd be president of this blasted company. After your uncle, me. Yes, me. Only, who's president now? Me? No. So now she says I'm no good. Off for divorce."

George gulped down the rest of the whisky in the glass. The door opened, and his secretary came in; the girl looked anguished.

"I don't know what to do, Mr. Ball," she whispered. "He's been at it like this since—since he got the cable!"

There was a crash of glass.

George Donellen stared stupidly at the shattered bits of the tumbler on the floor. He began to laugh senselessly.

"Let's get him to the couch," Ken said.

It wasn't easy to lift George out of his chair. He was sodden, and though he offered no resistance, he offered little co-operation. He all but sagged to the floor while they helped him across the office. When Ken got him stretched out on the leather couch, the secretary pulled down the blinds.

Ken told her, "Don't let anybody in here today. When he sleeps it off, see that he goes home."

She nodded miserably.

So he had no opportunity to discuss the Fiscal Report. By the time he was back in his own office, it was twenty-five minutes to one. He was late and had to dash for his train.

Seated in his drawing-room, Ken found it hard to concentrate on reading. In spite of the controller's constant opposition to his business methods, Ken had a genuine respect for the man. George knew the business of publishing trade journals. His experience was long and invaluable, and though he might be conservative, what he did was, in the main, sound. No firm would enjoy a spectacular rise under a man like George Donellen. On the other hand, no firm would slide into debt. His was the philosophy of the even keel, a plodding, steady, day-to-day adherence to proven policies.

As controller of the company and vice-president, he was certainly successful. A pity, Ken thought, to see George's life ravaged by unhappiness at home. He suspected the man was wrong in thinking Kathy would not be seeking a divorce if her husband had become president of Ball Business Books. Still, George seemed to believe so, and therein lay his tragedy. He was probably attributing many of his present misfortunes to Ken's being president. A man like that could cause a great deal of trouble at the next annual meeting of Ball stockholders.

Ken finally took papers out of the briefcase and tried to read. He had to force his attention on the words; even so, they made little sense.

The best thing to do was to glance through the speech he'd have to deliver after dinner.

He groped in the briefcase again. It was then he discovered that in rushing for the train he had forgotten to take the manuscript from his desk.

Groaning, he shut his eyes in exasperation. Now what? he thought.

It took several minutes to adjust himself to the situation. Then he scowled. Give the talk extemporaneously? A possibility. It wouldn't, however, be as good as searching, as the speech he and Sandy had produced together. There was one other alternative. If he could reach Sandy from Boston, he might get her to go to the office and read the script to him from his desk. He could get it over the telephone, jot it down.

That was the best way. He decided to try to reach her from the station.

When he got off the train he walked rapidly along the platform, outdistancing other passengers. He went out of the gate, looked for telephone booths—and almost collided with Sandy.

She was waiting, a large manila envelope in her hand. Her smile was half chiding, half amused. "You forgot this," she said.

Ken couldn't help grinning like a schoolboy. "Sandy, you're priceless! But how—?"

"I made the three o'clock flight. Passed you somewhere over Rhode Island, I guess. I've been waiting here half an hour." She glanced at the station clock. "I can just make a plane back."

"Forget it. Now that you're here, we'll get you into this insurance dinner."

"I didn't bring any clothes," she protested. "I just ran from the

office." She was wearing a grey suit and a smart white hat.

"You'll do as you are. In fact, you look wonderful, Sandy. Do you have a date in New York tonight?"

"No-o."

"Fine. Maybe we'll make the eleven o'clock plane back together."

He was pleased with her coming, pleased with her initiative. They found a taxi and, as Ken settled back, he shook his head in admiration.

"This," he said, "will have to be included in the speech I make your secretaries' club. Only a good secretary would have grabbed a plane to deliver the forgotten script."

"Plane!" Sandy gasped the word in consternation. She pressed a hand to her mouth. "Oh, heavens, I almost forgot! You—you had a call as I left the office! Natalie Carlyn wanted to tell you she'll be getting a lift. With somebody named Ernie Miller. In his plane."

Ken frowned. "To Boston?"

"Yes. She asked where you'd be speaking."

HE felt a sudden twinge of dismay. No doubt, Nat would be taken back to find Sandy in Boston with him. Yet the explanation was so simple that surely she wouldn't make an issue of a thing like this.

"Sandy," he warned, trying to make it sound humorous, "you're going to be looked upon as a dangerous woman when we meet Nat."

She didn't find it funny. She began to tug uneasily at the fingers of her gloves. "Maybe we'd better forget the dinner, then," she said. "Maybe you'd better let me go for that plane."

"Nonsense."

"Is she so—jealous?"

"Not generally, no. Not of everybody, that is. But then—" He smiled. "She knows I like you. And she knows my association with you is closer than my association with anyone else."

"Ye-es," Sandy said thoughtfully. "Closer, in many ways, than your association with her, isn't it?" She looked at him levelly. "And since we're being frank, it—it's made me like you, too. Very much. Do you want me to stay?"

"Certainly."

"In spite of the risk?"

"Don't make it sound so brave. I want you to stay, and that's that."

"Good. Then I'm staying."

Of course, he was asking for trouble, and he knew it. Yet he had no real qualms. One important fact he had learned: Nat might lose her temper, unreasonably, yet after a time her good sense invariably reasserted itself, and she became as warmhearted and understanding as ever.

The hotel had a room reserved for Ken. But it was so crowded he could not get a room for Sandy. And it was almost six o'clock.

"Freshen up in my place," Ken told her. "When you're through, I'll get into my dinner jacket."

She took his key, went up in the elevator. Wondering when Nat would arrive, Ken hunted around the crowded lobby. He saw no sign of her.

At five minutes past six he sat facing the elevators waiting for Sandy. By quarter-past he became restless. His fingers drummed on the arm of the chair. At last he went to the house telephones and called the room.

"I was about to have you paged," Sandy said. "Please come up and straighten out this mess. Miss Carlyn is up here. And she won't believe me!"

He said in astonishment, "Nat!" Then he ran to the elevator. When he entered the room Natalie was seated on the edge of the bed, her eyes burning. She rose abruptly, stiff and furious.

"So this sweet, innocent affair has come to sharing hotel rooms out of town!" she said.

Sandy moved towards the door, but Ken caught her wrist. "For heaven's sake, Nat, be yourself! It's nothing like that."

"What else do you call it?"

"Look, Nat; it just happens that I forgot my script—"

"Spare me that ridiculous story, please! I've already heard it from her."

"It may be ridiculous, but it's true. And we're not sharing a room, as you put it. We're—"

Natalie cut in furiously. "Ken, I've taken all I can! I thought you might like my coming here. But I never dreamed I'd find—her! It's just too much!" She turned to the window, her face pale. "I'm not going to argue. She's going back to New York now! This minute! Because if she stays—"

"Nat!"

But there was no stopping Natalie. "If she doesn't leave, I will. And once I go, I won't come back!"

Ken was appalled. At first he was only deeply ashamed that the scene had occurred. Then a surging anger began to rise in him.

But before he could speak, the telephone rang on the bedside table. He snatched it up and answered. "Hello?"

A man's voice said, "Mr. Ball?"

"Yes?"

"This is Harry Wilmont, Chairman of the dinner committee. I wanted to make sure you'd arrived. We've been looking for you down here."

"Am I very late?"

"Well, it would be fine if you could get down in the next few minutes. We have to work on schedules. We've got a half-hour of air time, starting at eight-thirty, so dinner has to begin promptly at seven."

"I'll be right down," Ken hung up, then turned quickly as he heard the door open.

Sandy was standing there ready to leave. He imagined he caught a sign of tears in her eyes, but there was no indication of them in her voice. "I'll catch the next plane," she said.

"Sandy, wait!"

"No. This is absurd. At any other time I might want to stay and—slug it out with Miss Carlyn. But you've got a speech to make. This is hardly a time for anything like that. So good-night."

"Make that goodbye!" Nat said suddenly. "Because if he doesn't fire you, it's the end as far as I'm concerned."

"Nobody will ever have to fire me," Sandy said.

Ken went to her, his face tight. "Nat's being unfair," he said. "Once we all calm down, she'll realise it herself. I want you to stay, Sandy."

"No. No. It's better that I go," Sandy said gently. She stepped back out of the room and pulled the door shut, saying, "Good luck with the speech—and good-night."

How Ken got through his address that evening, he never knew. His mind was certainly not on the words. Part of it was with Sandy, flying to New York; part with Nat, who sat

watching him from a corner Press table where the newsmen appeared more interested in her than in the speech.

When it was over Ken didn't care whether he had been impressive or not. He wanted only to get out. His face was so grey that the chairman assumed he was ill. Nobody objected to his leaving before the programme ended.

He was out in the lobby by nine-fifteen, and there Nat joined him. Now that she had won her victory, the anger had left her face. She was actually cheerful now, apparently willing to forget all about Sandy.

"Darling, you did very well," she said, slipping her arm through his. "And it was a tremendous audience, much bigger than I expected. They liked it, too."

He responded with a nod.

As they approached the elevators a lanky man rose out of a deep chair, grinning a greeting.

"Ernie!" Nat said, her eyes lively. "Ken, darling, you remember Ernie Miller, don't you?"

"Yes, sure," Ken's voice was flat as he shook the man's hand. He asked Nat, "Flying back to college tonight?"

"Have to. I'm due in before midnight."

Ernie Miller said with a chuckle, "If I don't get her back in time, my name'll be mud with the dean. We can make it in about ninety minutes, I figure."

"Good of you to bring Nat," Ken said.

Nat intervened, "What are your plans, dear? Staying over till tomorrow?"

"No. I'll hop the first plane I can get out of here tonight."

At that she searched his eyes. Then she said to Ernie Miller, her hand on his arm, "Can I have just one short minute? I'll be right down."

Ernie nodded, and she went up in the elevator with Ken. In his room she caught both his hands. "Darling, you think I've been dreadful to her, don't you?"

"I think you've been unfair."

"You know how I've felt about her all along."

"That doesn't make it any better. Nat, you had no right to make her feel like a—"

"A woman you find in a man's hotel room? Maybe not. For that part I'd be willing to apologise. But, Ken—oh, Ken." She turned away, shaking her head. "You just can't seem to understand what a girl will do when she's in love. What she can't help doing."

"For love? Or jealousy?"

"They're the same. One brings on the other."

"But a jealous explosion of temper—that's nothing but self-love, combined with fear of somebody else."

She stopped him by throwing her arms around his neck. "Darling, let's stop talking about it! You'll get somebody else, somebody a lot better than Sandy, I'm sure. As for the speeches she wrote—believe me, Ken, she isn't the only person in the world who can put words on paper. You'll find another when you need one." She kissed him. "Now I've got to run. See you in New York Sunday night."

"Sunday? I didn't know—"

"How could you know? I'm taking Monday off from my classes. First fitting for my wedding gown."

Now, good-night!"

A final kiss, and she was gone.

Thirty minutes later Ken sat in a plane, fastening the safety belt. His face was still hard. He was determined to see Sandy tonight, to make

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her understand how he felt, how deeply he regretted what had happened, how much he wanted her to continue in the old relationship . . . Well, he had tried, and failed. Tonight he had gone to Sandy's apartment and pleaded with her, and she was not coming back.

Ken lay in his bed, hands clasped under his head. As the night hours slipped by he tried to analyse his feelings. Why should he be so torn by the loss of a secretary or even of a collaborator on speeches? Wasn't Nat right in suggesting that the woods were full of secretaries? Why, then, this gnawing unhappiness in the case of Sandy Warren? You'd think he was in love with the girl.

Not, he thought, that there would be anything far-fetched in being in love with Sandy—if he weren't in love with Nat, and on the very threshold of marrying her. Any man could understandably fall in love with Sandy. There was Mark Seward, for instance.

KEN tossed about in bed, lay on his side, scowled at the wall. His principal trouble, he decided, was that he could not tolerate unfairness, and Nat had been cruelly unfair to Sandy. Something would have to be done about that.

On this thought he finally fell asleep . . .

Saturdays, because the office was closed, Ken allowed himself the luxury of a late and fairly elaborate breakfast prepared by his grey-haired housekeeper, Mrs. McCardie. Today he was in the midst of sausages and eggs when Mark Seward telephoned.

"I tried to reach you in Boston and you were gone," Mark said. "How'd the speech go?"

"Well—let's just say that they applauded."

"When I brought Sandy back from lunch yesterday and heard you'd left the script behind—look, Ken, you trying to give me ulcers?"

"I was—delayed in George's office," Ken said. "Had to run like mad for the train."

"Talking of George reminds me," Mark went on. "Yesterday over lunch, Sandy and I talked a good deal about his attitude. Sandy thinks maybe he's sour because he never gets credit for anything that happens. She'd scribbled out a possible news story, a release for a column, that may help the situation. I'd like to have you okay it. If you're free I'll run over with it."

"To begin with," Mark said as soon as he arrived, "let me read you the release." He took the clipping from his pocket, unfolded it. "Sandy suggested it this way."

"Fastest-growing publishing house in the industrial field these days is Ball Business Books, with 14 trade journals in circulation and 2 more scheduled within a matter of months. Its dynamic president, Kenneth Rawson Ball, is spearheading a drive that has lifted earnings to a record high. Predictions are that this year will exceed last year by 15%."

"Mr. Ball himself says that much of the company's present upsurge is due to the wise counsel and planning of George Donellen, vice-president and controller. It is the close co-operation of Donellen and Ball, insiders agree, that has brought about the firm's record-smashing year."

When Mark finished reading he looked up curiously. "What do you think?"

"It should help. George does feel left out."

"Want me to go ahead with it, then?"

"Yes. I wish I'd thought of it long ago."

Ken relit his pipe, wondering if Sandy had told Mark about her leaving the firm. No, he decided, she couldn't have mentioned it.

Mark would be shocked; he'd have mentioned it right away. But the public-relations man obviously had his mind on other matters. He stirred his coffee and asked an unexpected question:

"Ken, how much voting stock do you own in Ball Business Books? About thirty-three per cent.?"

"A bit more."

"And Nat?"

"Somewhere around twenty per cent."

"Then you certainly don't have to worry about George Donellen one way or the other," Mark said. "Once you and Nat are married, you control fifty-three per cent. of the voting stock between you."

Ken frowned. "Nat's spoken of that, too. Heck of a way to put it. This is a marriage, Mark, not a merger."

"Nevertheless, it's true. And I have an idea it's one of the things that worries George—though it should give you nothing but comfort."

Ken drew a long breath. Maybe he ought to tell Mark about Sandy. "This morning," he said, "nothing gives me much comfort. Sandy's quit her job."

Mark blinked. He bent forward, the coffee cup tipped precariously. "Sandy—what?"

Ken told him what had happened in Boston. When he had finished, Mark seemed deeply disturbed.

"Ken," he said, "I think you've got it wrong. I just can't believe that Sandy got out because Nat tore into her. Sandy wouldn't quit under fire. She'd fight back."

"Not this time."

"I know Sandy. I'm beginning to think she grabbed at Nat's attitude as an excuse."

Though this sounded bewildering, Ken had enough respect for Mark Seward's judgment to take his remarks seriously. "But why should she do such a thing?" he asked. "Wasn't she happy working for me?"

"Happy? Man, she's in love with you! I think she's been trying to pull out of this situation, without telling you why, and last night gave her the out she needed, that's all."

Ken flung out. "Mark, you're nuts!"

"I wish you were right," Mark said, "because I've been pestering Sandy to marry me. But I've got eyes, feller. I know how she feels about you and Nat."

Ken rose and nervously paced the floor. He said, "In four months she's never once hinted any such thing."

"Why should she hint? You were engaged, weren't you? Believe me, I wouldn't be telling you this," Mark added, "if I thought it would affect my own chances one way or the other. But she's already ruled me out."

Ken's reply was taut: "You don't know what you're talking about. Only last night she told me she was thinking of marrying you."

Mark stiffened. "You serious?"

"She was!"

Mark didn't hesitate. He got up and put his cup down. He went for his hat. "Thank you," he told Ken. "Maybe it's rebound—told that's good enough for me, with a girl like Sandy."

He was on his way, and Ken looked after him with thoughtful eyes . . .

It was a long, lonely weekend after that. Sunday evening Ken felt tense when he met Nat at the station. What had happened to him since Friday was not easy to analyse. He seemed to be viewing everybody he knew—Nat, Sandy, even George and Mark—in a new light, and it was difficult to adjust himself to what he saw in this reappraisal.

Coming off the train, Nat looked radiantly beautiful. Ken had seldom seen her more cheerful and buoyant than she was now, clinging to his arm, keeping easy step with his long strides. He sensed her happiness without sharing it. She was in New York for a wedding gown, and what mission could be more pleasant? As for her clash with Sandy, quite characteristically Nat seemed to have put it out of her mind. Nat invariably lived in the present.

Troubled by an unfamiliar feeling of restraint, Ken took her to dinner. They maintained a pleasant enough mood through cocktails and through most of dinner. Over dessert, Nat said, "Darling, I wish you'd play Mamma and Papa for me tomorrow. Take me to lunch and help me select the gown."

Ken answered, "What I know about wedding gowns adds up to less than zero. Besides, I've got to speak at noon tomorrow."

Her eyes clouded in perplexity. "I thought the Boston speech was the last of the season."

"Except for this talk to the secretaries' club."

"But, Ken, dear, surely you're not keeping that date! You were invited as Sandy's boss, weren't you?"

"I suppose so."

"Then isn't it silly to go now? I mean, you'll look absurd. How can you possibly say nice things about secretaries—which, I imagine, is the purpose of a speech like this—when you've just fired one?"

"Nat, let's get it straight," he said. "I never fired Sandy. You goaded her into quitting."

"Why argue, dear? The point is, she's not your secretary any more."

"Whether she's in or out," Ken said firmly, "I've promised to speak at this affair. I'm their programme."

Nat grasped the edge of the table and her eyes narrowed.

"Do you realise," she said, "that it's much more than a question of whether or not you speak to this particular organisation?"

"Why?"

"It boils down to whether you want to please me? Don't my wishes count for anything?"

"When they're reasonable, Nat."

"And who's to judge that—you? What kind of married life can we have if you're going to ignore everything I ask you to do, unless you completely approve?"

"What kind of married life can we have," he countered, "if I knuckle under to everything you ask, even when I know it's wrong?"

She was fighting to keep her temper in check. "Believe me," she said, "I'm glad this has come up now instead of six months from now. It shows me exactly how I'd rate as Mrs. Kenneth Ball. I'd rate less than a secretary!"

Then a new and frightening suspicion jolted her. Nat's eyes blazed at him across the table. "Are you trying to get Sandy back?" she asked.

Ken gave her a long, sober look. What he said now, he knew, could determine the course of his whole life, and of Nat's life, too. With a

word he could preserve or shatter their engagement. If he reassured Nat, if he yielded to her in this matter, they would be married in a few weeks, and their future would be secure. It could be a good future; not only in shared affection and gay companionship but financially, too. He and Nat together, as Mark had pointed out, would control Bail Business Books with no one in a position to oppose them. Yes, everything could be pleasant, indeed — if only he told Nat what she wanted to hear.

But it was far more important to tell her the truth. He said in a low voice, "Yes, Nat, I am trying to get Sandy back."

"Then she's more than a secretary!"

"It depends on what you mean by more."

"You know very well what I mean! You wouldn't be doing this to me just to get an employee back in your office!" Nat snatched up her purse and gloves. She was shaken by her fury. "Thank heaven I saw it in time, anyhow!"

Ken started to speak, but changed his mind and clamped his lips shut.

"I'm not going to take second place to anybody!" Natalie plunged on. "You can forget about the wedding. You can forget about everything! She was drawing on her white gloves with angry little tugs. 'And I hope you'll be happy with your — your precious secretary!'"

Ken could have answered many things, but he didn't. For as he watched Nat rise to leave him he felt a sense of inevitability about this ending to their troubled romance. He rose, too, accepting her decision in silence.

In the morning he found Sandy's desk in the outer office unoccupied. The sight of the empty chair gave him a pang, and as he passed it, a hundred fears assailed him. What if she went off to the West Indies, as she had hinted? ... What if she had decided to marry Mark Seward?

The thoughts gnawed at Ken. He hurried to his own desk, picked up the telephone, and told the switchboard operator to ring Sandy's apartment. He waited several minutes, but there was no answer. Well, she'd be at the luncheon, he assured himself.

But would she? Was he kidding himself? His hands felt stiff and clumsy as he filled a pipe. About one thing Nat had been right: Sandy meant much more to him than a secretary. That was a fact to which he had until now deliberately blinded himself.

He was lighting the pipe when George Donellen came into the office. There was an air of ponderous dignity about the man today, though his face was still a bit puffed and mottled.

"I want to thank you, Ken," he said, "for the item in this column." He held out the business page of a newspaper. "That tribute to what you called my wise counsel and planning," George uttered a toneless laugh. "Well, all I can say is I wish it were true."

What could you reply to a comment like that? Ken was surprised to discover that Mark Seward's release had won such quick publication. Also, he was relieved to see that George showed no disposition to be sardonic about it.

George was eyeing Ken curiously. "Why did you give out an item like that? You know perfectly well I've never really lifted a hand to help you."

"Wishful thinking, George."

"Your idea or Mark's?"

"Actually, my secretary's. But she simply put into words something I've long felt. If we worked together the way we should, you and I, there's nothing we couldn't do. I wish you could see it that way, George. We — we could make every year a boom year."

The controller rubbed a hand over his jaw. "The business has boomed," he admitted. "The figures in my Preliminary Report tell a good story. The truth is" — he managed a thin smile — "though it would have killed me to say so a couple of months ago, you've been a fine president. And this speaking project has paid off."

Ken looked at the pipe he held. Sensing the new note of friendly conciliation in George's manner, he knew suddenly how well Sandy had understood this man. She had suggested giving him public credit because she had known that he must feel respected. Better than anyone else she had guessed how desperately he needed respect, the reassurance of praise.

"As controller, I live by figures," George said, "and the figures back you up, Ken."

"Thanks."

"When a system works well, we'd be saps to change it. So let's go along on the present basis," George turned to the door. "No reason we can't ultimately publish twenty magazines — or fifty. That's what I told Nat today."

Ken started. "Nat!"

George nodded. "She phoned. She told me about — breaking the engagement. Also, she seemed to want to know if I still would like to be president." He paused, studying Ken's face. "You needn't worry. I don't want any deals with her, now or any time. And I'm glad you're not letting this broken engagement throw you."

Ken said nothing.

"Because," George went on quietly, "I never thought you were right for each other, you and Nat. Besides —" He frowned. "I don't like the coalition of voting stock. Where would it have left me?"

"I see. And now you feel easier."

"Much." George smiled as he left. "We'll get along fine now — without any changes!"

AT the luncheon Sandy sat in the rear of the big room. Ken wondered if she had deliberately chosen her remote, inconspicuous table. Though he saw her come in, he could not go to her.

Midway through the meal, however, he wrote a few hasty words on a slip of paper: "Have severed relations with Nat. Please see me." He dared not be more explicit for fear that the message might come to the wrong hands. He folded it and gave it to a messenger for delivery to Sandy.

It was one-fifteen when Ken was introduced from the dais. He rose to face more than two hundred women. While their applause welcomed him he looked around, one hand dipping into his jacket pocket. He was nervous in a new and unfamiliar way.

When he began to speak he could not watch Sandy's face. She was too far away and her head was bent. He saw only the top of her small white hat. He used it as a sort of target.

Talking extemporaneously, he

began with a tribute to the part every secretary plays in the business life of her employer. He depicted the competent secretary as a combination of partner, co-worker, counsellor, sounding board for ideas, buffer against unwelcome callers, and keeper of records and accounts. As he put it, "nine-to-five wife" was a term of high commendation. He spoke for ten minutes.

Then he concluded by talking directly to Sandy.

"In my own case," he said, "I happen to have a secretary who is infinitely more than the word denotes. She is a constant source of surprises: a diplomat when we need diplomacy in the office, a wonderful gal when we need a wonderful gal. I shall consider this speech the most effective I have ever made if it tells my secretary how deeply I appreciate her and how much I need her. Now, let me add just this last word —"

Ken looked at his wristwatch.

"I'm her boss and if she's not back in the office immediately after lunch I'll fire her!"

Of course, the women took it as a joke. When Ken sat down their applause was loud and friendly and good-humored, and there was a good deal of laughter.

Ken, however, was tense. Would Sandy come back?

Because a number of women stopped him with questions it was fully ten minutes before he could leave. Outside the room he looked around anxiously. He saw no sign of her. That gave him a let-down feeling. She might have waited for him at least. He got into a cab and rode back to the office.

She was standing beside his desk, slim, tense, with a hundred questions in her grey eyes. At the sight of her Ken almost dropped his hat. "You — you ordered me to come here right after lunch," she said.

Ken threw the hat to a chair. He crossed the office quickly, caught her hands in a hard grip. His face was flushed. "Sandy —" he began.

"Did I understand right?" she asked in low, astonished tones. "About Nat?"

"The wedding's off. Everything's off."

"Not because of Boston!"

"No, Sandy. Because of you."

She said, "But — it's giving up a wife for a secretary!"

"You've got it twisted. I'm giving up a secretary for a wife."

For the first time Sandy was not quick to grasp what he meant. She looked at him in perplexity.

He grinned. "Sandy, I love you," he said. "I didn't realise how much till I almost lost you. In fact, I never let myself even think about it. Now I'm going to give you up as a secretary, because I want you home as a wife."

"Now, wait a second!" she said, her eyes suddenly full of joy and wonder. "I — I'm still going to write your speeches, you know."

"Sure." His grin broadened. "Why trust another secretary to —?" But he interrupted the words to take her into his arms, because a deepening softness in her eyes told him she was ready for his love. He kissed her. In fact, he kissed her several times. And when he regained his breath he whispered dazedly, "What was I saying?"

Sandy answered, "Don't ask me, dearest. This is one time you'll have to provide your own words."

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UNEXPECTED HOURS

NOW that it was six o'clock, it was obvious that something was very wrong. The Conquest had been scheduled to sail from Le Havre at three in the afternoon, to pick up more passengers and mail at the Irish port of Cobh tomorrow and arrive in New York on Wednesday of next week. Visitors had long since been sent ashore and none of them lingered on the dock now, for the October weather had a sharp bite and it was a journey of several hours back to Paris.

But the ship still lay passive at the dockside and the passengers had become restless and uneasy.

Cass Marsh asked his steward about it, his eyes frowning down at his watch.

"Why are we so late getting off?" "I couldn't say, sir. We should sail any time."

"The lights are terribly dim. I can't see my papers."

"I'm sorry, sir. It's that way all over."

Marsh put the papers on which he had been working back in his briefcase and headed for the uppermost deck.

In her cabin on B deck Janis Fleming looked out of the porthole again and saw the same empty porter's barrow, smelled the same unfreshened water. She went out into the corridor and turned to the staircase, climbing lightly towards the main foyer.

It was the effortless, balanced lift of her body that Cass Marsh noticed first. He was coming down from the upper deck and paused on the landing to see what the face that went with such grace and vitality would be like. Something in the way the girl carried herself reminded him of his sister Eve.

Janis met his glance as she reached the same level on the staircase. She stopped. Cass Marsh was a handsome man with a knowledgeable face. He usually made people feel that he knew the answers.

"Can you tell me why we aren't sailing?" she asked.

"I've just been talking to one of the ship's officers," said Marsh. "He tells me that the main dynamo has broken down."

"That's why the lights are so weird?"

"That's it."

"Can't they fix the thing?"

"They've sent to Paris for a new dynamo. But it will have to come down by train."

"How long will it take?"

"I only wish I knew," he said with a smile.

"But will they make up the time?"

"It depends on how much they lose, I suppose. And on the weather we may run into."

"I wish they would tell us how long it will be," she said, her face sobering.

"Are you in a hurry?"

"I have to be home next Thursday. And I live in the Middle West. I must be there for a wedding—and it can't be postponed."

"Are you the bride?"

"Oh, no." She looked up at him and added, laughing, "I might have been." They had reached the doors to the deck by that time and she broke off the fragment of conver-

sation gracefully. "Thank you ever so much for telling me what the trouble really is." She slipped through the door and was quickly lost in the dusk outside.

The most luxurious suites on the Conquest neighbored one another on the boat deck. In the most elegant one a young woman sat smoking cigarettes, surrounded by flowers, books, and magazines. But she paid them no attention. Mignon Temple was reading a letter with her flashlight. "I cannot let you go," it read. "I shall fly to Cobh on Thursday and get on the ship there."

"Maybe I should go back to Paris," said Mignon to her maid.

Tina said, "Miss Temple is not safe to go back to Paris in this dark night. I lock the door. We stay till morning, then go."

In the neighboring suite on the boat deck Harriet Wade was saying to Lady Evelyn Pontlemain, "Three hours late already—this is ridiculous!"

"Better to fly," said Lady Evelyn in her crisp way. She was wrapped in a fur coat, trying to play solitaire in the dim light.

"No one gets me to fly the Atlantic again this time of year. I was snowbound in Gander last time for two days." Harriet picked up one of the passenger lists from the desk and carried the booklet back to the dim light. The face that caught its light was insolent rather than aristocratic. It had been publicised for years, ever since the astonishing success of her first book, which had changed its form in the coils of popularity from novel to Broadway play to movie.

Harriet Wade had not written anything of importance since that first book, not since the money began to roll in. She had left her home town and gone to New York, where she had been the pet of the critics. She kept notes — she was always going to begin a new novel—but all she had time for was a short piece now and then or an endorsement of some product for a good price.

"Mignon Temple is on board. I saw her getting on the boat train in Paris, attracting so much attention by playing incognito that no one could miss her. It seems to me she's going in the wrong direction. David Sprague is in London—but at Cannes he and Mignon were together all the time. I hear he hopes to marry her."

"Too bad—his wife is quite mad about him. Pat Sprague has a boutique in London. Wonderful taste. Shocking prices."

"Can she compete with Mignon's money? But then Davy Sprague certainly wasn't seeing her off in Paris. He might show up at Cobh. He might even be getting on. Wouldn't that be something? . . . Here are the Kendricks on the list, we can get some decent bridge. And Cass Marsh—you know who he is—"

"No."

"He's quite a political figure. I've been told that they hang on his words in Washington. He's a businessman, must be quite wealthy, but the thing is that he is said to know the score abroad better than anyone."

"Fun?"

"Not convivial. He always acts as if he wouldn't be where he was if he didn't have to be. He's still unmarried apparently—listed here alone. He always used to have his sister in the offing."

"Isn't the sister with him?"

"Oh, no—Eve is dead! She was killed in a plane crash. It was about a year ago, I think. Somewhere out in the Middle East."

Lady Evelyn scattered the cards with a sweep of her long fingers. She stood up, a narrow human frame, still gilt at the top, a frame in which beauty had faded.

"You sound as if you were reading the list of survivors after a blitz," she said to Harriet. "Let's find the bar."

In all the years during which she had nobly sailed the Atlantic, the Conquest had never served the first meal of a voyage in such a fashion. On the tables unmatched candies wavered at different heights, showing white patches of cloth and gleams of silver.

Cass Marsh sat down at a table at random when he came in. He kept thinking about what might happen if he did not get to the conference in Washington in time to influence its thinking.

He told the waiter to bring him some cold roast beef, a bottle of beer, but the words were hardly out of his mouth when, as someone moved a light, he saw at a side table the girl to whom he had talked briefly an hour ago. She had left him vaguely curious about her. He cancelled the order.

Jan Fleming was alone at a table for eight. It was too near the entrance to be desirable under normal circumstances. But Mignon Temple, coming in by herself, went towards that table as Cass Marsh approached it from the other side. The heiress was a thin, inconspicuous figure in her tailored suit, but when she sat down across from Jan, a great square diamond on her hand and two jewelled bracelets on a tanned wrist reached out hungrily for the candlelight. She offered no greeting.

On the other side of the table Jan welcomed Cass Marsh—as if she were glad he had come.

"May I sit here or are you saving this?"

"No, I'm not—please do."

"If I may introduce myself, my name is Cass Marsh."

"I'm Janis Fleming," she said.

"I wonder what they can do for us in the way of dinner," he said to Jan. "Have you ordered?"

"I was about to settle for a sandwich and milk," said Jan.

"That's a very poor dinner at sea. And it won't kill much time. How about caviare to start with? Steward, is that available?"

"Why, yes, sir. For you, too, miss?"

Now Harriet Wade and Lady Evelyn were coming into the dining-room, carrying their arrogant heads and splendid furs as if on display.

Hatty drank in the details of the scene. With the habit of one who lived on celebrity, she was expecting even in this lack of light to be recognised. Lady Evelyn stalked straight ahead.

"Wait a minute, Eve," said Hatty, "look over there in the corner. That's

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Mignon Temple with her back to us. And on the other side of the same table— isn't that— Cass Marsh? Come along—there's enough room for us," she urged, and in half a minute was exclaiming, "Mignon, darling! I tried to ring you for a drink. How do you like our ship-wreck?"

"Hello, Hatty. How are you, Lady Evelyn?" But the low monotone did not rejoice and Mignon Temple's smile was forced.

Hatty Wade's glance swung across the table, taking possession of the man there. "How are you, Mr. Marsh? I'm Harriet Wade. We met at the Embassy in June and at—"

"I remember very well," Cass said, recalling this sharp-looking, eager woman. He knew that she was considered a clever writer. But he was thoroughly annoyed at having these people turn up just now. There had been the prospect of a pleasant hour or two. He introduced Janis to the others.

"And you know Mignon Temple, don't you, Cass?" asked Hatty. She offered Jan a celebrity's smile, not having heard the name that Cass spoke in the crisscross of greetings.

Mignon Temple acknowledged the presence of the other girl without looking at her, but the thorough and measuring glance of the man made her smile suddenly, as if she were willing to let him be attracted, to bask in her glamor.

So this is what the Temple girl looks like, thought Cass. He met her untrusting eyes, saw her desirous mouth and thought—no wonder she has trouble with men. So this girl was the ultimate spender. Villages in Africa came into his mind. He was well acquainted with the location of the Temple mineral holdings there. They were the largest of any owned by Americans. Did this girl know anything about the sources of her income? Probably not a thing.

She looks undernourished, he thought. Seems nervous—but attractive. She's using her maiden name, so she must have sloughed off the last husband.

Who had the Temple girl's confidence? Someone could make a very good thing of it. Of course her affairs were managed for her. But when her father was alive, he really knew that African country. If the old boy were living today he'd be a great help politically. But the people in charge of the Temple holdings would go on blundering, losing friends for the United States. Of course the girl wouldn't care.

Jan Fleming said, with the laugh in her voice, "This has become quite a party."

He turned to her so that no one else could hear. "I'm sorry. I hope you're not being let in for something that bores you."

"Certainly not. I'm fascinated. Harriet Wade came from my home town. She left there years ago. But she had a tremendous effect on my life."

"Are you serious?"

"Absolutely. Because of a book she wrote."

Mignon Temple leaned forward and spoke directly to Cass, sorting him out from the others. "Do you know how long it will be before we get away from Le Havre?"

"They told me that we might be 18 hours behind schedule."

"Then when will we be off the Irish coast?"

"We were due there about noon tomorrow—now it will be the next day—"

"But people will have to wait in Cohn all that time for this ship!"

Hearing that exclamation of dismay, Hatty Wade cocked an eyebrow towards Lady Evelyn to remind her of what she herself had said about David Sprague. Mignon Temple would not be worrying about the plight of ordinary tourists.

"I'm afraid they'll have to wait," said Cass, "unless they can get passage on another ship or hop a plane."

"But that wouldn't help," answered Mignon, "not if anyone was counting on this ship."

She's transparent. She's simple. She's just about giving herself away, thought Hatty.

Much more cheerful than she had been, Hatty was now bidding for centre stage. "I'm beginning to enjoy being holed up."

"You would. You can always get a story out of it," said Lady Evelyn, then added, "Hatty is always looking for her next big story."

And she thinks I never will find it, thought Hatty Wade resentfully. Lady Evelyn was necessary to her as a link with a social world that was tiring of her as her prestige faded, but sometimes she hated her.

SHE said aloud, "Of course, there are hundreds of stories in this situation. Eighteen hours of the life of each passenger has been stolen—18 hours that will hold up the things they should be doing—or shouldn't be doing! It's long enough to miss a chance, to change your mind, long enough for someone else to crowd in ahead."

She's right about that, thought Cass Marsh.

Hatty went on, "To a lot it won't matter, but others will be late for a big deal—or maybe in 18 hours a man could change his mind about leaving his wife—it could be a very romantic story."

She did not look at Mignon as she talked, but the girl's fingers tightened around her glass and Cass Marsh noticed her tenseness.

"It could be a very cruel story," said Janis Fleming, speaking unexpectedly.

"That's Hatty's line," said Lady Evelyn. "Didn't you ever read her book, 'The Iron Deer'?"

"Oh, yes," said Jan. "Nearly everyone read it in St. Anthony, where I live. We had an iron deer on our own lawn."

They all looked at Jan. But it was Hatty who flushed. It can't be, she thought. Yes—there was a Fleming on the passenger list.

The deer was a symbol, of course," Hatty said. The assurance had gone out of her voice and manner. In its place was an obvious and defiant embarrassment, not well concealed. Cass didn't know exactly what this was about, but he could see that the talk had suddenly narrowed to an interchange of some sort between Harriet Wade and the girl beside him. He watched Jan's cool profile, waiting with interest for the next thing she would say, but a voice on the loud-speaker rolled through the dining-room and gave them all something to think about.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are grateful for your patience and co-operation. We regret that it will be necessary to cut off electric power completely during the installation of the new machinery. This will be done at ten o'clock, at which hour all public rooms will be closed. Passengers are urged to remain in their own cabins during this period. Stewards will be on duty in all corridors and passages throughout the night. The captain requests me to assure all passengers that there is no cause for concern, that we fully expect to be under way tomorrow morning. Thank you."

"It's nine o'clock now," said Mignon Temple, finding a watch embedded in a bracelet. "I must try to send some messages."

Cass rose automatically as she did. Her eyes went to him and she spoke with a mixture of feminine helplessness and of taking her wishes for granted.

"Do you know where the radio room is? This darkness is too appalling."

There was no choice. "I'll go up with you," he said, and to Jan, "Will you excuse me for a few minutes?"

But it was much longer than that before he came back.

Harriet Wade asked Jan nothing. She had quickly figured out that this must be the youngest Fleming girl, the one who had been in her early teens when Hatty went away from St. Anthony just before the book was published. How uncanny to meet her here! And she had said the iron deer was on her lawn. There was only one deer in St. Anthony that was a landmark.

The Fleming house could not be overlooked, any more than the Flemings themselves could be overlooked.

No matter what happened to them or what they did, their position was as solid as their big green house. Even though everyone knew the old woman was an alcoholic and her daughter-in-law had a scandalous affair, they were still regarded as better than other people. The community took it for granted. That was what had made the book so successful. It had been written under the spell of that life, under its compulsion. It was a tale of fascinating, confident people who did not know they were like that. It was a surging, sweet, and bitter love story. It was also an autopsy of a type of upper-class life that was dead.

When Cass Marsh came back, he looked at Jan's vacant chair and frowned.

"We must have bored your lovely friend," said Lady Evelyn. "She left us."

Cass answered briefly that he was sorry to have been gone so long. He was absurdly disappointed to find Janis Fleming gone. He went back to his own cabin to concentrate on his procedure in Washington and make a couple of alternative plans.

His thoughts were not obeying orders. The cabin felt too still, stagnated. He was more conscious of lack of motion than he would have been of a rough sea. He put a flashlight in each of his side pockets and opened his door.

Cass made his way to the upper boat deck and began to pace around it. A few figures, swathed in steamer rugs, lay in deck chairs, but most of the passengers had kept to their own quarters.

He rounded the corner of the deck and suddenly had a feeling of complete elation. For Janis Fleming was standing by the rail. The pleasure that rose in him was all out of proportion to his scrap of acquaintance with the girl.

"Hello," he said. "I was hoping I'd catch up with you. Don't feel like sleep, either?"

"It's too quiet," she said. "It's still, but it isn't peaceful."

"That's right. I want to apologise for leaving the table tonight."

"Why should you? What else could you do?"

"Nothing, I guess."

"Harriet Wade was making the Temple girl miserable. Anyone could see that."

"I don't think I like that writer woman."

"I hate her," said Jan, "but she is very clever. She seems to be able to see through walls. She wrote a book about my family and she's never even been in our house."

"Couldn't you sue her?"

"No, not even if we'd wanted to. She changed names and identifying things. But it was obvious that it was St. Anthony—and us. We had a very conspicuous iron deer—the symbol she mentioned tonight."

"Symbol of what?"

"The kind of life my grandfather liked. Being big frogs in a little puddle. Anyway, cruel as it was, the book did a lot for me."

"How could it?"

"It made me want to leave. In a way, I suppose Harriet Wade is responsible for my working in Europe."

"What kind of work have you been doing?"

"I've talked enough about me already. Now tell me, what's your business?"

"For the time being, I'm a kind of trouble shooter. For the government."

"Tell me the kind of thing you do, or is it top secret?"

It was amazing how easy, how natural it was to tell her. Cass Marsh rarely talked so freely to anyone. He opened up his own ideas, not caring whether or not they were ripe. That was not like him. He had no feeling of being indiscreet.

"You don't have a family?" she asked.

"I'm not married. My sister—well, we were twins. Always pretty close. She's gone now—" He told her something of Eve, summing it up: "You remind me of her."

And later, "It's too nice to go in yet. What does it matter what time it is? Let's take these chairs and I'll find you a rug." He folded the rug about her slim body, felt every nerve in him stir and knew that soon he would find her lips.

DAVID SPRAGUE arrived in Cohn in the late morning on Friday and had expected to be just in time to board the S.S. Conquest. Instead he had been told of this fantastic delay.

He had counted on speed and excitement to carry him through to this new life — so tempting he couldn't resist it. A life with unlimited money. Life and Mignon.

He checked his luggage and took a room at the biggest hotel to wait out the time. After what seemed like most of his life, he rang for the waiter and asked for his tea. A few minutes later there was the expected knock on his door as it arrived.

"Yes, come in," he said. But his wife came in. Pat looked untidy and hurried but as always carried the distinction of generations of breeding.

They stared at each other. Then she began, "How lucky that the ship was delayed!"

"I don't know what this means," he said. "Didn't you understand my letter?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's it. I'm sorry. Why did you follow me?"

"I came to keep you from taking that ship."

"It's too late, Pat. I've made my decision."

"You haven't destroyed us yet."

"Let's not say all the usual things. That's what I was trying to spare

both of us. Let's accept the situation and not be hysterical."

She didn't look hysterical. The word went flat.

"You mustn't do it, Davy."

"I don't want to argue it. I'm committed. Please go back home, won't you? Please realise that I've tried to put this thing out of my life. I can't. It's what I want."

"I don't think you want her so much," said Pat Sprague. "It's all that money."

"You're wrong," he said almost violently. "It's nothing of the sort. I'm in love with her."

"I don't believe it, Davy! It's quite mad. You mustn't do it!"

"That's for me to decide. I'm sorry — what I mean is that I'm sorry to hurt you—but I've made up my mind to take the ship."

"Then I'm going along, too. They can always put a cot in your cabin for me."

"Don't talk nonsense."

"It's not nonsense. If you won't come back with me, I'm going with you."

"How could you?"

"I thought of the main things—I brought my passport and a couple of dinner dresses. That's all I need. If you go, so do I."

With no pause Harriet Wade took the sheet out of her typewriter and inserted another one. She did not stop to read what she had written. Later she would polish the prose, but there was no time for that now, not until she had the whole scene down on paper. She could not remember when last she had written like this, almost without effort, knowing the story was there.

This would be the story of a girl coming home to St. Anthony—reluctantly, of course. It would be the story of a shipboard romance, but it must be powerful, completely different from the usual tale of flirtation. I must make it swift, deep, and inevitable as great love stories are, thought the woman with the hawk-like face.

She paused in her typing to remember again the words she had heard last night, the very tones of the voices. It was long after midnight and Hatty had been sitting in the dark, close to the window of her cabin. If the ship had not been so completely still she could not possibly have heard what they were saying outside on the moonlit deck. Cass Marsh had spoken gravely: "I've talked about myself so much, Jan, because I had the strangest and most irresistible wish to have you know me."

The Fleming girl said, sounding exhilarated, "I feel that I do know you now."

"I always was a shy and lonely sort of guy, and since my sister was killed I've been more that way than ever. She used to tell me that I should marry. But I wasn't in a position to settle down—"

"Don't ever settle down," said the Fleming girl. "I want to think of you in the strange, exciting places of the world."

"And yet you want me to think of you buried in a Middle West town?"

"Ah, you won't think of me."

"Won't I? Jan—look at me—"

Hatty Wade had hardly let herself breathe. She wanted to hear every slightest sound of that embrace, the girl's sigh of wonder, the man's muttered tenderness.

At last he said, "Am I falling in love with you, Jan? I couldn't rest without seeing you again tonight. I had to leave my cabin and hunt for you. It doesn't seem possible that

we only met today. How can this happen so quickly?"

"Love should be swift," she said, "swift and sure."

I will use that, thought Hatty Wade, listening. I can use the whole thing. Even if they do see it in print, they'll be the last people to admit they said it.

The girl was speaking again. "But tonight isn't part of our real lives. And they moved out of hearing."

So Cass Marsh didn't know her before, thought Hatty. He just picked her up on the boat. He's a very subtle, civilised character — director of a dozen corporations. Could this girl possibly land him? No, she wouldn't know how to play it.

She realised suddenly that Lady Evelyn was watching her from the doorway.

"You've been at that typewriter for hours," said Lady Evelyn. "Is this the story at last?"

Quickly Hatty turned over the typewritten pages so that Eve could not read them.

"Just notes," she said, but stacking them as if they were precious.

"What's going on?"

"We're having drinks with the captain at six. And Mignon is giving a party in her rooms tomorrow night."

"I wonder if she's giving her party tomorrow to welcome David Sprague on board ship."

"She didn't say so."

"She's capable of it. Mignon thinks she can get away with anything."

"She gets away with a good deal. She had your friend Cass in tow again today."

Hatty jerked around in surprise. "Wasn't the Fleming girl with Cass?"

"Not when I saw him. He and Mignon were very cosy in a corner of the lounge. He was showing her a map of Africa and she was all eyes and ears for him."

The Conquest anchored the following day off the Irish coast. On the decks of the liner, people were levelling field glasses and cameras at the island and at the tender which was coming clumsily through a choppy sea. The new passenger on the deck of the tender looked cold. They huddled around their luggage, holding their hats and caps against the wind. But one tall, handsome man stood out from the others. His hat was firm on his head, his coat blew like a cloak, and the fact that he did not join in any of the shouting and waving gave him a lonely look.

Behind the glassed windows of the promenade deck, Lady Evelyn saw him and said, "Well, you were right, Hatty. That's certainly David Sprague."

"Of course, I was," said Hatty smugly. "You shouldn't have taken that bet."

On an upper deck outside her suite, Mignon Temple was gazing down at the tender, looking expectant and eager.

A woman with a smart tartan cape swirling around her had joined the tall man on the tender.

"But that's Pat Sprague! Pat's with him!" Lady Evelyn was exclaiming, and Hatty was staring with avid interest.

Above, Jan Fleming, who was standing farther along the railing from Mignon, heard a choked cry of incredulity. She turned and saw Mignon Temple, looking shocked and furious, draw back from the railing and run inside the ship.

It had been a troubled, thwarted voyage from the beginning and for

many of those on board the Conquest it remained so all the way across the Atlantic.

But there were a few who were getting their money's worth—among them Harriet Wade, who was working at last.

Bearing down on Cass Marsh before he had a chance to disappear, Hatty said to him on deck, "Were you going to Mignon's suite for cocktails tonight?"

"Why, yes," said Cass. "Janis Fleming and I planned to look in for a few minutes."

"Mignon hasn't said anything about cancelling her party?"

"Not to me. Is she under the weather?"

Hatty said, "Well, I imagine that the appearance of David Sprague's wife wasn't exactly tonic!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Cass.

Hatty said, "You sound like Pat Sprague. Just happens to be coming over to the States on a little buying trip, so she says."

"The lady ought to know what her reasons are," he answered coldly and left the writer standing there.

"Do you want to skip that cocktail party of Mignon Temple's?" he asked Janis later.

"Do you?" I thought you told her you'd come?"

"I did. But the Wade woman and her chum are coming."

"She won't bother me. If you said you'd be there, I wouldn't let Mignon down. Did the person she expected get on at Cobb?"

"I guess so. But he brought his wife."

"Oh, that must have been what happened!"

"What happened?"

"Mignon was on the upper deck this morning, watching the tender, and I guessed she was looking for her friend. Then all of a sudden she rushed inside. And her face was queer. All torn up with feelings."

"It seems to centre on a fellow called David Sprague. A lightweight from where I sit. Something slipped apparently. The Wade woman is licking her chops over it."

Surprisingly, Mignon's was not a grim party. Mignon herself, in a sheath of dark velvet that set off her slowness and matched sapphires, was a picture of what money could buy. She was very gay, and made it apparent that her favorite man was Cass Marsh. She detached him from Janis as they came in and pushed Janis to the attentions of the other men, including David Sprague. But she personally featured Cass.

"Cass is tempting me to go to Africa . . . I may go to Washington—Cass, how long will you be there? . . . Cass knows so much about everything!"

Cass took it with good humor, laughing it off. It was an act, but he thought the girl was putting on a good show with spirit. And he knew that acquaintance with Mignon Temple might be bread upon the waters.

Hatty Wade watched David Sprague, poker-faced, carrying it off. He had meant to come on this voyage without his wife. Hatty had found that out from Lady Eve, who had been told by Pat that she wouldn't have made the ship if it hadn't been delayed.

For the next three days the ship ploughed through seas that made it impossible for the normal amusements of shipboard to go on. This was the worst voyage that they had ever experienced, said

some who were on their second trip across the ocean.

With the decks awash, and the public rooms so crowded, there was no place where Cass and Janis could be by themselves. He insisted one afternoon that she visit his room.

"There's no reason why not," he urged her. "Please come in and talk. We haven't had a decent chance since the first night."

But even in his cabin they were interrupted. Cass had kissed her lightly in welcome, but not too long for fear she might think he was trying to press the advantage of having her here. And now that he had made the opportunity, Cass did not know where to begin, or how to start that flow of talk that had seemed so natural before. They had said nothing of importance before there was a knock on the door. Mignon's maid was outside when he opened it. She handed him a note, her eyes taking in the room impersonally.

Cass did not want to seem to be hiding Janis. He let Tina make her survey.

"Thank you," he said. "If there is an answer I'll send it up with my steward."

"I can wait for the answer," said Tina.

"I'll take care of it," answered Cass and closed her out. He tossed the note unopened on the desk and sat down again.

"Better read your mail," said Janis.

"I know what it is. Mignon wants company."

"Don't you?"

"Yes—and I have it, Janis. And I want—"

What did he want? Was he sure? The cautions that he had learned in dealing with touchy situations had grown like barnacles over his impulses and made him hesitate. "I want to know you better," he said. "I want to know all about you."

"You already know quite a lot."

"Not nearly enough. And before long this voyage will be over—"

"Are we going to be very late?"

"We're doing very well, considering the storm. We ought to get there some time on Thursday. Probably in the afternoon."

"Then I won't get home in time for the wedding. Isn't it awful?"

"Your family will understand."

"They didn't even understand why I went away," said Janis. "They wanted me to come home last year. But I didn't want to go back. Of course, I love our old place. It was a good house to grow up in, but none of the life the house was meant for exists any more. It disappeared around us. Harriet Wade couldn't figure out why scandal or getting poorer didn't make us run."

"Your family took root. The world needs more people like that."

She laughed at him. "But you don't want to be one of them."

"I can't be at the moment."

"Are you very worried about being late in Washington?"

"Yes, I've got to persuade some of these people in authority that Africa needs special attention. I believe that even private interests like the Temple holdings could be handled in a way to do us credit and set a kind of example—I was trying to explain it to Mignon the other day, but I don't know how much of it I got across to her."

"Could she help in what you want done?"

"I don't know—if she took an interest."

"She's taking an interest in you."

"Just saving her face, that's all."

Jan said, "Better open her note."

"Note? Oh, that—I told you what's in it."

But he tore it open, read it with a glance, and grinned at Jan.

"Give you three guesses," he said.

"A few people at seven?"

"Right on the button. I suppose I should send up word that I can't make it."

"Can't you?"

"No. I have an engagement with a lady from St. Anthony."

"If it's the same lady, she's having cocktails with the Spragues tonight."

"What are you doing that for?" he exclaimed.

"Mrs. Sprague asked me. And I like her."

"Well, I don't like the way Sprague follows you around."

"Just saving his face, that's all," she quoted.

"Don't go, Jan—please don't go yet."

"I really must." She was at a distance now, not in space but in feeling.

"But there are so many things I wanted to tell you. I've been trying—"

She stopped him softly. "I know. But it's no good when you have to try."

Then he was alone.

OVER cocktails with

Mignon—resentment at Janis'

engagement with the Spragues

made him accept the other invitation—she wanted to make plans.

To pin him down.

"Where will you be staying in Washington? I'll call you as soon as I get there."

"I'm afraid I'm going to be pretty busy. Tied up with a lot of work," he interrupted.

"You can't work all the time," she said provocatively. "May I call you?"

"Of course," he said. What else could he say?

The last day on board the sense of lost time combined with a yearning to see Janis came over him like sickness. He sent a note to her cabin, begging her to meet him on the deck. When she appeared, his heart jumped at the sight of her.

"Where have you been all day?" he asked.

"Packing. Pressing. And I had to stand in line for a long time to get money."

"When am I going to see you again?" he asked abruptly.

"Is there an again?"

"Don't you want one?"

There were people about. Not many, but they destroyed the privacy he needed. This was no time, no place for tenderness.

"The trouble is, Jan, that I don't know how long I may stay in Washington. I may have to go abroad again. I'll telephone."

"Telephoning is so unreal. I wish you wouldn't."

"But I want to keep in touch with you. This wasn't—it isn't the casual sort of shipboard thing, Jan. You mustn't get that idea. I have never talked to anyone as I have to you."

She laid a hand on his arm for a second. "I know, Cass—I believe that. We were as natural for those strange, unexpected hours as if we didn't have names or places. We were minds, souls—hearts—doing what we pleased. But we do have names and places—you're a very important man with a big job and

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I'm a girl from the sticks going home to keep house for her father. Our lives don't touch."

"Can't we make them touch?"

She lifted her eyes and he felt as if she were flinging the question back to him.

"Not by telephoning," she said.

A cabin-boy was paging him. He heard the call, "Mr. Marsh, Mr. Cass Marsh."

"Here."

"Radio message, sir."

Cass took the message out of its envelope and his face lighted with relief.

"Good news?" Jan asked.

"It will help," he said. "It's been arranged for me to leave the ship when the immigration officers come on board and be taken in by launch to a chartered plane waiting at Newark. So that will save some time."

"Wonderful!"

"I wish I could take you with me. I wonder if I could."

"Not possibly."

Of course he couldn't. He knew that.

"You'll be all right, Jan?"

"Why, of course."

He felt unsatisfied, but the telegram had put him back on the track of official duty.

He said, "This is better than I hoped for. I may be in Washington before the meeting begins tomorrow."

"Then everything is all right."

"No, it isn't. But at least we can enjoy ourselves tonight." His words must have sounded selfish and trivial to her.

"Yes—they're organising a farewell dinner," said Jan.

"You and I don't have to go to that thing."

"We don't have to — but why not?"

That was the trouble. He had no reason to give. If he told any of them that he wanted to be quite alone with Janis Fleming, he put her on the spot. If he said that they were going to be married—but he must think that through, make sure, see what was feasible.

So he and Janis went to the farewell dinner and when finally they left the table, Janis disappeared. Cass was held for protracted good-nights and could not overtake her. She had left him. Not the others, that he knew. Now it was nearly midnight. It was too late and he had no right to do it. But he went down to B deck and knocked on Jan's door.

She opened it part way.

"I had to say goodbye," he said, entering.

"We said it."

"No." He took her in his arms. "I haven't done anything right and now I have to go. Janis, what shall I do?"

She said, as if she took the puzzle from him, "Go and get some sleep. You'll need it tomorrow."

"I know I will. But about you—"

"I'm happy. You came to say good-night."

After that Cass slept. But it was a short night, for his steward woke him before dawn. Then, coffee, the final tips, a few words of goodbye to the ship's officers.

Looking back from the deck of the launch at the great hulk of the ship, he tried to figure which port-hole was Jan's. Was she watching him go? No, she couldn't be, for her cabin was on the side of the ship that wasn't visible. His disappointment was silly and he slapped it down.

In Washington, Cass Marsh met

the opposition he expected. He was still battling it at the end of four days.

"Why should we pour more of the American taxpayers' money into Africa?" asked a member of the Cabinet. "Our interests in that part of the world are too small."

Harmon Sims, whose influence was bigger than his portfolio in State, stopped doodling. He asked, "What does American copper amount to out there, Cass?"

Cass said, "It's hard to add them up. But the Temple interests alone probably pull out about 20 million a year before taxes."

"Who manages those companies now that David Temple is dead?"

"Some unimaginative characters," said Cass. "Their only interest is in their salaries."

"His daughter was the only heir," said Sims. He knew about moneyed people. They were his own group.

"Ever meet her?"

Cass said, "Yes, she was on the ship coming over."

"She's back in America? Married again?"

"She wasn't married a few days ago."

The chairman realised that the thinking of the meeting had scattered. He suggested adjournment for lunch.

Harmon Sims walked out with Cass. "How is Mignon? I used to know her."

"She seemed to be fine."

"That girl never found herself. Of course, with all her money she was a target for every fortune-hunter within range. I'd like to see Mignon again," added Sims. "Is she going to be in Washington?"

"So I understand. She's coming to visit the Willis Fremonts."

"That's a piece of news. She should pep things up. I must call up Kitty Fremont and find out when she'll be here," said Sims.

MIGNON had called Cass once or twice every day since they had landed. She had sounded, as always, both possessive and appealing. New York was terribly depressing, she said. She told Cass that pictures of Harriet Wade had been all over the papers because of a recent television show. Cass realised that Mignon wanted more attention.

The daily messages from Miss Temple were only plasters that Cass put on a sore spot in his mind. Apparently Jan didn't care how he had made out with his conference, in spite of all he had told her. He had telephoned her the day after he arrived, but that had been a frustrating affair.

He felt let down and cheated. He had counted on regaining something when he heard her voice.

He wanted to be brought close to Jan, to hear her laugh. Does she have the idea that I usually telephone all the girls I meet on ships? If she cared, wouldn't she have called me back? It didn't take Mignon very long, and she doesn't mean a thing in my life. But that was not what the people around Mignon Temple came to believe as the next weeks piled up.

Cass, Marsh himself was not aware of the talk about his personal affairs. He saw Mignon often. He liked her hosts, the Fremonts, who were intelligent as well as fashionable. He found, too, that he was expected to assume responsibility for Mignon, not merely as an escort but by guarding her with his own company from others who wanted

to exploit her. Someone had to take care of her, and it gradually seemed to become his job. She was flexible at least with him, and once in a while the possibilities of that spread themselves in his mind.

His life became more crowded with work than ever. The Assistant-Secretary told Cass that he thought it was advisable for someone to make another trip through the sensitive areas in Africa. "You're my choice for the job. Harmon Sims would probably like to go, but he hasn't had your experience. You can go, can't you?"

Africa's a long way off, thought Cass. Long way from whom—what did it matter? I can, if you think it's necessary."

Cass wished that he didn't have to tell Mignon about his trip. But she was pressing him to go to Palm Beach over the Christmas holiday. On the evening after his talk with the Assistant-Secretary, he went to the theatre with her, and she began again to urge him to come to Florida.

"It's impossible," he said. "The fact is, Mignon, I'm going away on a business trip."

"But not over Christmas. I've counted on you, Cass. It won't be any fun without you!"

"I'm sorry, Mignon."

"Where are you going?"

"Africa." He didn't want to tell her, but she would find out from Sims, anyway.

"You have to go?"

"I don't have to—I agreed to go."

"Africa—I wish I could come along."

"Too bad you can't," he said idly. She was quiet for a few seconds before she said, "Why can't I?"

"This isn't a pleasure trip, Mignon."

"But you told me I ought to see that country where my father's mines are."

"So you should some time."

"I'd just as soon cancel out on Palm Beach. I'd adore going to Africa with you!"

Cass didn't follow the action of the play. He was thinking, I'd certainly have the trumps in my hand if she did come. She has a big interest out there that has to be respected — of course, it's a wild idea — the only way would be if we were married.

He felt her shoulder against his coat. He tried to think of himself as Mignon's husband. I could help her, he thought. She has a lot of good qualities, he thought grimly.

When the play was over he took Mignon out to where the car and chauffeur that she had acquired in Washington were waiting. He caught the edges of people's glances. He read their minds. They were thinking that he was lucky, that he'd played it smart.

A flash bulb exploded as a photographer levelled a candid camera at them. Mignon huddled against Cass and laughed.

"I thought you were the girl who hated publicity."

"Not with you."

"People might jump to conclusions."

"Do you mind?" she asked gaily.

Cass thought, she takes it for granted. She thinks she's got me nailed. His resistance began to stiffen. When they reached the Fremont House, he said, "Send your man home. I'll walk back to the hotel."

She gave him the key to unlock the front door and said, "Kitty's gone to bed. Come in for a few minutes and talk it over."

Cass followed Mignon as she walked to a white marble fireplace at the end of the hall and dropped her coat on a bench. She sparkled. She looked costly.

"How soon are you going?"

"Day after tomorrow."

"So soon? Tina would have a fit! What ship?"

"I'm flying."

She shivered. "I never fly. I hate it. Tina hates it. Would we have to?"

"Mignon, you're not coming on this trip."

"Don't say it as if you didn't want me!"

"But we can't go off together—"

"We could—" she said appealingly.

"You're talking nonsense."

"I'm not. Men often take their—"

He interrupted, cutting that last word off. "I wouldn't think of it. I couldn't afford—"

"You needn't worry about that. I'll call my lawyers and tell them about us."

"There's nothing to tell. I haven't made any demands on you. I'm never going to."

"Oh, the lawyers take care of all that; the settlements and things. I'll do anything you want about it."

HE felt as if he had been hit in the face by a child. As if he must make this child see reason.

"Mignon, I want to be your friend."

"Friend?"

"In the dictionary sense," he said quickly. "I'm not going to ask anything more than that of you. I know how you've been pursued and why it is natural for you to believe that I may be like the others. But I'm not."

"I love your pride. I never again would marry a man who did run after me."

"Let's not talk any more about marriage."

"Never?" she said teasingly.

"It's impossible. For us."

She whirled around in surprise. "You mean you have a wife already?"

"No. It's not that."

"Then are you mixed up with another woman? I know all about that Fleming girl being in your cabin all the time—Tina told me—"

"Stop that!" His hand clenched her shoulder. "Don't dare to think it. Not about Janis!"

She wrenched herself free and blazed at him. "So that's it. So it's still going on! You still want her, do you?"

"Yes, I want her," said Cass with equal fury. "But also there was exaltation in saying it. 'I want Janis, and no one else.'"

He left the house abruptly. They were past decent goodbyes, and as he walked along at a racing pace he felt that he had come out of a fog. Of course he wanted Janis. He loved her. And she must have loved him if only for those few hours. She would love him again. She must. He had done everything wrong. Let her leave him, delayed, fumbled, Janis and I must get married. I will go out and get her. I'll talk to her father. If he won't let her go, I'll persuade him to come to live with us in Washington.

In the hotel he went to the porter's desk. "Ted, how soon can I get to St. Louis?"

"You can get a plane at nine-

thirty in the morning and arrive there about three p.m."

"Get me reservations, will you?"

"Right," said the porter.

A number of people in evening dress were pouring out of one of the elevators. Cass stood aside to let them pass. I've seen that woman before, he thought, noticing one of the group. Of course. It's that writer, that Wade woman.

She had seen him, too. For a second she looked utterly taken aback and apprehensive, as if she wanted to dodge a blow.

"Good evening," he said briefly.

"Why, Cass Marsh, how nice to see you!" she over-exclaimed, and went on. "I didn't know you were still in Washington. Are you taking off again soon?"

"Yes," he said, "to St. Anthony, your former part of the world."

Her face was crooked. The expression didn't sit right. She had been embarrassed like this on the ship when Janis spoke to her.

"Then you will be seeing our lovely Janis Fleming again?"

"I hope so."

"I was sorry to see in 'The Times' a few weeks ago that her father had died."

He was astonished. Hatty could see that he didn't know about it. She gave him a sharp look, but someone called to her and she went to rejoin her party.

I don't believe it, Cass said to himself. Janis would have let me know. But the woman wouldn't lie about a thing like that. She said it was in "The Times." Did Janis go through that all alone? Without a word? Doesn't she want me? This, if it's true, would mean that Janis is free.

Later that night Harmon Sims picked up the telephone by his bedside.

"Harmon? Cass Marsh speaking. Sorry to call you so late, but this is something that won't keep. I've just been talking to the Assistant-Secretary. He wants someone to go to Africa for a quick trip, to pick up the latest dope. He asked me to take it on, but it's impossible for me to go right now, so we both thought of you. You're well briefed on the situation—how about your going? You'd be back in a month or six weeks."

"You have the better background, Cass."

"I'll fill you in on it."

"Sure you can't make the trip yourself?"

"Not right now. I have to go out to the Middle West. On personal business."

"I didn't know you had connections there."

"That's where the girl I hope to marry lives. Her father just died. I want to be with her."

There was a full stop at the other end of the line. Sims' high voice said at length, "I didn't realise that you were an engaged man. I had an idea that you and Mignon were going to come up with something."

"Nothing to that."

"I've been keeping off the grass myself—"

"You needn't have," said Cass. "not on my account. Mignon will be interested in your taking this trip. She has a notion of going to Africa to inspect her holdings. . . . you haven't gone back to sleep, have you?"

"I've never been more wide awake in my life," answered Harmon Sims. "Suppose I talk it over with you at breakfast. Is eight too early?"

"Make it seven-thirty. I have to

catch a plane at half past nine," finished Cass.

His flight had not been called when he reached the airport and Cass stopped at the newsstand to pick up a New York newspaper.

His eyes roved over the racks and stopped at a name in big type on the cover of a magazine.

Harriet Wade's New Novel
LOVE SHOULD BE SWIFT
A Condensation of a Coming Best-Seller Complete in This Issue

The impact of the title on his mind was instantaneous. For a few seconds he did not know why it hit him so hard. Then it came back to him. They were Jan's words. But where had that writer got them?

Harriet Wade's new novel—whom was she crucifying this time? He remembered the embarrassed look of the woman last night and felt a horrid suspicion. He seized the magazine and hurried to the gate.

Before the take-off he had begun to read the story. As he read he clenched his fist and once made a sound as if he were in pain. That was when he came to the places where the things that he and Jan had actually said to each other were printed, and when the maid of the rich girl found the man and the other girl together in his hotel room.

It was very clever. There was no ship, no broken dynamo. This girl, of whom Harriet Wade wrote, had been in the naval service. She was reluctantly coming back to the States—her mother was ill. On the same plane was a handsome and eligible diplomat and there was a very rich girl travelling with her maid. Bad weather grounded the plane in Gander for three days and Hatty Wade had stretched her own experience to make the storm she had weathered there worse than it had been.

While the plane was in that Newfoundland town, the diplomat and the Wade had fallen in love. Quickly, naturally, and to their own astonishment. But the rich girl was in need of a man—and she turned to the diplomat. She chose him arrogantly for herself. The man was shown with sympathy but ruthlessly. The heiress would not only bring him a fortune but she could help his career, for she was the daughter of an ambassador—he was torn, for he could be of more use to the world if he married her.

"I'll sue that . . . I'll ruin her," Cass said half-aloud. "I'll take her into court and show her for what she is—she was hiding on the deck somewhere that night!"

And drag Jan into court? Admit they are your words and hers? That it's all true except that you were not Jan's lover—Cass seethed with rage. But even as he hated Hatty Wade he knew that she was telling the truth. She was right, he had not trusted his impulses. He had been cautious. He had considered the advantage of being married to the owner of the Temple mines. But he hadn't given Jan up and left her to age in a dreary house, keeping a tourist home—the final chapters were pathetic, but there was a gallantry in the girl that lived on—

Cass kicked the magazine under the seat. Had Jan read that story? Had she thought that was how he felt? Four hours more—

Cass had never felt more strange to himself, nor more a stranger anywhere, than he did as he approached the old Fleming house

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and rang the bell. It was Janis who opened the door. The shock of feeling between them was so intense that in an instant the strangeness was gone. The breathless exclamation, the startled widening of her wondrous eyes, her gravity told him this was no fool's errand. He spoke first.

"I had to come, Jan. I didn't want to telephone again. Perhaps I should have let you know. Do you mind my coming?"

"Come in," she said. Then, "Oh, Cass!"

She was even thinner. There was wear on her beauty, not making it shabby or scarred, but washed by suffering.

Cass said, "Is what I've heard true? That your father—?"

"Yes, he died. He had a stroke the day after I got here, after the wedding. That day when you telephoned the first time."

"You poor girl! Why didn't you tell me? Let me come and help?"

"There was no reason to bother you."

No reason. He followed Jan through the hall where a great oak staircase rose wide and high. Was she all alone here, Cass wondered. Why didn't I—and then he saw the magazine with Harriet Wade's story lying on a table. So Janis had read it.

She followed his glance. When he turned to her, their eyes met over the story.

"You should put that thing in the fire," he said.

"Would that destroy it?" asked Janis.

"There must be something that can be done to that wretched woman. I'm going to see my lawyer—she should be gaoled—"

"That would only make it worse. Everyone would know who it was—"

"I know. That's the hell of it. There must be some way—she was listening, of course."

"Yes. And then she figured out the rest."

"The rest of it is tripe."

"No, it's true to life," said Jan.

"What's the use of denying it?"

He moved towards her. "Jan, you wouldn't let that make any difference between us?"

"Fiction? She showed me—for the second time—she showed me what I really am like. A romantic fool. That's not easy to take—I told you before how I hate Harriet Wade. But again she's forced me to look at myself."

"Don't talk that way. Don't even think it!"

Jan went on. "She saw you clearly, too. Your situation. It's all so inevitable. Of course it had to be Mignon."

"But it isn't Mignon!"

"Then it will be. Or someone like her."

In some way Jan had made it impossible for him to touch her. She put a distance between them which he knew he could not bridge by force. They would not be close unless she willed it and she didn't.

He said, "Jan, I came because I had to see you. I've been utterly stupid. I never should have left you without settling things between us. But it was all so quick, so sudden on the ship. Nothing like that ever happened to me and I guess I just couldn't take it in. Then you seemed so far away and acted so indifferently that I sort of lost touch. But there's no excuse for me."

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You've gone through so much alone—your father's death and now this shameless publication. All I can promise is that you won't be alone from now on. Jan, you still care, don't you?"

She said slowly, "I told you on the ship that our lives didn't touch."

"Well, they're going to touch."

"No, Cass. This is very kind of you. But it's only impulse. I'll be all right. It's reasonable to marry Mignon. I know that."

"I want to marry you."

She shook her head and looked at him with a directness that frightened him. "No."

"But I don't want Mignon. I never have."

"You would. And I would never be able to be like Pat Sprague. I wouldn't want a man who coveted another woman, one I couldn't be sure of. It isn't that I blame you, but I've been seeing things in the papers recently about you and Mignon—hints—gossip—"

He said grimly, "You know that doesn't mean anything; you'll never see any more of them."

"She wanted you from that first minute."

"Oh nonsense—"

"Is it nonsense?"

How could he tell her? How could he explain that although he had considered giving in to Mignon,

he couldn't because of Jan—how could he boast of refusing to marry Mignon?

"No," said Jan. "This is as it was on the ship. There is something concerning you and me that you don't want to give up—but it's only a romantic memory, Cass. It doesn't have a real place in your life. The other thing is your real, your useful and successful life—you've read the story—"

"Yes, I've read the rotten story. Listen, Jan, I planned to come out here before I knew your father was dead. I was going to persuade him to agree to our marriage."

"But it was never because I had to be here. It was that you didn't care enough, Cass, you must know that."

"You really think that was it?"

"Don't you know that it was?"

"I was in a fog—but I did care and I do care—I want you, Jan—"

"I don't think I could ever believe it," she said sadly.

"But you do care, Jan, don't you?"

"If I did, I'll get over it. Thank you for coming, Cass. But now we've faced it, please go. Leave me alone."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm not sure."

"Are you going back to Europe?"

"No—I dream of it—but I'll probably never get there."

"You can't stay in this house."

"Yes, I can. Perhaps like the old maid in the story I'll take in tourists and put electric lights on the horns of the iron deer—that was a nice touch, wasn't it?" She tried to laugh, failed, and her voice broke.

"Won't you please go, Cass? This is so hard—everything has been so hard—and you're making it worse—"

"You don't really want me to go—"

"I do. Go back to Washington, marry Mignon."

"I'll never do that."

"Don't be so sure."

He drew a frustrated, suffering

breath. The suffering was for Jan, who had become so pale and looked ready to collapse.

"I'll go, if you want me to. But I'm not going far. Only down to some hotel here. I'll wait there for you to call me, Jan."

"But I won't call you."

He knew that she wouldn't. "Then let me come again when you feel better."

"It would only make it harder."

"Jan, what can I say? What else?"

"There's nothing more to say."

She looked pitiful and remote. Slowly Cass went out to the hall and turned again.

"I'll be near," he said.

Through the rest of the day and the long evening he sat in the hotel going over it again and again. There must be some argument to change her mind. He couldn't leave her like this. It would be the end.

He called her to tell her where he was. Later he tried again. They were like the stilted calls he had made from Washington.

"Let me come out. Let's talk it over."

"I can't, Cass. There's no point to it."

"Come down here—you need to get out."

"No, I couldn't."

He walked about the city the next morning, looking at it with her eyes. And once more he tried to talk to her. "Jan, I haven't told you so many things."

"Please don't call any more, Cass."

"May I come out?"

"No, please don't come again."

Again it was evening. He bought a newspaper and went into the hotel dining-room.

Uprisings in Africa were headlined. He saw those first and wondered how Sims was doing. Then he found himself staring at a picture of Mignon under another headline:

Heiress and Diplomat Wed; African Honeymoon

How could it be so soon—why only yesterday morning he had talked to Sims about that trip and set it up. Sims must have gone straight into action, played on her wounded pride, her determination not to be left without a man and to make it appear that she was acting on her own choice.

"May I sit here?" Jan asked.

She was beside his chair. He stood up, pulled out a chair for her, bent to her, and said, "You're here, darling—thank God."

"I read that in the paper a half hour ago," said Jan.

"You understand then—"

"I don't understand this trip to Africa. Is Harmon Sims going for the government?"

"That's really the case," he nodded.

"But why aren't you going?"

"I wanted to come here."

"You gave that up?"

"I told you, I had to see you. Life is no good without you. I couldn't even work. I asked Sims to take it on. And apparently Mignon was determined to go to Africa."

"Did she ask you to take her?"

"How could I? I love you."

"I love you, Cass. I love you for that. I'll go with you. Anywhere."

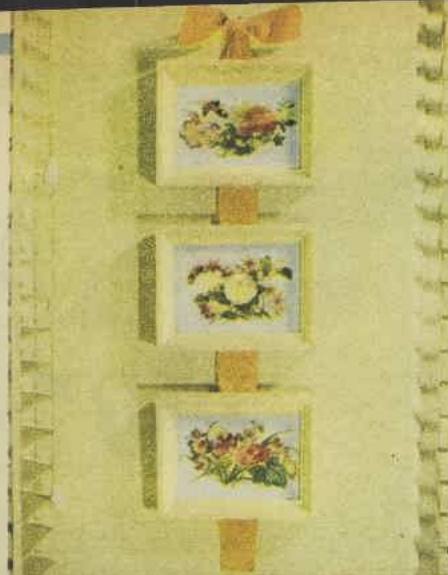
The waiter interrupted finally: "Are you ready to order, sir?"

"Ready to order?" asked Cass absently, coming back to earth. "Shall I order, Jan?"

"Let's have caviare," she said, "like the first time. Let's go on from there."

(Copyright)

FIRST FOLD ALONG THIS LINE



Picture frames

TO decorate a strip of wall, the three flower prints above were nailed to a wide grosgrain ribbon and finished with a bow.

This is an effective way to group small pictures in matching frames. Another attractive idea in picture framing is the colored mount. Mounts can be covered in a variety of materials. The two delicate rose prints below have mounts of shot-green taffeta.

To make your own mount you will need: A piece of cardboard the size of your picture frame; a piece of material one inch larger all round than the cardboard; either fabric adhesive or sticky tape.

Cut a square out of the centre of the cardboard the same size as your print. You now have the mount. Cut a similar square out of the material but 1in. smaller all round. Place the mount squarely on the material and turn the side edges over, sticking firmly with adhesive or sticky tape.

Now very carefully cut the inner corners of the material diagonally to each corner of the mount. Fold these edges over evenly and stick firmly. Glue the mount to your print and place it in the frame.



architrave. By this method, too, windows of different dimensions in the same room can be made to appear the same size.

Any handyman can cut a pelmet from a piece of board long centre section for the front panel and two small pieces for the ends are required to make a pelmet similar to the one illustrated here.

The two end squares can be covered separately or joined the front, and the complete pelmet covered as one unit. The material is drawn tightly over the wood and tacked glued firmly to the back. The back can also be covered. The fringe is then sewn along the scalloped edge and braces are used to attach the pelmet to the wall.



Slipcovers

A PRETTY slipcover on a sofa or chair can probably do more for the decor of a room than any other single piece of furniture. Illustrated above is a colorful example.

Note how the unit above, with its solid turquoise fabric cover and moss trim, adds distinction to the setting. (From "Living For Young Homemakers," copyright 1956, Street & Smith Pub. Inc.)

Moss trimming has a flat, woven heading that is inserted in the seams, leaving a soft, knobby edging visible.

If you make your own slipcovers, or provide the material to have them made, don't try to economise on the material used. Always buy a good grade of fabric, otherwise there

is always the chance that the fabric may shrink or stretch. Always choose a firmly woven fabric for slipcovers, be it chintz, cretonne, linen, or twill.

The amount of material needed will depend on the size and type of furniture to be covered, as well as the pattern. Any fabric salesman should be able to tell you the yardage required to make a slipcover. Give the correct measurements for the height, the width of the back, the width and depth of the seat, and the height of the arms.

When making slipcovers, be sure to fit and cut them on the right side, using a tape-measure to check the centre design if there is one.

Be sure to allow enough material for at least a 4in. or 5in. tuck-in across the back, on each side of the seat, and at the corner where the arm joins the back.

Make an allowance of 1in. on all seams, and chalk the sewing line on all pinned edges.

Cut all seams straight and even; this cut edge will be your guide for sewing and for putting in the trim or welt.

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OVALTINE

Butterfly crochet hairband

Wear this pretty hairband in crochet to accent a graceful chignon hair-do.

THE hairband is just a chain of butterfly motifs on a velvet ribbon; it is easy to make and starch will keep it crisp.

Here are the directions for making:

Materials: One ball white Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 10; hook and eye; 1 yd. velvet ribbon 1 in. wide; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 2½. (Slack workers could use a No. 3 hook and tight workers a No. 2.)

Tension: Right top wing: 1½ in. in length.

RIGHT TOP WING

Commence with 2 ch.
1st Row: 7 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook.

2nd Row: 2 d.c. into first d.c., 3 tr. into next d.c., 5 dbl. tr. into next d.c., 3 tr. into next d.c., 2 d.c. into each of rem. 3 d.c. (19 sts.).

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into each of first 3 sts., 2 d.c. into each of next 2 sts., 2 tr. into each of next 2 sts., 3 dbl. tr. into next st., 2 tr. into each of next 2 sts., 2 d.c. into each of next 4 sts., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

LEFT TOP WING

Commence with 2 ch.
1st Row: 7 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook.

2nd Row: 2 d.c. into each of next 3 d.c., 3 tr. into next d.c., 5 dbl. tr. into next d.c., 3 tr. into next d.c., 2 d.c. into each of last 3 d.c. (19 sts.).

into next d.c., 2 d.c. into last d.c. (19 sts.).

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into each of next 5 sts., 2 d.c. into each of next 4 sts., 2 tr. into each of next 2 sts., 3 dbl. tr. into next st., 2 tr. into each of next 2 sts., 2 d.c. into each of next 2 sts., 1 d.c. into each of last 3 sts., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

RIGHT LOWER WING

Commence with 10 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each of next 8 ch., 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into each of next 3 d.c., 1 hlf. tr. into each of next 3 d.c., 1 tr. into each of next 3 d.c., 6 ch., 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each of next 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last tr. made, work along opposite side of ch. as follows: 5 tr. into first ch., 1 tr. into each of next 2 ch., 1 hlf. tr. into each of next 3 ch., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 ch., 1 d.c. into end of first row, 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

LEFT LOWER WING

Commence with 10 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each of next 8 ch., 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into each of next 3 d.c., 1 hlf. tr. into each of next 3 d.c., 1 tr. into each of next 3 d.c., 6 ch., 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each of next 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of last tr. made, work along opposite side of ch. as follows: 5 tr. into first ch., 1 tr. into each of next 2 ch., 1 hlf. tr. into each of next 3 ch., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 ch., 1 d.c. into end of first row, 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

BODY

Commence with 2 ch., 4 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into back loop of each d.c.

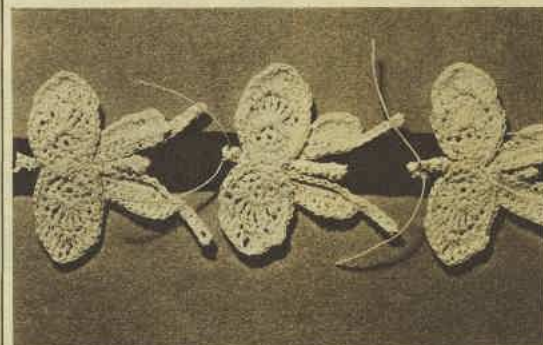
Cont. to work rounds of d.c., working into back loop of each d.c. until piece measures 1½ in. Fasten off, leaving 1½ in. end for one antenna. Sew top together, leaving another 1½ in. end for other antenna.

Sew wings to body, tack upper to lower wings where they meet. Tack both wings together at centre ½ in. from body.

Make 4 more butterflies in same manner.

Starch lightly and press. Sew to velvet ribbon. Fasten ends with hook and eye.

A YOUTHFUL FASHION, this delicate butterfly hairband will add just the right touch of glamor to an evening ensemble. Make it in white or pastel colors for an attractive effect.



CLOSE-UP of the crochet pattern shows how each butterfly is made and attached to a length of velvet ribbon.

TIPS ON HOME FURNISHING

IN these days of efficient switch-about furnishing units there are really no "musts" about the number of rooms you need or how you will furnish them.

For example, if you are not specially keen to have a separate dining-room with a matching suite of furniture, it is perfectly in order and often much cheaper to have a dining-alcove instead.

In this set-up, separate pieces perhaps of different period and wood are decorative and far easier to manage.

TODAY occasional tables need not match the remainder of your furniture, either. However, never have

the top of an end table higher than the arm of the chair or sofa by which it stands.

If in doubt between two occasional tables, it is probably better to choose the



larger one, always provided it does not dwarf its surroundings. Make sure the table is quite solid and unlikely to tip if it is to hold a lamp.

IT is a good idea to have all your tables heatproofed against glass marks and white

circles from hot dishes and water. When the top of an occasional table becomes too marked for use, have a piece of mirror or plate glass fitted on the top.

FURNISHING a bedroom within space limits always calls for ingenuity on the part of the householder.

A double bed takes less space, requires only half as much linen, takes less time to make than twin beds.

In the bedroom one or, better still, two chests-of-drawers for clothes are an asset. These pieces need not match the other furniture, but they should match each other for balance and effect.

Muted shades give glamor



Decorating Ideas

RECTANGULAR arrangement of dried grass, leaves, and seed heads features scotch thistles, protea, pumpas, kangaroo, and other varieties of grass.

SET in a slice of mallee root, this attractive arrangement of dried artichokes, pine cones, gum nuts, and twigs is a symphony in brown.

Women search bush for brown beauty

By RITA DUNSTAN

● At this time of the year, when most people are searching for the last red and gold colored foliage, three Adelaide women are scouring the bush for Nature's best brown tonings.

THEY find them in fallen leaves, nuts, spent pine cones, twigs, and empty seed-pods. And they combine them with dried grass, weeds, and flowers in other shades of brown to make decorative arrangements of compelling beauty.

The three women are Mrs. Edith Renton, her sister Miss Hilda Perry, and their friend Miss Kath Aikmen.

In their house, which is perched on the side of a steep slope at West Stirling, in the Adelaide hills, the women have

a big stock of grass ready for use or hanging to dry.

Behind the house and up a flight of natural stone steps is their studio, where bouquets, baskets, vase arrangements, and tiny nosegays are a fascinating mixture of tonings from pale cream to rich, velvety brown.

Sometimes, when visitors are expected, the picturesque garden outside the studio looks gayer than a bower-bird's nest.

Every hanging basket, every slab of stone or rocky corner is decorated with a seemingly casual arrangement of fruit, vegetables, or berries.

"We do that just for the



HAND-MADE BASKET of watsonia leaves holds delicate arrangement of dried leaves, seed heads, and grass. Gardens in the Adelaide hills yield materials for this floral work.

pleasure of it," said Mrs. Renton. "But the dried-grass arrangements are a business venture. And as for us, the commercial side is a dream come true. We've thought about it for years."

Mrs. Renton, who is a widow, started the work with her husband when he returned from the war in ill health.

Later, her sister joined them and four years ago Miss Aikmen came from Scotland to spend a holiday with the sisters.

"She's been here ever since," said Mrs. Renton.

When Mrs. Renton's husband died two years ago, the three women carried on at "The Acorn," their pretty little studio.

At first their work was sold only locally, but in the past year they have been supplying orders to other States.

Mrs. Renton believes one of the main attractions of the work is the variety of seeds, grass, and nuts gleaned from the nearby bush and hill gardens.

"In other States they are not so readily available," she said.

Mrs. Renton, who, according to the other two women, "gets all the mad ideas," uses some unexpected "props" in her arrangements.

At the side of one she has tucked a bird's nest. Others are mounted on a base of mallee root.

Her advice to anyone who would like to try her hand at the work is to choose grass that has good shape and color.

If picked before it has dried naturally, grass should be hung upside down so it dries slowly and keeps its natural contours.

Mallee root bases should be sliced so the under side is flat. Choose a piece with a hole which will act as a container for the grass.

Spray the wood well with vermin spray, to get rid of ants, and clean out all the grooves or small holes.

Place tall stems in first, using plaster of paris, modelling clay, or potter's clay to hold them in place.

Arrange smaller stems in front in the shape desired, and make artificial stems of wire for cones or nuts used at the bottom of the arrangement.

And here are just a few of the materials you can use:

Gum nuts, sycamore seeds, jacaranda seeds, kurrajong pods, scotch thistles, banksia nuts, cedar roses, chestnuts, cactus, dock, aquilegia, gypsophila.

Anything, in fact, that is thoroughly dry, shapely, and—a nice shade of brown.



MRS. EDITH RENTON (left) and her sister, Miss Hilda Perry, at work in their studio filling a basket with foliage gathered in the Adelaide hills nearby. The studio contains many interesting specimens of their unusual handicraft.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 16, 1958

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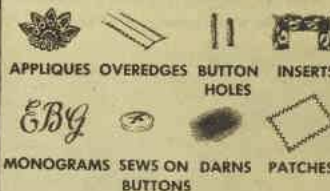
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Housewives' aches, pains

● Do housewives have more aches and pains than their unmarried sisters? I find it very hard to decide.

MANY mothers just put up with their pains and don't do anything about them because they are too busy and too afraid that the doctor will send them to bed.

But backaches or night cramps or what many women refer to as "my rheumatism" should never be ignored. They are Nature's protest that all is not well.

First of all, this word rheumatism. According to the dictionary it means "a painful disease of the muscles and joints accompanied by swelling and stiffness."

That describes the three main types of rheumatism: acute rheumatic fever, which occurs in young people; rheumatoid arthritis, mainly afflicting women, a very crippling disease that has been alleviated by cortisone and other new drugs; and osteoarthritis, which occurs in older people.

All different

But they are really three entirely different conditions.

Rheumatic fever occurs with an infection associated with a particular germ.

Rheumatoid arthritis is still a mystery, but we are learning that it has a lot to do with gland function and mental stress.

Osteoarthritis is what we call a degenerative condition, in which bones are not as strong as they used to be, grow unevenly, and little spiky bits

press where they shouldn't; and joints that are not being used enough or too much are beginning to object and stiffen.

Those are the main types of rheumatism, but they are not what most women complain about, because the term rheumatism is also used to describe fibrositis, neuritis, and myositis.

These denote inflammation of body tissue, nerves, and muscles — all very common, and associated with infections, cold, and injury.

Sciatica and lumbago also come into this group.

Sciatica means pain from the sciatic nerve; it is a very severe pain shooting down the back of the leg and can be due to anything irritating the nerve. It could be one of those little spikes of bone in osteoarthritis, or an inflamed sheath round the nerve, or even a "slipped disc."

Slipped discs are very popular these days, because only in recent years have we realised that sometimes after an injury the little hard discs between the bones in the spine can slip, or be compressed, and press on nerves, causing severe pain.

A lot can be done to cure this condition, and occasionally an operation is necessary.

Treating sciatica with some patent medicine is silly and may be dangerous.

Osteopaths and chiropractors are not qualified doctors, so if you go to them for treatment be examined by a doctor first.

Several big hospitals have

DR. CLAIR ISBITER, in this second extract from her recently published book, "What Is Your Problem, Mother?" discusses rheumatism and other housewives' aches and pains.

rheumatism clinics where specialists, mainly interested in rheumatic diseases, are willing to have patients thoroughly investigated and to send back reports to their own doctors.

Cause of backache

Kidney disease is a rare cause of backache; the common causes are faulty posture and displacements and infections of the female organs.

Most of you know the awful, exhausting backache that you get if you try to do too much too early after having a baby. Your bones are not back to being firmly held together as they used to be, and your womb is still big, and everything drags.

A good pair of corsets, exercises, and proper rest soon correct all this. But there are quite a few conditions of the female organs that cause pain and need a doctor to diagnose them.

Many women get backaches from bad posture, sitting badly, wearing slippers and then high heels, and working in bad positions.

When I was a resident doctor at a hospital I assisted a

distinguished surgeon at his operations. He was several inches shorter than I, and the operating-tables were adjusted for him. As I straightened my aching back after a six-hour session I often wondered if it was worth it.

Many women are doing this, working at tables that are too low, stooping to iron, yet they could do something about it.

Many of us would be much better for a few exercises to straighten our backs, tighten our tummy muscles, and get our bodies working the way Nature intended them to.

I don't mean we should not wear corsets. Most of us look and feel a lot better for support in the right places.

But don't think you can wear them very tight, particularly round the waist, and then take them off and start scrubbing the kitchen; your back and tummy will object to that treatment.

Two types of pain occur very commonly in housewives.

The first is caused by carrying heavy shopping-baskets. This weighs on the nerves in the neck and may make them press on a bone.

You may not notice any pain at the time, but you wake up in the night with quite severe pain in your arm, perhaps tingling, funny feelings in your fingers. This is common and can be very worrying.

The cure, of course, is to get a shopping-bag on wheels.

The other pain, cramps in the legs, also often follows heavy shopping and a lot of walking. Rubbing or a hot-water bag will ease them.

As we get older we get some narrowing of our arteries. It becomes important to see that



SEVERE pain, caused by carrying heavy weights such as shopping-bags or baby's bath full of water, is a warning by Nature that you are overstraining yourself.

our legs are kept warm and rested when possible. Doctors sometimes order a dose of the quinine for a heavy day to prevent the cramps.

But it is not serious, and does not mean that you are to give up walking or regard yourself as sick.

The narrowing of the artery is just a spasm and will pass off. It is Nature's warning to treat your legs with more respect.

As women grow older they appreciate the value of good posture and good eating and resting habits.

Bones that are weaker are

glad of less to carry and glad to have less strain on them. When the circulation of the blood is not as good as it used to be, warmth means a lot.

Any pain that is present for more than a few days should be seen by a doctor. It may be just a muscle protesting at misuse, but it may be warning of something requiring treatment.

NEXT WEEK:

Anaemia—and what to do about it.

Velvet Soap now in a Handy Carton!

"IT'S THE SAME GOOD PURE VELVET SOAP AT THE SAME THRIFTY PRICE"

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... Velvet's new, handy carton fits snugly into your shopping basket or string bag.



EASIER TO STORE

... packs away neatly in your cupboard and is always fresh and firm when required for use.



VELVET'S EXTRA SOAPY SUDS MAKE CLOTHES LAST LONGER, KEEP HANDS SOFT AND PRETTY

P.S. You can still get Velvet in the Big Economy Size Bar.

CONTAINS 4 HANDY SIZE TABLETS

Here comes the Queen of Hearts
with delicious

CHOCOLATE CRACKLES

You'll be Queen of Hearts in your kitchen too, when you run up a batch of delicious Chocolate Crackles*. Your children will love them, father too will be in for his share — and what's more Chocolate Crackles are so easy to make. Have a look at the simple, no-cooking recipe below. Try it today — you'll love them.



HERE'S THE FAMOUS RECIPE

No cooking...made in minutes!

8 OZS. COPHA†, 8 OZS. ICING SUGAR,
3 HEAPED TABLESPOONS CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA‡,
1 CUP COCONUT, 4 CUPS KELLOGG'S RICE BUBBLES§.

1. Combine all the dry ingredients in a good-sized mixing bowl.
2. Melt Copha gently. Pour on to dry ingredients and mix well.
3. Spoon into paper cake containers and allow to set. (Keep in cool place, or the refrigerator, in hot weather.)

NEW, DELIGHTFUL VARIATIONS...

CHOCOLATE MINT CRACKLES — add 1 cup crushed pink-and-white bull's-eyes.

CHOCOLATE CRACKLE NESTS — Shape mixture into little nests and fill with jellybeans.

ORANGE CRACKLES — Add the thinly-grated rind of one large orange to the dry ingredients.

FRUIT CRACKLES — Stir in 1 cup crushed fruit drops or boiled sweets.



Copha... for your most important cooking! Copha is a pure white vegetable shortening. Copha is ideal for all your cakes, biscuits and pastries. Try it, too, for frying—Copha fries foods wonderfully crisp and light.

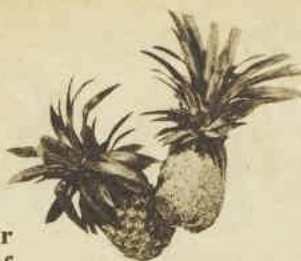
Hear them Snap! Crackle! Pop! with goodness. Just add milk to Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—crispest cereal that ever came out of a packet and they'll Snap! Crackle! Pop! with goodness! With hot milk or cold, Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are a delicious breakfast for the whole family.

A cup of Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa every day... keeps you healthy, warm and gay. It's the ideal drink for the whole family. Everybody loves its smooth chocolate flavour. Serve it for supper tonight!

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N186

Final Progress Prizes in Pineapple Contest



Below are the three final progress prizewinners in our Pineapple Contest, which closed on July 8. The names of the main prizewinners will be announced during August.

MORE than 40,000 entries were received from readers in this successful contest.

All progress prizewinning recipes still have a chance of winning one of the big prizes, including the Grand Champion Prize of £500 for the best recipe in the contest.

Here are this week's three final progress prizewinning recipes:

Meat section

PROGRESS Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Walker, 94 Evandale St., Floreat Park, W.A., for:

WESTERN PARTY CHICKEN

Choux Pastry: One cup water, 2oz. butter, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 3 eggs, egg-glazing, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched split almonds.

Place water and butter in saucepan and bring to the boil. Add flour and salt, mix well. Remove from heat, add eggs one at a time, beating vigorously until smooth. Fill mixture into a greased 9in. sandwich-tin, brush with egg-glazing, sprinkle almonds over top. Bake in a moderately hot

oven 25 to 35 minutes. Remove from oven; allow to cool. Carefully split in half, fill with the following mixture.

Filling: Two cups chicken stock, 1 cup cream or well-chilled evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked rice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups cooked diced chicken (or use veal, tuna, or rabbit), 1 small tin crushed pineapple (drained), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched split almonds.

Combine chicken stock, cream or evaporated milk, and rice; heat until mixture begins to thicken. Add chicken, pineapple, and nuts; stir until boiling; simmer 5 minutes.

Dessert section

PROGRESS Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Matthews, 11 Junction St., Stone's Corner, Brisbane, for:

DELECTA TART

Biscuit Case: One cup biscuit crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas, 4oz. dark chocolate, 3oz. soft butter caramels, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Coconut-Pineapple Mixture: One cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 14oz. butter, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ table-spoons cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coco-

nut, 1 cup drained, crushed, tinned pineapple, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, extra sugar.

Mix together biscuit crumbs, coconut, and sultanas. Melt chocolate and chopped caramels over low heat; add milk and stir until smooth. Add to biscuit mixture and mix well. Press into 9in. tart-plate and chill until firm.

Dissolve the sugar in boiling water, add pineapple juice and butter, stir until melted. Add well-beaten egg-yolks and cornflour, blended with a little milk. Cook until thickened, add coconut, pineapple, and lemon juice, and cool. Pour into case and top with meringue made from the egg-whites and 5 extra table-spoons sugar. Place in slow oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve cold.

Cake section

PROGRESS Prize of £5 to Miss P. Glover, 343 Bay St., North Brighton, Vic., for:

RUSSIAN FRUIT GINGERBREAD

Half cup each of preserved ginger and chopped walnuts, 1 cup chopped preserved pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed can-

died peel and maraschino or glace cherries, 2oz. butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 2 table-spoons treacle, 2 table-spoons pineapple juice, pinch salt, 5oz. plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ tea-spoon each of cinnamon, ground ginger, mixed spice, and bicarbonate of soda, apricot jam, extra nuts.

Cream butter and sugar together in basin until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg, treacle, pineapple juice, fruit, and chopped nuts, fold in sifted dry ingredients. Fill mixture into a greased slab-tin and bake in a moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes. Allow to cool. Brush sides with warmed apricot jam, coat with chopped nuts. Prepare topping.

Topping: Quarter-pound ground almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. icing sugar, 2 eggs, 1 table-spoon pineapple juice, pieces preserved pineapple and chopped glace cherries.

Sift icing sugar into basin, add almonds, then add lightly beaten eggs, mix well. Lastly add pineapple juice. Fill into a piping-bag fitted with a star tube; pipe in a lattice design over top of gingerbread. Place under a hot griller for a few minutes. Decorate alternate squares with pieces of pineapple and cherry.

*** GIVE A LIFT TO YOUR COOKING TODAY WITH**



There's no end to what you can do with wonderful Keen's Curry. Its unique, smooth, spicy piquancy gives a new lift to all meats, eggs, seafoods, pre-dinner dips or leftovers.

CURRY WITH COLD MEAT

2 oz. butter or dripping; $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. stock or water; 1 chopped peeled onion; 1 tbspn. Holbrooks Chutney; 1 dstpn. Keen's Curry; 1 tbspn. flour; 1 apple or peeled tomato; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cold cooked meat; 2 tbspn. cream off top of milk; 1 tspn. lemon; salt to taste.

Melt butter, stir in onion and flour mixed with Keen's Curry. Add peeled and chopped apple or tomato, then stock with salt to taste. Stir till boiling and simmer 30 minutes. Add meat, stand for 30 minutes, then reheat and stir in cream and chutney. Add lemon juice just before serving with boiled rice.

PRIZE RECIPES BY READERS

Two prizes are awarded in this week's regular contest for readers.

THE main prize of £5 is awarded to a mouth-watering recipe for chocolate-coated marshmallow biscuits.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded for a simple recipe for chow mein.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHOCOLATE ROYALS

Biscuit Mixture: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2 table-spoons water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla until light and fluffy; add water, beat well. Work in sifted flour. Roll small pieces of dough into balls, arrange on greased oven-tray. Press lightly with prongs of fork to flatten. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on trays.

Marshmallow: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 dessert-spoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 dessert-spoon lemon juice, few drops of coloring.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in saucepan. Boil steadily 10 minutes. Remove from heat, allow to cool. Add lemon juice and coloring. Beat until thick and fluffy; spoon on to biscuits. Allow to set before coating with chocolate.

Chocolate Coating: Half cup drinking chocolate (dry powder), 3oz. solid-type white shortening.

Sift chocolate powder through a fine strainer into a small basin. Melt shortening over low heat and pour slowly and carefully on to chocolate powder, mixing thoroughly with a wooden spoon. Allow to cool and thicken slightly. Coat each biscuit with chocolate, drain, and place on a cake-cooler to set.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Pitt, "Killymoon," Mount Nicholas, Tas.



BISCUIT-DIPPING, as required in the recipe for Chocolate Royals given on this page, is much easier if you pierce the marshmallow topping with a fine skewer. Carefully spoon chocolate over biscuit, drain well, then remove skewer.

FAMILY DISH

SELECTING cheaper cuts of steak in place of costly grilling steak is budget-wise. For a change, try serving inexpensive meat cuts with a tasty sauce as suggested in this week's family dish. This dish costs approximately 6/6 and serves four.

SPECIAL GRILLED STEAK

Four pieces undercut of bladebone steak (one for each serving), 4 small onions or 6 shallots, 2 dessert-spoons shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon finely chopped garlic, pinch salt, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley.

Grill steak, taking care not to overcook. Peel onions or shallots, slice thinly. Fry in melted shortening until tender. Drain off excess shortening, add wine, garlic, salt, and tomato puree. Stir over gentle heat until boiling. Spoon over steak on heated serving-plates, sprinkle with parsley, and serve with creamed potatoes and green vegetables in season.

CHOW MEIN

Two cups sliced onions, 1 cup chopped red or green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, 1 cup sliced mushrooms, 3 table-spoons shortening, 2 cups cooked diced pork, 2 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely shredded blanched almonds, 1 table-spoon soya sauce (or a mixture of Worcestershire sauce and vinegar), 2 cups stock.

Heat shortening in pan, add onions, pepper, celery, and mushrooms, cook until soft. Add pork, salt, pepper, sauce, and stock, simmer, tightly covered, for 30-40 minutes. Serve on a platter sprinkled with almonds and accompanied by fried noodles or egg fritters.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Turner, 159 Laurel Ave., Chelmer, Brisbane.

Keen's Curry

MADE BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF KEEN'S MUSTARD

A212A

10 Outstanding Rosella Soups

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ASPARAGUS — CELERY
CREAM OF CHICKEN
SCOTCH BROTH
PEA with HAM
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MULLIGATAWNY

Every Soup
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—twice as much
full strength
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every can.



Rosella
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SOUPS

Creamy Rich, Rice Pudding!

so easy and economical made with Nestlé's Milk!



First step—put the rice, well washed, into a buttered pie dish.



Now simply mix and add all the other ingredients.



Sprinkle a little nutmeg on top and leave to bake in a slow oven for 1½ to 2 hours.



Here it is! Really rich and creamy — a wonderfully tempting dish!



Served hot or cold the whole family will love it—and there's enough for 4 to 6.



BAKED RICE PUDDING

Ingredients:

- 3 rounded tablespoons Sunwhite Rice
- 1 cup Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 1 cup water
- Pinch of salt
- Vanilla or other flavouring
- 2 teaspoons butter
- Pinch grated nutmeg

For additional richness and creaminess, add 2 eggs well beaten up with water.

No doubt about it—for pies, for cakes, for puddings, for salad dressings, for sweets, for **all** your cooking—nothing adds so much richness and flavour as Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk. It's wonderful, too, in tea . . . and kiddies love it as a tasty, nourishing spread on bread or biscuits. Use it often—wonderful Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk.



NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK



APPLES...sweet, spicy and savory

- Apples are now at the peak of their crisp and juicy perfection. Widely popular as a fresh fruit, apples are also a wonderful source of vitamins and minerals for your family when cooked in various appetising ways.

FOR all-round versatility and usefulness, apples hold a unique place in the daily diet. Full of health-giving elements, this fruit contains vitamins A, B, and C, and minerals such as potassium, sodium, magnesium, and phosphorus.

Obviously, it is most important to preserve as much of this goodness as possible when cooking apples.

Apple dishes range from homely to elegant, depending on the occasion and personal taste. On this page are new ideas for using apples as well as some favorite stand-by recipes.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

BLUSHING APPLE SHORTCAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups flour, pinch salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 2-3rds cup milk, 3 cooking apples, 1 tin frozen raspberries or loganberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, whipped cream.

Cream shortening with sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg; mix well. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and baking powder alternately with milk. Fill mixture evenly into two well-greased 7in. square or round sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. When cooked, cool on cake-cooler. Meanwhile, prepare apple mixture. Peel, core, and quarter apples, cut into thick slices. Place apples in a saucepan with water and extra sugar, cover, and cook over low heat until apples are cooked but not broken.

Remove from heat, drain, and reserve syrup. Drain liquid from loganberries, add apple syrup, make up to 1 cup (adding extra water if necessary). Place in saucepan, stir in arrowroot blended with a little water, cook over heat, stirring constantly until mixture boils and thickens. Remove from heat, carefully stir in apple pieces and loganberries. Allow to cool slightly. Place half the fruit mixture on one shortcake, cover with second shortcake. Spoon balance of apple mixture on to cake, top with whipped cream.

SPARERIBS WITH APPLEKRAUT

Two pounds pork spareribs, fat, salt, pepper, flour, 4 apples, 2 onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon caraway seeds, sauerkraut.

Wipe spareribs, coat with seasoned flour. Heat fat in pan, add spareribs and brown on all sides. Cover pan and continue cooking 20 minutes, turning occasionally to prevent burning. Lift meat pieces from pan; drain well. Place prepared sauerkraut in shallow baking-dish, mix in apples, cored and cut into thin slices, sliced onions, and caraway seeds. Arrange spareribs on top, cover closely, and bake in a moderate oven further 40 minutes.

To make sauerkraut: Shred cabbage finely, sprinkle heavily with salt, set aside 1 hour. Drain off any liquid. Add 1 cup vinegar, 6 peppercorns, and 4 cloves, press down firmly; stand 2 or 3 days.

Note: When ordering spareribs from your butcher, explain to him they are the under ribs cut from the pork breast flap into sections approximately $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

CRISP APPLE TURNOVERS

Two and a half cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated tasty cheese, approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, cups apple pulp (sweetened to taste), 1 teaspoon cinnamon, butter, icing-sugar.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in shortening; add cheese. Mix to a firm dough with sufficient cold water. Roll out on lightly floured board to 1-8th inch thickness, cut into 4in. or 5in. squares. Place a spoonful of apple



pulp in centre of each square, sprinkle lightly with cinnamon, dot with butter. Moisten edges of pastry, fold in half diagonally to form a triangle. Seal edges with prongs of fork. Chill in refrigerator 1 hour. Make small slits in pastry, fry in hot deep fat or oil 3 to 5 minutes or until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot, liberally dusted with icing-sugar.

BUTTERSCOTCH APPLE DUMPLINGS

Four medium-sized cooking apples, 4 thin strips of lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 6oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 3oz. good shortening, water.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE: Four tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons water.

Peel and core apples. Fill centres with brown sugar and butter and a piece of lemon rind. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with small quantity of water.

Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Cut into four, roll each piece thinly. Place an apple on each and mould dough lightly over apple. Place in shallow ovenware dish, add butterscotch syrup made by combining all ingredients and

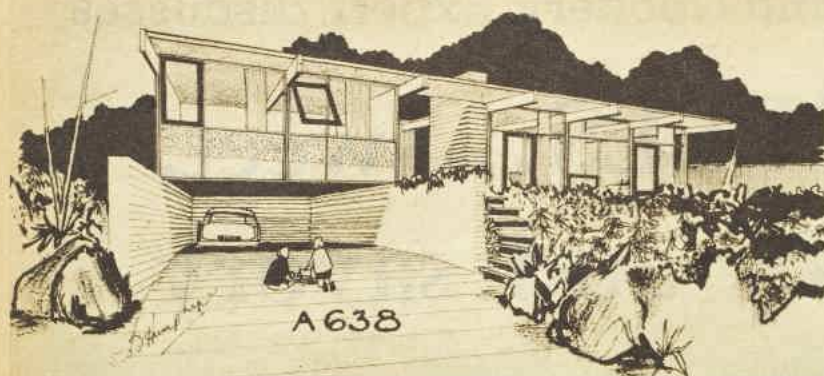
CRISP, JUICY APPLES are at their best at this time of the year. Here are four delicious ways of using them: in crunchy cheese-flavored turnovers, delicious shortcake, pork spareribs, and spicy apple chutney.

beating gently until well mixed. Bake in hot oven for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and cook a further 25 to 30 minutes or until apples are tender when tested. Two or three times during cooking baste apple dumplings with the butterscotch syrup.

SPICY APPLE CHUTNEY

Three or 4 tart cooking apples, 2 cups water, 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cider vinegar, 1 cup raisins, 1 onion, 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each salt, ginger, and nutmeg, 1 cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced red pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chilli sauce.

Place cored and sliced apples, water, sugar, vinegar, raisins, sliced onion and lemon, mustard, salt, ginger, and nutmeg into a large saucepan; mix well. Bring to a boil and simmer 30 minutes. Add walnuts, red pepper, and chilli sauce and simmer 15 minutes longer. Pour mixture into warm sterilised jars; seal down airtight.



House of character

● A flat roof and exposed beams that extend like an awning establish the character of this contemporary house.

THE architect, F. T. Humphrys, of Melbourne, has relied on well-proportioned lines and harmonious balance to give this week's "signature" plan an interesting appearance. It is available at our Home Planning Centres for £7/7/-.

in brick and 11.6 squares in timber or fibro.

Approximate costs of building this home would be:

In South Australia: Brick, £3950; timber, £3650; asbestos, £3450.

In Queensland: Brick, £5465; timber, £3650; fibro, £3550.

In Canberra: Brick, £5650; timber, £4125.

In New South Wales: Brick, £5500; timber, £4035; fibro, £3795.

In Victoria: Brick, £4950; brick veneer, £4455; fibro, £3650.

A double garage is under the building, so no unnecessary width is added to the design, which would fit a block of approximately 60ft. frontage. The garage could also be used as a children's play area in wet weather.

The interior of the house is thoughtfully planned to make a comfortable family home. Bedrooms are conveniently separated from living quarters. Two of the bedrooms have capacious wardrobe units.

Another excellent storage unit is the fuel cupboard in the chimney wall of the living-room—a boon on wet days.

The connecting living-dining-room gives the extra space often needed for entertaining, but can be closed off by sliding doors when separate rooms are required.

There is a useful corner for quick meals in the large kitchen. The remainder of the kitchen is planned as a compact work zone.

The total area of this modern home is 12.6 squares

Our Home Planning Centres

OUR Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to assist all intending home-builders.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee, £7/1/-.

A new standard plan is published every week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

HOME PLAN LEAFLETS are compiled periodically from a selection of our standard plans. The leaflets available at present are "22 Home Plans" and "21 Home Plans," price 2/6 each, plus 4d. postage. Inquire at your nearest Home Planning Centre.

PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED to any reader's individual requirements or design, or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee is £1/1/- per square.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home is given by our Centres. These services to help you plan the ideal home include site inspections, ground-plan sketches, sketch perspectives.

The resources of the stores in which our Home Planning Centres are established are available to assist the home-builder. They are:

MELBOURNE and GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

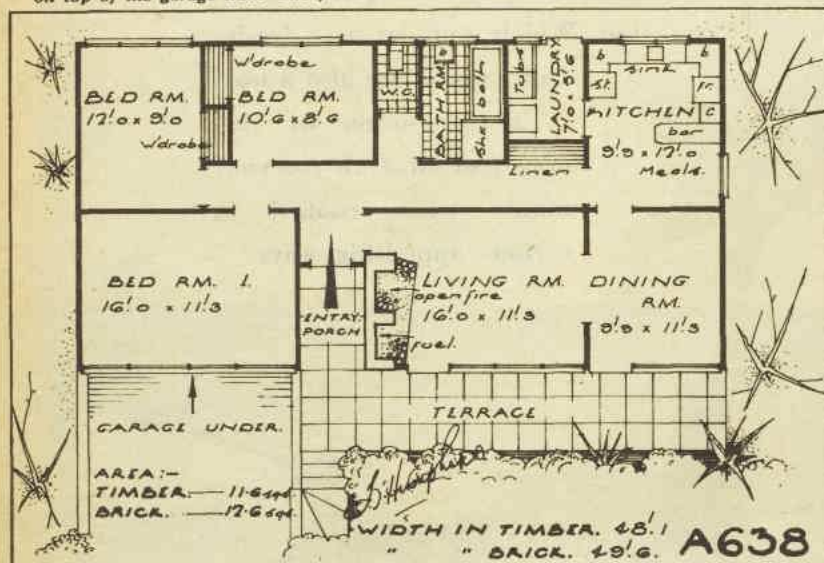
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.

MIRANDA: Master Builders' Bureau.



FLOOR LAYOUT of the home. The plumbing is economical because kitchen, laundry, and bathroom are together along one exterior wall. There is a separate toilet.

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You can wash-up a dozen times a day with New Persil and still your hands stay smooth and pretty. Same thing on washday! You'll get that famous Persil whiteness with a gentleness your hands will love. More pure soap — that's

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washing machine

PERSIL WASHES WHITER



P.167.WW70g

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 16, 195



COLORFUL corner in a sunroom where pots of cyclamen make a display. Pots can be moved about to show full flowers.

Potting cyclamen

● These delicate flowers make a bright show indoors. Their corms can be preserved so that they will bloom again next season.

WITH care, the corms will last from seven to eight years.

Watering should be gradually reduced to just enough to prevent the corms withering.

They often grow as large as a small turnip and can be cut into divisions, each with a short sprout attached. These divisions should be let dry for two or three days before being potted, as they will rot if planted while wet.

Corms sometimes develop a soft, slimy bacterial rot while in flower or during resting period. This is usually due to excessive watering of old soil that should have been replaced.

Various fungi, including grey or pinkish colored mould, also affect plants that are kept too wet.

Destroy infected leaves and spray with Bordeaux mixture.

Throw out infected soil and repot corms.

Use fibrous soil that holds moisture well and see that the drainage in pots is good. Fill the pots to within $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of the top of the rim. Make a shallow indentation, place the corm right way up in the middle, and press soil down firmly.

Cyclamen are often over-watered, often left constantly in saucers of water.

Never let the soil become dry while the plants are in bloom. Avoid wetting either corm or foliage by placing the pot in water until it absorbs sufficient moisture.

In their native habitat in the Mediterranean islands and Asia Minor, cyclamen grow on well-drained hillsides.

They get plenty of light and aeration, but are generally screened by bushes or small trees from strong sun.

When grown under glass or in the house they should be given similar protection.

Cyclamen seed takes from 15 to 18 months to reach maturity and flowering stage.

They can be sown at almost any time if the gardener has frames or a glasshouse.

The tiny corms which form are very soft and succulent, and usually have one long, slender root. They take about two months to show above the surface, but should not be disturbed until the plants have two good leaves, when they may be set out in 2-inch pots.

A fresh, fibrous, well-drained loam containing one-fifth well-rotted cow manure is best for potting cyclamen. Give each seedling a 3-inch pot when root growth demands the space. They need 6 or 9-inch pots as they increase in size.

PROBLEMS

Readers' garden problems will be solved by our garden expert if they write, giving full details and enclosing specimens of pests and diseases of plants. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address queries to "Garden Expert," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



WAGON LOAD of blooms (above) can be wheeled from room to room. Plants can also be put in good position.



WROUGHT IRON three-legged stand. These pictures were taken at Green Fingers Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

SQUAT holder for a window-sill (right) is another attractive way of displaying cyclamen or other indoor plants.



Gay, beautiful "Springtime" pattern in new "Miracle Finish" Nairnprint makes an entrancing floor for this girl's room. (Same lovely "Springtime" pattern also available in backgrounds of light grey, aqua, blue, mushroom and dark grey).

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attend and I wandered around a few hospitals as well."

"What do you think of French medicine now you've had a chance to see some of it?" Beddoes asked, the investigator within operating automatically.

"Well"—Haislip managed to look away from Christina for a moment—"they function differently from ours over there. Intuitively. They don't have all the equipment we have, or the money for research, and they have to make up for it with insight and intuition." He grinned. "If you're feeling poorly, Mr. Beddoes," he said, "don't hesitate to put yourself in their hands. You'll do just about as well here as any place else."

"I feel all right," Beddoes said, then felt that it had been an idiotic thing to say. The conversation was beginning to make him uncomfortable, not because of anything that had been said, but because of the way the man kept looking, so openly and confessingly and completely, at Christina. There was a little pause and Beddoes had the feeling that unless he jumped in they would sit in silence for ever. "Do any sightseeing?" he asked lamely.

"Not as much as I'd like," Haislip said. "Just around Paris. I'd love to go down south this time of the year. That place Christina keeps talking about. St. Paul de Venice. I guess that's about as different from Seattle as a man could wish for and still get running water and Christian nourishment. You've been there, haven't you, Mr. Beddoes?"

"Yes," Beddoes said. "Christina told me," said Haislip. "Oh, thank you," he said to the waiter who put the lemonade down in front of him. Beddoes stared at Christina. He wondered what, exactly, she had told the doctor.

"We'll make it the next trip," Haislip said.

"Oh," said Beddoes, noting the "we" and wondering whom it included. "You planning to come over again soon?"

"In three years," Haislip carefully extracted the ice from his lemonade and put it on the

Continuing . . . This Year, Next Year

[from page 26]

saucer. "I figure I can get away for six weeks in the summer every three years. People don't get so sick in the summer-time," he stood up. "Pardon me," he said, "but I have to make a couple of telephone calls."

"Downstairs and to the right," Christina said. "The woman'll put the calls through for you. She speaks English."

Haislip laughed. "Christina doesn't trust my French," he said. He started away from the table, then stopped. "I sincerely hope you'll be able to join us for dinner, Mr. Beddoes."

"Well," Beddoes said, "I made a tentative promise I'd meet some people. But I'll see what I can do."

"Good," Haislip touched Christina's shoulder lightly, as though for some obscure reassurance, and walked away between the tables.

Beddoes watched him, thinking unpleasantly. "Well, one thing, I'm better looking, anyway." Then he turned to Christina. She was stirring the tea leaves at the bottom of her cup absently with her spoon.

"That's why the hair is long and natural," Beddoes said. "Isn't it?"

"That's why," Christina kept stirring the tea leaves.

"And the nail polish."

"And the nail polish."

"And the tea."

"And the tea."

"What did you tell him about St. Paul de Venice?"

"Everything."

"Look up from that beastly cup."

Slowly Christina put down the spoon and raised her head. Her eyes were glistening, but not enough to make anything of it, and her mouth was set, as with an effort.

"What do you mean by everything?" Beddoes demanded.

"Everything."

"Why?"

"Because I don't have to hide anything from him."

"How long have you known him?"

"You heard," Christina said.

"Three weeks. A friend of mine in New York asked him to look me up."

"What are you going to do with him?"

Christina looked directly into his eyes. "I'm going to marry him next week and I'm going back to Seattle with him."

"And you'll come back here three years from now for six weeks in the summer-time, because people don't get so sick in the summer-time?" Beddoes said.

"Exactly."

"You said that too defiantly," Beddoes said.

"Don't be clever with me," Christina said harshly. "I'm through with all that."

"Waiter!" Beddoes called.

"Bring me a whisky, please."

He said it in English, because for the moment he had forgotten where he was. "And you," he said to Christina. "For pity's sake, have a drink."

"Another tea," Christina said.

"Yes, Madame," said the waiter, and went off.

"Will you answer some questions?" Beddoes asked.

"Yes."

"Do I get straight answers?"

"Yes."

Beddoes took a deep breath and looked through the window. A man in a raincoat was walking past, reading a newspaper and shaking his head.

"All right," Beddoes said.

"What's so great about him?"

"What can I be expected to say to that?" Christina asked.

"He's a gentle, good, useful man."

"What else?"

"And he loves me." She said it in a low voice. In all the time they'd been together, Beddoes hadn't heard her use the word before. "He loves me," Christina repeatedly flatly.

"I saw," said Beddoes. "Immoderately."

"Immoderately," Christina said.

"Now let me ask another question," Beddoes said. "Would you like to get up from this

table and go off with me to-night?"

Christina pushed her cup away, turning it thoughtfully.

"Yes," she said.

"But you won't," said Beddoes.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Let's talk about something else," said Christina. "Where are you going on your next trip? Kenya? Bonn? Tokyo? Singapore?"

"Why not?"

"Because I'm tired of people like you," Christina said clearly. "I'm tired of correspondents and pilots and promising junior statesmen. I'm tired of all the brilliant young men who are constantly going some place to report a revolution or negotiate a treaty or die in a war. I'm tired of airports and I'm tired of seeing people off. I'm tired of not being allowed to cry until the plane gets off the ground."

"I'm tired of being so prompt. I'm tired of answering the telephone. I'm tired of all the spoiled, hung-over international darlings. I'm tired of sitting down to dinner with people I used to be fond of

and being polite to their Greek girl-friends. I'm tired of running around in a group. I'm tired of being more in love with people than they are with me. That answer your question?"

"More or less," Beddoes said.

"When you left for India," Christina went on, her voice level, "I decided. I leaned against that wire fence watching them refuelling all those monstrous planes, with the lights on, and I dried the tears and I decided. The next time it was going to be someone who would be shattered when I took off."

"And you found him?"

"I found him," Christina said flatly. "And I'm not going to shatter him."

Beddoes put out his hands and took hers. They lay limp in his grasp. "Chris . . ." he said. She was looking out of the window. She sat there, outlined against the shining dusk beyond the plate-glass, scrubbed and youthful and implacable, making him remember, confusedly, the first time he had met her, and all the "best girls" he had ever known.

Holding her hands with the familiar touch of the girlish

fingers against his, he felt that if he could get her to turn her head everything would be different.

"Chris . . ." he whispered.

But she didn't turn her head.

"Write to me in Seattle," she said, staring out of the window, which was streaked with moisture and in which the lights from within the cafe and the lights from the restaurant across the street were reflected and magnified and distorted.

Beddoes let her hands go. She didn't bother to move them. They lay before her, with their pale nail polish glistening dully, on the stained wood table. Beddoes stood up. "I'd better go."

It was difficult to talk and his voice sounded strange to him inside his head, and he thought, Goodness, I'm getting old. I'm tempted to cry in restaurants. "I don't want to wait for the bill," he said.

"Tell your friend I'm sorry I couldn't join you for dinner and that I apologise for leaving him with the bill."

"That's all right," Christina said evenly. "He'll be happy to pay."

Beddoes leaned over and kissed her first on one cheek, then on the other. "Good-bye," he said, thinking he was smiling. "In the French style."

He got his coat quickly and went out. He went past the airline office to the great boulevard and turned the corner, where the veterans had marched half an hour before. He walked blindly towards the Arc de Triomphe, where the laurel leaves of the wreath were already glistening in the evening mist before the tomb and the flame.

He knew that it was a bad night to be alone and that he ought to go in somewhere and telephone and ask someone to have dinner with him. He passed two or three places with telephones, and, although he hesitated before each one, he didn't go in, because there was no one in the whole city he wanted to see that night.

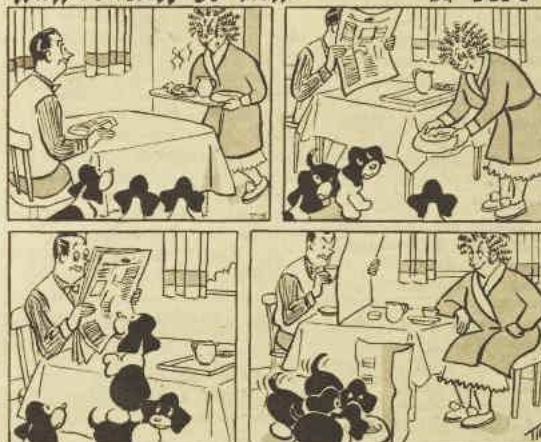
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This story is one of a collection of Irwin Shaw's short stories entitled "Tip on a Dead Jockey" and published by Jonathan Cape.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff-Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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"will do just that. I'll show you. No obligation, remember. Matter of fact, I'd like to do the floor for you, anyway. Any mother of twins is a deserving case."

He gave her the benefit of another disarming smile. The first step over, he reflected happily, gain an entry. The "Salesman's Guide" gave this first step as the most important.

The room he entered was a long, narrow, linoleum-covered one, furnished sparsely enough as a lounge-dining-room. A large old fireplace at one end had been converted by four shelves into a bookcase and place for papers and magazines. A couple of well-worn arm-chairs, another open bookcase, a dining table and chairs, and one or two cane chairs completed the furniture.

Altogether a cheerful room was his feeling as he began to unpack the Briteclean. As he unwrapped and assembled it he explained its several parts. Mrs. Brien sat on one of the arm-chairs and the child perched on her knee firmly resisted all attempts to get her to run outside and play.

"Now, then," he straightened up and surveyed the floor, which was fairly clean but unpolished, "you have a huge floor space here and I'll bet it takes a lot of keeping clean in this weather."

She sighed. "It is hard to keep clean, because this room is in constant use. I try to keep it as clean as possible now that the boys are crawling, but I never polish it. It's got to be washed so often it wouldn't be worth my while."

"This machine is the answer to your problem." He poured liquid polish into the Briteclean's base. "Too much washing will ruin your lino—see here!"—he pointed to a worn patch—"it's dried out and will crack easily. It needs polish to keep it in good condition. It'll last for years if you look after it properly."

He connected the power and began to put the polish on a small area of the room near the open doorway. He talked as he worked, not looking at the two on the chair, but con-

centrating on his demonstration, indicating the many advantages of such a machine.

"Preserves the lino, gives you a clear, non-slip surface and saves you hours of back-breaking work." He turned it off and looked at Mrs. Brien to see how he was going, and he saw the desire in her eyes as they rested on the shining machine and its work. He pressed home his advantage.

"All this scrubbing and polishing on the knees is not good for women. It's true—" he looked serious as she seemed ready to contradict—"and what's more, you must have some leisure time. What's the good of having a family if you're too busy to enjoy it now when you're young?"

"Briteclean?" she summed it up, "will clean and polish beautifully for you with a minimum of effort. It saves you money on your lino, and you have time for relaxation. What more could you want?"

Now for step three, Jimmy thought. Entry gained, goods shown and admired—so far, so good. Now to the discussion of finance. This required utmost tact and the approach varied with the financial situation of the hoped-for client.

In his experience this was where a salesman won or lost—this was the crucial point which could lead either to a decision to fetch the cash or a cool dismissal.

Jimmy dropped his voice confidentially as though the very walls had ears. "The usual price is 50 guineas and I can assure you they aren't hard to sell at that." He laughed self-consciously. "I've sold four today."

He couldn't resist that bit of bragging. "But the firm allows me to give special terms in special cases. Of course, you know it's always better to buy electrical goods on time-payment. I'd never buy anything electrical for cash. If you haven't paid for it in full you'll get better service for those minor faults that often crop up. I'll tell you what I'll do; you can have it for only five pounds down and the rest over a period of two years—just a few shillings a week."

Continuing . . . A Salesman Sold

[from page 19]

She gazed at him and at the machine—a symphony in chrome and black. She said nothing.

He pressed on. "Apart from the first payment, child endowment would cover the weekly payment, and what better use would there be for endowment than to help the mother? My wife uses hers to buy gadgets on time-payment and I think it's a marvellous idea."

She looked defeated. To make annihilation complete he added a last personal touch as he came closer to her. "I'd like to see you have it, you deserve it. I'm sure your husband would buy it for you like a shot."

"My husband!" she said, and clutched at the thought as strongly as a drowning man would at the proverbial straw. "Naturally he'd have to see it. I could do nothing unless he

Every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful.

—Disraeli

saw it and agreed. We've had a bad season, you know, and things aren't too bright for us financially."

"When will he be in?" Jimmy asked hopefully.

"Not until very late," she spoke decisively now. "I'm afraid it's impossible, Mr. Elbourne." She rose and went over to the machine.

"It's lovely," she said regretfully, "but we can't always have what we want, can we? I do hope that it makes no difference to you. I mean, you get a commission on the sale, I suppose?"

"No," he said, "I'm only on a salary, you see—but listen—I'll leave it here overnight if you like and your husband can see it. How about that? I've got to come this way in the morning."

"That's kind of you," she said, "but he may decide not to buy it. I couldn't be sure."

"Oh, no obligation. Like to do it for you."

Jimmy was so sure he'd sold it to her, and no husband, even if he were an ogre, could resist once he saw how it would save his wife.

"Sit down," she said suddenly. "I could do with a cup of tea and I'm sure you could, too."

He sank gratefully into one of the comfortable old chairs, and watched as she moved quickly about the kitchen.

She brought a steaming cup of tea and a tin of home-made biscuits and he thought, "This is my lucky day!"

"You live in the city, I suppose? I hear the housing problem is even worse than ever."

"It certainly is," he spoke seriously. "We couldn't find anywhere to live when we married except a tiny flatette. It's a bed-sitting-room, a small sun balcony, use of kitchen and bathroom, and the company of one Mrs. Rosser—landlady."

She seemed interested. The fire lay in glowing coals in the hearth, the tea was comfortably hot, and he was naturally talkative on the subject of all landladies and Mrs. Rosser in particular. He told her something of their difficulties.

"It must be hard to share a kitchen," she said sympathetically.

"The old girl makes my wife's life a misery. She's a neurotic old hag"—he spoke bitterly because he hated to leave Myra with her, but there was no alternative. "Nothing Myra does is right and she tries so hard to please—too hard, I think. Of course she's got us where she wants us. She could kick us out any time and we don't stand a chance."

"What a bad atmosphere in which to rear a child. It must be awful for your wife."

He started slightly as he remembered the imaginary child. Heavens! a child in the flat would be the end!

"How does your wife manage

with the washing and ironing for the baby?"

"Oh, it's hard, of course." He thought quickly. "Drying clothes is the trouble in that confined space. It's sunny on the balcony and that's a help." He said hastily, "Oh, I know how you mothers need help, you're the hardest working members of the community and doing the most important job."

"Talking of help for mothers," she disappeared into the next room and came back with a pile of napkins and a folded wooden clothes-horse. "My husband designed this for me and I find it invaluable. We got the idea from a partly folded play-pen. You see," she set it up in front of her and began to hang the napkins across the rungs, "the clothes hang clear of each other because the uprights are slanted. It takes fifty napkins or a great number of baby clothes, and they dry very quickly, either in the sun or by the fire."

"What a good idea!" he said admiringly, and watched with a half smile as she handled the clothes-horse. She was a different person now, moving quickly and speaking brightly.

"Your wife can't get the clothes dry in the laundry space underneath the flats and anyway they get dirty there. Well, the sunny balcony would be an ideal place for this, and when it's not in use as a clothes-horse, why"—she folded it neatly—"it can be put right out of the way against the wall, or"—she placed it flat across the doorway—"used to pen up an adventurous toddler in a nice sunny spot while mother gets her jobs done."

She stood before him flushed with enthusiasm and looking ridiculously young to be a mother of three.

"Quite frankly, I don't see how you could possibly be without one in your circumstances, Mr. Elbourne. They are a must for mothers in every home."

"I'll buy her one in town and give her a surprise," he promised weakly.

"Poof!" she wrinkled her

nose, "you'd never get one like this. My husband designed it and as it happens I have a spare one. Those things you get at the best stores are just so much rubbish and you pay through the nose for them, too. Tell you what, then—I'll let you have this one for thirty shillings and that's barely cost price. I'd like your wife to have the convenience of one."

"But surely you'll need it?" he protested feebly in the face of this magnanimity. With her tea and biscuits under his belt he felt quite helpless.

"No!" she overrode his protests, "you understand so well all the trials and tribulations of us mothers. Not many men do. You deserve to be able to give this wonderful gadget to your wife."

He looked at her suspiciously. It sounded very much like the "Salesman's Guide," but no hint of a smile was in her eyes—only concern. She walked with him as he carried the thing to the car and the jauntiness had left his walk.

He paid the thirty shillings from his overcoat pocket and she took it diffidently. Then "Wait a second," she said, and ran lightly back to the house. The winter's day was closing in and there was a melancholy in the countryside which was in tune with his thoughts.

She reappeared carrying a neatly boxed Briteclean. "I can't possibly worry my husband with this just now. Honestly," she said bravely, "I can manage without it. But thanks for showing it to me just the same. One day I'll get one," she promised.

As he drove off with a clash of gears, the thing rattled about in the back of the car and his spirits had dropped to zero. The greatest jolt had been that irrespressible gleam in her eye and the smile that was almost affectionate as she waved him off.

"Call yourself a salesman," he thought as he realised just how neatly he had been sold, and he drove many miles before he could view the encounter with any sort of equanimity.

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INGREDIENTS:

1 cup brown sugar; 3 cup water; 6 small apples; 1 tablespoon cornflour; 2 tablespoons (heaped) Sunshine Powdered Milk; 1 cup water; 1 tablespoon butter; pinch salt and nutmeg; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 egg; 1 tablespoon sugar for meringue.

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apples in ovenware dish. Bake in moderate oven (375° F. gas, 425° F. elec.) until apples are tender, basting occasionally with the syrup. Pour syrup off into a small saucepan, add cornflour and milk powder blended smoothly with the cup of water. Stir until the mixture boils and thickens. Add butter or margarine, salt, vanilla and egg yolk. Pour butter-scotch mixture over the

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METHOD:

Make a syrup of brown sugar and water, pour over peeled and cored

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apples. Top with meringue made by beating egg white and sugar together until mixture stands in peaks. Return to very moderate oven to set and lightly brown meringue. Serve with "Ideal" Milk (undiluted).

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INGREDIENTS:

1 lb. butter; 2 cup sugar; 1 egg; 1 cup raisins and nuts; 1 tablespoon cocoa; vanilla essence; 1½ cups S.R. Flour; 3 teaspoons Sunshine Powdered Milk 1 small cup of water.

METHOD:

Cream butter and sugar, add egg and beat well. Add raisins, nuts and vanilla essence. Sift in flour, cocoa and Sunshine Powdered Milk. Lastly, stir in the cup of cold water. Bake in 9" round tin in a moderate oven about 45-50 minutes. When cool, ice with chocolate icing and decorate with cherries and coconut, with back of knife make markings to represent spokes of wheel.



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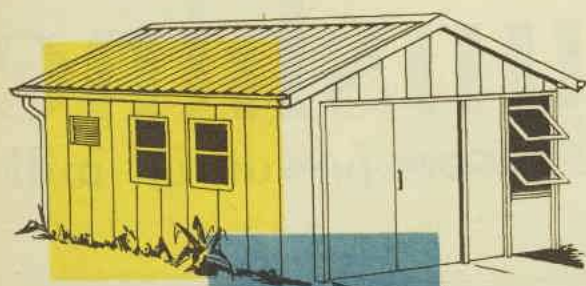
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cry, dear boy! Seems a devilish queer thing to want, but— which button?"

"My Button!" said Edmund, in a perfect storm of sobs.

"Yes, yes, precisely so!" said Sir Nugent hastily. "Be calm, dear boy. I assure you there's no need to put yourself in a taking! If you would but tell me—"

"Button, Button, Button!" wept Edmund.

Tom, looking into the cabin five minutes later to ask Phoebe if all was well, found a distressing scene in progress, bitter sounds of grief issuing from the blankets under which Edmund had wholly retired, and his harassed stepfather feverishly turning out the pockets of a small pair of nankeen pantaloon.

"What's the matter?" Tom demanded. "Where's Miss Marlow?"

"With her la'ship. Don't care to fetch her away!" said Sir Nugent distractedly. "Left me to mind Edmund! Extraordinary boy! Took me for a bad man, doesn't seem to know me at all! Now he wants a button."

"Well, give him a button!" said Tom, limping to the berth, and trying to draw the blanket back. "Hi, Edmund, what's all this?"

"I — want — my — Button!" wailed Edmund, diving deeper into the blankets.

"Never knew such a cork-brained boy!" fumed Sir Nugent. "Can't get another word out of him. It's my belief he hasn't brought it with him. What's more, I don't see that it would be a bit of use to him if I could find it. Well, I put it to you, Orde, would you want a button in such a case?"

"Oh, children often have a liking for odd toys!" said Tom. "I did myself. Give him one of your own buttons!"

"Dash it, I haven't got any!" A dreadful possibility reared its head. "You don't mean cut one off?"

"Why not?" said Tom. Sir Nugent reeled under the shock, but rallied. "You cut one off!" he countered.

"Not me!" replied Tom crudely. "This is the only suit of clothes I have, thanks to you. Besides, I'm not the boy's papa-in-law!"

"Well, he won't have it I am, either, so that doesn't signify. To own the truth, I'd as lief I wasn't. Dashed embarrassing, you must agree, to have a son-in-law telling everyone I'm a bad man."

Tom, not thinking it worth while to reply to this, merely adjured him to find a suitable button. Sighing heavily, Sir Nugent unstrapped one of his numerous portmanteaux. It took him a little time to decide which of his coats he would be least likely to need in the immediate future, and when he made up his mind to the sacrifice of an elegant riding-coat, and started to saw off one of its buttons with his pocketknife, it was easy to see that the operation cost him considerable pain. He was slightly cheered by the reflection that the presentation of so large and handsome a button must raise him in Edmund's esteem. Advancing to the berth, he said winningly: "No need to cry any more, dear boy! Here's your button!"

The sobs ceased abruptly. Edmund emerged from the blankets, tearstained but joyful. "Button, Button!" he cried, stretching out his arms. Sir Nugent put the button into his hand.

There was a moment's silence, while Edmund, staring at this trophy, realised to the full Sir Nugent's perfidy. To blinding disappointment was added just rage. His eyes blazing through his tears he hurled the button from him, and cast-

ing himself face downward gave way to his emotions.

"Well!" expostulated Tom. "What do you want, you silly little loobcock?"

"My own Button!" wailed Edmund.

Fortunately, the noise of his lamentations reached Phoebe's ears. She came quickly into the cabin, and upon being assured by Sir Nugent that so far from bullying his son-in-law he had ruined one of his coats to provide him with the button he so insistently demanded said contemptuously: "I should have thought you must have known better! He means his nurse, of course! For heaven's sake, go away, both of you! There, my dear, come to Phoebe, then!"

"He s-said it was my Button!" sobbed Edmund into her shoulder. "He is bad! I won't have him, I won't, I won't!"

The Lion d'Argent was Calais' most fashionable inn. A parlor and its two best bedchambers had been engaged by Sinderby, the courier hired by Sir Nugent to smooth the furrows from the path of what promised to be a protracted honeymoon. Sinderby had crossed to Calais to be sure of securing accommodation worthy of his wealthy patron, both at the Lion d'Argent and at Abbeville's best hotel. He had also hired a nurse to wait on Master Edmund; and he returned to Dover to superintend the embarkation of the party, feeling that he had provided for every eventuality.

He could not like the chariot of Sir Nugent's design, but he accepted it; the arrival of my lady without her maid was harder to accept, for he foresaw that he would be expected to produce a first-rate abigail as soon as he landed again in France, which would be impossible.

With the arrival on board the Betsy Anne of Miss Marlow and Mr. Orde his spirits sank. Not only did the addition of two more people to the party overset his careful plans, but he could not approve of these unexpected travellers. He speedily came to the conclusion that there was something smoky about them. They had no baggage; and when, on arrival at Calais, he had requested Mr. Orde to give into his charge his and Miss Marlow's passports Mr. Orde, clapping a hand to his pocket, had uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Don't say you haven't got the passports!" had cried Miss Marlow. "Oh, no!" had been Mr. Orde's grim response. "I've got 'em all right and tight! All of 'em!" Upon which Miss Marlow had looked ready to faint. Something very heavy-cavy about Miss Marlow and Mr. Orde, decided Sinderby.

He had foreseen that a wearing time awaited him in Calais, but he had not bargained for a search among the haberdashers' shops for a nightshirt to fit a six-year-old child. Furthermore, neither Sir Nugent's wealth nor his own address could procure two extra bedchambers at the Lion d'Argent, as full as it could hold.

He was obliged to accept for Miss Marlow the apartment hired for my lady's abigail, and to put Mr. Orde in with Sir Nugent, an arrangement which was agreeable to neither of these gentlemen. The young person he had found to wait on my lady clearly would not do; she lacked quality. There would be complaints from my lady.

When he returned from scouring the town for a night-shirt it was to discover that another of his arrangements had been overset. Master Rayne had flatly refused to have anything to do with the excellent nurse provided for him.

"Had to send her off," said Sir Nugent. "Silly wench started gabbling French to him! He wouldn't stand that, of course. Took it in snuff im-

Continuing . . . Sylvester

[from page 21]

mediately. I knew he would, the moment she said bong-jaw. 'Mark me,' I said to Miss Marlow, 'if her tale ain't told! Which it was. However, it don't signify. Miss Marlow means to look after him. Devilish good thing we brought her with us!'

Lady Lanthe having retired to bed as soon as she had arrived at the Lion d'Argent, only three of the party sat down to dinner in the private parlor. Edmund, who had revived the instant he had set foot on land, had providentially dropped asleep in the little bed set up for him in Phoebe's attic, and Pett was mounting guard over him. He was also washing and ironing his only day-shirt, an office which he promised to perform every evening until the young gentleman's wardrobe could be replenished.

Phoebe was too tired to talk, and Tom too much preoccupied with the problems besetting them, so the burden of conversation fell on Sir Nugent, who maintained throughout the meal a stream of amiable reminiscences. However, when the covers were removed he excused himself, and went off to enjoy one of his cigars downstairs.

"Now, Phoebe," said Tom, "we must discuss what's to be done. The fact is we're in the devil of a fix."

"I suppose we are," she agreed, with remarkable calm. "But at least I know what I

neckcloths and handkerchiefs, you know. What about you?"

"Oh, isn't it horrid?" she explained. "I've had to borrow from Lady Lanthe, and one would so much prefer not to be beholden to either of them! But perhaps we may be able to set it right again, if things go as I hope they may. Grand-mama will receive those passports with my letter, and surely she must set out at once, whatever the weather."

"I should think so," he agreed. "And a rare tweak she'll be in! Phew!"

"Yes, and how could one blame her? And if I were obliged to go beyond Paris— No, I think Salford must have overtaken us before that could happen, even if he doesn't start until he has read my letter: I know that Sir Nugent means to take four days on the road to Paris, and I fancy he will find he must take more, with Edmund on his hands. If he leaves Calais at all!"

"Leaving tomorrow, aren't they?"

"Yes, that's what they mean to do, but I shouldn't wonder at it if they find themselves fixed here for several days. Tom, I think Lady Lanthe really is ill!"

"Well, I own that would be nuts for us, but what if she ain't?"

"Then I am going with



must do. Should you mind, Tom, if I write two letters before we discuss anything? I have spoken to the courier, and he engages to have them conveyed to England by the next packet, by a private hand. My letter to Grandmama, and the passports, will be taken directly to the ship, but the courier warns me that if this wind continues the packet may not sail tomorrow." She sighed, and said resignedly: "I hope it may, but if it doesn't there's no other way of reaching poor Grandmama, so it's no use fretting."

"Who is the other letter for?" Salford asked Tom shrewdly. "Yes, of course. If he is unable to discover in which direction Lanthe fled—"

"I shouldn't think that likely," interrupted Tom. "Not if he gets wind of that carriage!"

"No, that's what I hope," she agreed. "But he might not, you know. So I shall send him word, and tell him also that I don't mean to leave Edmund. And will contrive somehow to leave word for him wherever we stop on the road."

"Oh!" said Tom. "So that's it, is it? Never mind the letters yet! We'll discuss this business first. How much money have you?" She shook her head. "None, eh? I thought not. Well, all I have is the ready in my pockets, and it don't amount to more than a couple of Yellow Boys, fifteen shillings in coachwheels, and a few ha'pence. The roll of soft Father gave me is locked in my portmanteau. I dare say I could borrow from Fotherby, but I don't mind telling you it'll go against the shins with me to do it! I've had to borrow one of his shirts already, and a few

them," said Phoebe. "I won't leave Edmund. He can't understand what is happening to him, and he was afraid I might slip away if he let me out of his sight. But when I said I would stay until he has Button again he was quite satisfied. I don't mean to break faith with him, I assure you."

"I see," Tom said. She looked gratefully at him. "I knew you would. But I have been thinking whether it might not be best, perhaps, if you borrowed enough money from Sir Nugent to buy your passage back to Dover, to escort Grandmama?"

"You needn't say any more!" he interrupted. "If you think I'll leave you to career across France with this ramshackle pair you were never more mistaken in your life!"

"Well, to own the truth I didn't think you would," she said candidly. "And I must say I am thankful for it!"

On the following morning Phoebe led Edmund down to breakfast to find that Lanthe was still keeping her bed; but her hopes of delay were dashed when Sir Nugent informed her with an air of grave concern that although her la'ship was feeling devilish poorly she was determined to leave Calais that morning. She had not closed her eyes all night. People had tramped past her door; boots had been flung about in the room above hers; doors had been slammed; and the rumble of vehicles over the cobbles had brought on her nervous tic. Though it killed her she would drive to Abbeville that day.

Edmund, who was seated beside Phoebe at the table, a napkin knotted round his neck,

looked up at this. "You wish to kill Mama," he stated.

"Eh?" ejaculated Sir Nugent. "No, dash it—! You can't say things like that!"

"Mama said it," replied Edmund. "On that boat she said it."

"Did she? Well, but—well, what I mean is it's a bag of moonshine! Devoted to her!"

"And you told lies, and—"

"You eat your egg and don't talk so much!" intervened Tom, adding in an undertone to his perturbed host: "I shouldn't argue with him if I were you."

"Yes, that's all very well," objected Sir Nugent. "He don't go about telling people you are a regular hedge-bird! Where will he draw the line, that's what I should like to know?"

"When Uncle Vester knows what you did to me he will punish you in a terrible way!" said Edmund ghoulishly.

"You see?" exclaimed Sir Nugent. "Now we shall have him setting it about I've been ill-using him!"

"Uncle Vester," pursued his small tormentor, "is the terriblest person in the world!"

"You know, you shouldn't talk like that about your uncle," Sir Nugent said earnestly. "I don't say I like him myself, but I don't go about saying he's terrible! Top-lofty, yes, but—"

"Uncle Vester doesn't wish you to like him!" declared Edmund, very much flushed.

"I dare say he don't, but if you mean he'll call me out—well, I don't think he will. Mind, if he chooses to do so

"Fotherby, don't encourage him!" said Tom, exasperated. "Uncle Vester will grind your bones!" said Edmund.

"Grind my bones?" repeated Sir Nugent, astonished. "You've got windmills in your head, boy! What the deuce should he do that for?"

"To make him bread," responded Edmund promptly.

"But you don't make bread with bones!"

"Uncle Vester does," said Edmund.

"That's enough!" said Tom, trying not to laugh. "It's you that's telling whiskers now! You know very well your uncle doesn't do any such thing, so just you stop pitching it rum!"

Edmund, apparently recognising Tom as a force to be reckoned with, subsided, and applied himself to his egg again.

The party left for Abbeville an hour later in impressive style. Sir Nugent having loftily rejected a suggestion that the heavy baggage should be sent to Paris by the stage, no fewer than four vehicles set out from the Lion d'Argent. The velvet-lined chariot bearing Sir Nugent and his bride headed the cavalcade; Phoebe, Tom, and Edmund followed in a hired post-chaise; and the rear was brought up by two cabriolets, one occupied by Pett and the young person hired to wait on my lady, and the other crammed with baggage.

Quite a number of people gathered to watch this departure, a circumstance that seemed to afford Sir Nugent great satisfaction until a jarring note was introduced by Edmund, who strenuously resisted all efforts to make him enter the chaise, and was finally picked up, kicking and screaming, by Tom, and unceremoniously tossed on to the seat. As he saw fit to reiterate at the top of his voice that his father-in-law was a bad man, Sir Nugent fell into acute embarrassment, which was only alleviated when Tom reminded him that the interested on-lookers were probably unable to understand anything Edmund said.

Once inside the chaise Edmund stopped screaming. He bore up well for the first stages,

beguiled by a game of travelling piquet. But as the number of flocks of geese, parsons riding grey horses, or old women sitting under hedges was limited on the post-road from Calais to Boulogne, this entertainment soon palled, and he began to be restive. By the time Boulogne was reached Phoebe's repertoire of stories had been exhausted, and Edmund, who had been growing steadily more silent, said in a very tight voice that he felt as sick as a horse.

He was granted a respite at Boulogne, where the travellers stopped for half an hour to refresh, but the look of despair on his face when he was lifted again into the chaise moved Tom to say, over his head: "I call it downright cruel to drag the poor little devil along on a journey like this!"

At Abbeville, which they reached at a late hour, Sinderby was awaiting them at the best hotel with tidings which caused Sir Nugent to suffer almost as much incredulity as vexation. Sinderby had to report failure. He had been unable to persuade the best hotel's proprietor either to eject his other clients from the premises, or to sell the place outright to Sir Nugent. "As I ventured, sir, to warn you would be the case," added Sinderby.

"Won't sell it?" said Sir Nugent. "You stupid fellow, did you tell him who I am?"

"The information did not appear to interest him, sir."

"Did you tell him my fortune is the largest in England?" demanded Sir Nugent.

"Certainly, sir. He desired me to offer you his felicitations."

"He must be mad!" ejaculated Sir Nugent, stunned.

"It is curious that you should say so, sir," replied Sinderby. "Precisely what he said—expressing himself in French, of course."

"Well, upon my soul!" said Sir Nugent, his face reddening with anger. "That to me? I'll have that ale-draper know I ain't in the habit of being denied! Go and tell him that when Nugent Fotherby wants a thing he buys it, cost what it may!"

"I never listened to such nonsense in my life!" said Phoebe, unable any longer to restrain her impatience. "I wish you will stop brangling, Sir Nugent, and inform me whether we are to put up here, or not! It may be nothing to you, but here is this unfortunate child nearly dead with fatigue, while you stand there puffing off your consequence!"

Sir Nugent was too much taken aback by this sudden attack to be able to think of anything to say; Sinderby, regarding Miss Marlow with a faint glimmer of approval in his cold eyes, said: "Bearing in mind, sir, your instructions to me to provide for her ladyship the strictest quiet, I have arranged what I trust will be found to be satisfactory accommodation in a much smaller establishment."

"It is not a resort of fashion, but its situation, which is removed from the centre of the town, may render it agreeable to her ladyship. I am happy to say that I was able to persuade Madame to place the entire inn at your disposal, sir, for as many days as you may desire it, on condition that the three persons she was already entertaining were willing to remove from the house."

"You aren't going to tell us that they were willing, are you?" demanded Tom.

"At first, sir, no. When, however, they understood that the remainder of their stay in Abbeville—I trust not a protracted one—would be spent by them in the apartments I had engaged at this hotel for Sir Nugent, and at his expense, they expressed themselves as being enchanted to fall in with his wishes. Now, sir, if you will

To page 53



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Sieve flour, salt and Nescafé. Cream butter and sugar and knead into flour. Roll both doughs to equal-sized oblong pieces, brush the plain one with milk. Press the coffee one on top and roll up as for Swiss roll. Cut off pieces $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven until pale golden brown. 16-18 wheels.

N3926/5

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 16, 1951

ROCK HUDSON

Film-Fan-Fare

Conducted by Ainslie Baker

answers his critics

A personal attack in the magazine "Look" has brought easy-going Rock Hudson out of his silent corner — fighting.

In this article by Hollywood writer Lee Carroll, Rock answers the charges, and talks of his marriage failure and career success.

THE article said Rock was a mechanical man, with few brains and few emotions of his own; a robot reflection of his astute and clever agent, Henry Willson.

In this first serious blast at The Rock he was depicted as a man without a sense of humor, and even his generally accepted good looks were ridiculed.

The last 18 months have contained success, frustration, and a good deal of unhappiness for Hudson, whose feelings are more capable of being wounded than his detractors would have fans believe.

He's won enough popularity awards to start a gallery, including the "Look" magazine (!!) award as Hollywood's outstanding male star, the German Bambi Plaque, equivalent to Hollywood's Oscar, several fan-magazine polls, and an Academy Award nomination last year for his performance in "Giant."

Marriage crashed and work stalled

M.G.M. willingly would have paid 750,000 dollars to star him in "Ben Hur."

That's pretty fair going for a former truck-driver.

On the other hand, his marriage to Phyllis Gates crashed in a far from friendly separation.

Last, but not least, until a few weeks ago Hudson had found himself locked in a contract with Universal-International, a studio which had temporarily suspended operations.

And they wouldn't let their biggest money-maker work for any other company.

But now, stung by the magazine article, he's angry enough to talk, for the first time, of his marriage failure.

"What can be said about the break-up of any marriage?" he asked. "Only the two people involved know what happened and often they are confused."

'I made mistakes —so did Phyllis'

"Friends side with one or the other, but there is no case where one party is 100 per cent. right and the other 100 per cent. wrong."

"I made mistakes, and I'm willing to take my share of the blame. But it wasn't all my fault any more than it was all Phyllis'. One thing I do know is that these mistakes cannot be rectified."

Not much, perhaps, but remember that neither Rock nor his wife, Phyllis, has ever made public the reasons for the separation.

Having once brought himself to discuss the matter he had jibbed at

for so long Rock talked about his future.

"I want to marry again," he said. "I have a good example in my own family. My mother is now happily married to Joseph Olson, after two unsuccessful experiences."

"She and my father, Roy Schere, after whom I was named, parted when I was a small boy."

"I was about nine when my mother married Wallace Fitzgerald. He was everything a tyrant stepfather has ever been pictured as being."

"Mother was a switchboard operator, and I used to run errands for her just to keep out of Fitz-

gerald's way. He was around a lot. He wasn't working."

"But my point is—if Mother and Joe can be so happy and have such good times together, why should I rule out another try at having a good marriage?"

There's no sense in exploding . . .

Since Rock became famous some of his former employers and a few of the men he knew in the Navy have all agreed: Roy Fitzgerald was an easy-going fellow. He never went looking for a fight.

His unhappy childhood may have

a lot to do with the charge that Rock is overly placid and won't fight back. Children brought up in bickering, unhappy homes often become frightened apostles of "peace at any price"—anything to prevent another brawl within the family.

Rock's answer to the charge that he sidesteps a fight was this:

"When I feel things are going wrong I try to do something to correct them, not explode all over the place."

"I suppose I could have thrown a temperamental tantrum because Universal wouldn't let me do 'Ben Hur.' But what would it have got me? Nothing but a suspension."

"I was disappointed about 'Ben Hur'—but I'm not blowing out my brains, or anybody else's."

This position, incidentally, has now been resolved, with Rock co-starring with Kirk Douglas in "Viva Gringo," a film to be made by Douglas' own company, Bryna, but financed by Universal, where it will be filmed.

Referring to the "Look" attack that sparked off this uncharacteristic self-revelation, Rock said, "The writer and I spent eight hours together on a plane from New York to Hollywood. She came to my home and talked to my friends and business associates."

Judge me on the screen, he says

"She kept telling me how much she liked me and what a complimentary story she was going to write. Then—wham!

"I don't expect all articles about me to make me out a tin saint. I have as many faults as the next fellow."

"All I ask is that I be allowed to stand or fall on what I accomplish on the screen. No one is responsible for that but me."

"And I don't mean that to sound boastful or ungrateful to Henry Willson and others who helped me."

"I want to say just this—and then we'll forget that confounded story. Of course, I listen to Willson. He's my agent and he's my friend. What's the sense of having an agent or a friend if I'm going to ignore his advice?"

"Henry discovered and encouraged me as he has done many other actors. He even gave me my screen name."

"But he does not order my life or my thinking. Nor did he mastermind my marriage or separation from Phyllis."

Too worried to join the parties

To those who might expect newly free Hudson to have been enjoying a whirl as hostess' delight, he says:

"I get invited out, but I don't accept too many invitations for two good reasons."

"When I'm working I'm worried about my work, and when I'm not I'm worried about not working!"

"This not going out much socially is getting me the reputation of being a hermit, also not true."

"I spend very little time by myself. I enjoy my friends, and I like going to their homes."

"As soon as I get my new apartment fixed up, I want to do some entertaining myself."

"But I don't like this racket of taking a glamor girl to a premiere or to a big party because she needs an escort."

"What I'd really like to do when I get the chance," Rock said, "is a show on Broadway."

"I have picture experience now, and with some expert coaching I think I could do a play. I'd like at least to try."

★ Rock Hudson will be seen next in Universal's "Twilight For the Gods."





FILM PREVIEW

MARRIAGE MALARKY

... when the family bores moved in — romance moved out

THE STORY

FALLING in love and deciding to be married seemed simple enough to David and Janet, but their relatives taught them otherwise, and at one stage the wedding was nearly called off.

Only caveman tactics at the wedding rehearsal, when the over-wrought bride-to-be slapped the prospective bridegroom's face, saved the marriage.

A youthful romantic comedy, "Happy is the Bride" is directed by Roy Boulting from a Terence Rattigan script. It is a Fox-Lion International film to be released in Australia soon.

JANETTE SCOTT, as Janet, whose regiment of relatives, with the best intentions, turned the private matter of getting married into a public ordeal.



Terry-Thomas, a country constable with an inflexible sense of duty, arrests the prospective bride and groom after an accident.

Organ music at wedding rehearsal is supplied by soulful Aunt Florence, who is played by famous comedienne Joyce Grenfell.



IAN CARMICHAEL, as the harassed David.



CECIL PARKER, as the father of the bride.



Janette and Ian rehearse their lines for the scene where Ian, with a hazy future and an unimpressive income, proposes to Janette during a country cricket match.



Surviving the domestic turmoil of a wedding run by enthusiastic relatives, Cecil Parker, in morning-coat, and a late but radiant Janette are shown during the shooting of the scene where they leave home for the village church. Janette is a former child actress.

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New Film Releases

★ THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

M.G.M. drama, with Yul Brynner, Maria Schell, Lee J. Cobb, Claire Bloom, Richard Basehart. In Metro-color. Liberty, Sydney.

WHILE this screen version of Dostoevski's classic story of greed, lust, and patricide is no artistic triumph, Hollywood hasn't entirely disgraced itself.

However, it is not the huge amount of money spent on lavish production and the recreation of a Czarist Russian winter that are most impressive but the general strength of acting talent.

The performance of Maria Schell as the tavern-keeper Grushenka, desired both by Dmitri Karamazov (Brynner) and his father (Cobb), has tremendous vitality and variation, setting a new standard of mature screen sensuality. Brynner—given the lion's share of the camera—uses his highly personal technique to create a vivid and arresting portrait of the profligate son of a licentious father. It is a little disconcerting, however, to hear him address those assembled as "gennelmun."

There had been some doubt as to Cobb's ability to handle the exacting role of Karamazov, sen., but his wenching, son-hating Russian is a major portrayal.

To the role of the wealthy girl, whose love Brynner spurns, Claire Bloom brings a charming difference and distinction.

Rich in character, incident, and color, the rather too-lengthy film wrings the last ounce of banality out of Dostoevski's tear-jerker sub-plot of the unfortunate Captain Snegiryov and his dying son.

In a word... **TURBULENT.**

★ WINDOM'S WAY

Rank Organisation drama, with Peter Finch, Mary Ure. In Eastman Color. State, Sydney.

ONE of the sad conclusions to be drawn from this somewhat pedestrian film is that Peter Finch's acting career has never progressed beyond the standard of rich promise reached some years ago.

As the dedicated British doctor working in a politically troubled Malayan village and becoming involved with its rebel activities, Finch is repetitious and sometimes trite.

Mary Ure (not specially pleasing) is the estranged wife who unexpectedly returns to try to make a success of her marriage, and in doing so breaks the heart of the native nurse (sensitive

played by Natasha Parry) who helps Finch run the hospital.

The film was made on a Far Eastern location, and has some attractive atmosphere and scenes of village life.

But the big action scenes are mishandled and lack punch, and somehow the picture—with which there is nothing specially wrong—just doesn't hang together.

In a word... **MISSSES.**

★ ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE

Paramount drama, with Lana Turner, Barry Sullivan, Glynis Johns. Capitol, Sydney.

A NOVELTISH story casts Lana Turner as a mink-coated newswoman who after the death of her married lover makes a sentimental journey to his Cornish village, and ends up helping his wife write his life story.

Love, grief, remorse, and a nervous breakdown find the star with never a platinum curl out of place, and fully made-up.

Glynis Johns, on the other hand, looking remarkably plain, is touchingly real as the deceived wife.

The men in Lana's life are Sean Connery (the B.B.C. broadcaster-lover), Barry Sullivan (the patient boss), and Sidney James supplying a very nice bit of work as a newspaper colleague.

In a word... **TRITE.**



BAREFOOTED Kim Novak, who plays a modern-style witch in "Bell, Book, and Candle," listens to director Richard Quine's instructions for an outdoor scene.



CALLER at studio dressing-room of starlet Vikki Dougan, who has made backless dresses her gimmick, is actor Richard Widmark. Both are in "Tunnel of Love."

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

● Contributions are invited for The Laugh Was On Me. Every week we award £2/2/- to each of the two best entries.

I HAD just commenced a secretarial job and my employer obviously liked pretty, bright girls. Being rather quiet, I wondered about his previous secretary. One day I asked the junior what she was like.

"She was very pretty," she replied, "but she couldn't type for nuts. She got the sack and the boss said he certainly wouldn't pick his next one for looks."

£2/2/- to Miss D.N. (name supplied), Kew, Vic.

● Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

TRAVELLING home from the pictures I found myself in a crowded corridor-tram and desperately I grabbed a strap and hung on. The tram came to a stop and made no attempt to go on. The frustrated passengers began to mutter angrily and I said contemptuously: "No service! I suppose we stay here till they collect all the fares."

During this time the conductor was squeezing his way through the compartment. As he reached me he said: "Madam, if you'll take your hand off the bell strap we'll be on our way."

£2/2/- to Mrs. P. McGrath, 17 Augusta St., Five Dock, N.S.W.



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"**On to the Barclay Street Route,** we followed the trail of the drovers. Camped out a night, and sang ballads with the drovers by starlight.

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[Advertisement]

rejoin her ladyship in the travelling chariot, I will escort you to the Poisson Rouge."

Sir Nugent stood scowling for a moment, and pulling at his underlip. It was left to Edmund to apply the goad: "I want to go home!" announced Edmund fretfully. "I want my Button! I'm not happy!"

Sir Nugent started, and with out further argument climbed back into the chariot.

When he saw the size and style of the Poisson Rouge he was so indignant that had it not been for Ianthe, who said crossly that rather than go another yard she would sleep the night in a cow-byre, another altercation might have taken place. As she was handed tenderly down the steps, Madame Bonnet came out to welcome her eccentric English guests, and fell into such instant raptures over the beauty of milady and her enchanting little son that Ianthe was at once disposed to be very well pleased with the inn. Edmund, glowering upon Madame, showed a tendency to hide behind Phoebe, but when a puppy came frisking out of the inn his brow cleared magically, and he said: "I like this place!"

Everyone but Sir Nugent liked the place. It was by no means luxurious, but it was clean, and had a homelike air. The coffee-room might be furnished only with benches and several very hard chairs, but Ianthe's bedchamber looked out on to a small garden and was perfectly quiet, which, as the naively said, was all that signified.

Moreover, Madame, learning of her indisposition, not only gave up her own feather-bed to her but made her a tisanne, and showed herself to be in general so full of sympathy that the ill-used beauty, in spite of aching head and limbs, began to feel very much more cheerful, and even expressed a desire to have her child brought to kiss her before he went to bed.

A discordant note was struck by Phoebe, who told Ianthe bluntly that she had not brought Edmund with her because she had a suspicion that what ailed his doting mother was nothing less than a severe attack of influenza. "And if he were to take it from you, after all he has been made to undergo, it would be beyond everything!" said Phoebe.

Ianthe achieved a wan, angelic smile and said: "You are very right, dear Miss Marlow. Poor little man. Kiss him for me, and tell him that Mama is thinking of him all the time!"

Phoebe, who had left Edmund playing with the puppy, said: "Oh yes! I will certainly do so, if he should ask for you!" and withdrew, leaving Ianthe to the more agreeable companionship of her new admirer.

Upon the following day a physician was summoned to Ianthe's sick-bed. He confirmed Phoebe's diagnosis, and with very little prompting said that with persons of milady's delicate constitution the greatest care must be exercised: milady should beware of over-exertion.

"So I fancy we may consider ourselves as fixed here for at least a week," Phoebe said, setting out with Tom and Edmund to buy linen for Edmund. "Tom, did you contrive to leave word at that hotel where we were to be found? For Salford, you know!"

"Leave word!" echoed Tom scornfully. "Of course I didn't! You don't suppose they will forget Fotherby there in a hurry, do you? Trying to purchase the place! Well, of all the gudgeons!"

"Gudgeon," repeated Edmund, committing this pleasing word to memory.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"Oh, heavens!" said Tom. "Now, don't you repeat that, young Edmund. And another thing. You are not to call Sir Nugent a moulder!" He waited until Edmund had run ahead again, and then said severely to Phoebe: "You know, Phoebe, you've no business to encourage him to be rude to Fotherby!"

"I don't encourage him," she said, looking a little guilty. "Only I can't help feeling that it would be foolish to stop him, because that might make Sir Nugent wish to keep him. And you can't deny, Tom, that if he were to take him in dislike it would make it much easier for—it would make it much easier to persuade Lady Ianthe to give him up!"

"Well, of all the unprincipled females!" gasped Tom. "Take care Fotherby ain't goaded into murdering him, that's all! He ain't in the humor to stand the roast much longer, and the way that young demon keeps on asking him if he can take a fly off a horse's ear, or some such thing, and then saying that his Uncle Vester can, is enough to drive the silly chuckle-head into a mad-house!"

Phoebe giggled, but said: "I must say, one can't wonder at his being out of humor. With an ailing bride and a stepson who detests him, I do think he is having a horrid honeymoon, don't you?"

But neither of these disagreeable circumstances was, in fact, at the root of Sir Nugent's loss of equanimity, as Phoebe was soon to discover. Finding her alone in the coffee-room that afternoon it was not long before he was confiding to her the true cause of his dissatisfaction. He disliked the Poisson Rouge. Phoebe was rather surprised at first, because Madame Bonnet, besides being a notable cook, treated him with all the deference and anxiety to please that the most exacting guest could have demanded; and everyone else, from the waiter to the boots, scurried to obey his lightest commands.

AFTER listening to his discourse for a few minutes she understood the matter better. Sir Nugent had never before so lowered himself as to put up at any but the most fashionable and expensive hostilities. Both his consequence and his love of display had suffered severe wounds. More sensitive souls might shrink from attracting public notice; to Sir Nugent Fotherby, the wealthiest man in England, it was the breath of life. He had hugely enjoyed the sensation caused by Ianthe's opulent chariot; it afforded him intense pleasure to be ushered by landlords, bent nearly double in obsequiousness, into the best apartments, and to know that his sauntering progress was watched by envious eyes. No such eyes were to be found at the Poisson Rouge.

To be sure, had he been able to purchase the Hotel d'Angleterre, and to eject from it all other guests, he would have found himself similarly bereft: but what a gesture it would have been! How swiftly would the news of his eccentricity have spread over the town! With what awe would the citizens have pointed him out whenever he had sallied forth into the street! To have commanded an unfashionable inn in a quiet road might be eccentric, but conveyed no sense of his fabulous wealth to the inhabitants of Abberville.

Naturally, he did not phrase his grievance so plainly: it rather crept through his other complaints. Acquainted as Phoebe was with another kind of pride, she listened to him with as much amazement as enjoyment. It would have been idle to have denied enjoyment, which was tempered only by regret that the rich mine of absurdity underlying his foppish appearance had been un-

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known to her when she had caused his image to flit through the pages of "The Lost Heir." She found herself weaving a new story round him, and greeted with relief, since the outcome of her first literary adventure had been so appalling, the entrance into the room of Master Rayne, his new friend prancing at his heels.

Madame had bestowed the name of Toto upon the puppy, but he was known to her guests as Chien, a slight misunderstanding having arisen between Madame and Master Rayne. Edmund, overcoming his dislike of foreigners in his desire to pursue his acquaintanceship with Toto, had nerved himself to seek him in the kitchen, and even to demand his name of Madame. Chien was what Madame had said, and when he had repeated it she had nodded and clapped her hands. So Chien the puppy had to be.

Sir Nugent eyed his stepson with apprehension, but Edmund addressed himself to Phoebe. He wanted the colored



chalks Tom had bought for him, Chien having expressed a desire of having his likeness drawn. Having been supplied with the chalks and some paper he disposed himself on the floor and abandoned himself to art. The amiable Chien sat beside him, thumping his tail on the floor.

Seeing that Edmund was absorbed in his own affairs Sir Nugent resumed his discourse, walking up and down the room while he enumerated his grievances.

He had arrayed himself that morning in the nattiest of town-wear. His costume, besides such novel features as white pantaloons, and the Fotherby Tie, included a pair of Hessian boots, never before worn, and decorated with extra-large gold tassels. Hoby had made them to his design, and not Lord Petersham himself had ever been seen in more striking foot-wear. As Sir Nugent strode about the coffee-room the tassels swung with his every step, just as he had hoped they would. No one could fail to notice them: not even a puppy of dubious lineage.

Chien was fascinated by them. He watched them with his head on one side for several minutes before succumbing to temptation, but they beckoned too alluringly to be withstood. He rose to investigate them more nearly, and snapped at the one bobbing closest to his nose.

An exclamation of horror broke from Sir Nugent, followed by a stentorian command to Chien to drop it. Chien responded by growling as he tugged at the bauble, and wagging his tail. Edmund burst into a peal of joyous laughter, and clapped his hands. This outburst of innocent merriment drew from Sir Nugent so fierce an expletive that Phoebe thought it prudent to go to his rescue.

Tom entered on a scene of turmoil. Chien was barking excitedly in Phoebe's arms. Edmund was still laughing; Pett, attracted by his master's anguished cries, was kneeling

before him, tenderly smoothing the tassel; and Sir Nugent, red with fury, was describing in in-temperate language the various forms of execution of which Chien was deserving.

Tom acted with great presence of mind, commanding Edmund so peremptorily to take Chien away that Edmund obeyed him without venturing on argument. He then frowned down Phoebe's giggles, and mollified Sir Nugent by promising that Chien should not be allowed in the coffee-room again.

Informed of this ban Edmund was indignant, and had to be called to order for begging Tom to give Sir Nugent a pelt in the smeller. He retired in high dudgeon with Chien to the kitchen, where he spent the rest of the afternoon playing with a lump of dough, and being regaled with raisins, marchpane, and candied peel.

On the following day Sir Nugent wisely forbore to wear his beautiful new boots; and Edmund surprised his protector by behaving in such a saintly fashion that Sir Nugent began to look upon him with reluctant favor.

It came on to rain in the afternoon, and after drawing several unconvincing portraits, which he kindly bestowed on Phoebe, Edmund became a trifle disconsolate, but was diverted by raindrop races on the window-pane. He was kneeling on a chair, reporting the dilatory progress of her allotted drop to Phoebe, when a post-chaise and four came along the street, and drew up outside the Poisson Rouge.

Edmund was interested, but not more so than Phoebe, who no sooner heard the clatter of the approaching equipage than she came over to the window. It was the sound she had been hoping to hear, and as the chaise drew to a standstill her heart began to beat fast with hope.

The door was opened, and a figure in a caped overcoat of white drab sprang lightly down, turned to give some order to the postillions, and strode into the inn.

A long sigh escaped Phoebe: Master Rayne uttered a piercing scream, scrambled down from his chair, and tore across the room, shrieking: "Uncle Vester, Uncle Vester!"

Edmund succeeded in opening the door, still shrieking Uncle Vester! at the top of his voice, just as Sylvester reached the coffee-room. He was halted on the threshold by having his legs embraced, and said, as he bent to detach himself from his nephew's frenzied grip: "Well, you noisy brat?"

"Uncle Vester, Uncle Vester!" cried Edmund.

Sylvester laughed, and swung him up. "Edmund, Edmund!" he mocked. "No, don't strangle me! Oh, you rough nephew!"

As yet unperceived, Phoebe remained by the window, watching with some amusement Edmund's ecstatic welcome to his wicked uncle. She was not so very much surprised, though she had not expected him to be cast into quite such transports of delight. If anything surprised her it was Sylvester's amused acceptance of Edmund's violent hug.

He did not look at all like a man who disliked children; and he did not look at all like the man who had said such terrible things to her at Lady Castlecreagh's ball. That image, which had so painfully obsessed her, faded, and with it the embarrassment which had made her dread his arrival almost as much as she had hoped for it.

"Tell that Bad Man I am not his little boy!" begged Ed-

mund. "Mama says I don't belong to you, Uncle Vester, but I do, don't I?"

This was uttered so passionately that Phoebe could not help laughing. Sylvester looked round quickly, and saw her. Something leaped in his eyes; she had the impression that he was going to start towards her. But the look vanished in a flash, and he did not move. The memory of their last meeting surged back, and she knew herself to be unforgiven.

He did not speak immediately, but set Edmund on his feet. Then he said: "A surprise, Miss Marlow—though I dare say I should have guessed, had I put myself to the trouble of considering the matter, that I should be very likely to find you here."

HIS voice was level, concealing all trace of the emotions seething in his breast. They were varied, but uppermost was anger: with her for having, as he supposed, assisted in the abduction of Edmund; with himself for having, for an unthinking moment, been so overjoyed to see her. That made him so furious that he would not open his lips until he could command himself.

He had been trying, ever since the night of the ball, to banish all thought of her from his mind. This had not been possible, but by dint of dwelling on the injury she had done him he had supposed he had at least cured himself of his most foolish tendre for her. It had been an easy task to remember only her shameful conduct, for the wound she had inflicted on him could not be forgotten. She had held him up as a mockery to the world: that in itself was an offence, but if the portrait she had drawn of him had been unrecognisable he could have forgiven her. He had thought it so, but when he had turned to his mother, who had given the book to him to read, prepared to shrug it off, to tell her that it was too absurd to be worth a moment's indignation, he had seen in her face not indignation but trouble.

He had been so much shocked that he had exclaimed: "This is not a portrait of me! Oh, I grant the eyebrows, but nothing else!" She had replied: "It is overdrawn, of course." It had been a full minute before he could bring himself to say: "Am I like this contemptible fellow, then? Insufferably proud, so indifferent—so puffed up in my own esteem that—Mama!"

She had said quickly, stretching out her hand to him: "Never to me, Sylvester! But I have sometimes wondered—if you had grown to be a little—uncaring—towards others, perhaps."

He had been stricken to silence, and she had said no more. There had been no need: Ugolino was a caricature, but a recognisable one; and because of this he was forced to believe this, his resentment, irrationally but inevitably in one of his temperaments, blazed into such rage as he had never known before.

As he looked at Phoebe across the coffee-room he knew her for his evil genius. She had embroiled him in her ridiculous flight from home; she had led him to pay her such attentions as had brought them both under the gaze of the interested ton. He forgot that his original intention had been to win her regard only to make her regret her rejection of his suit; he had forgotten it long ago. He knew that her book must have been written before she had become so well acquainted with him, but she had neither stopped its publication nor warned him of it.

She had been the cause of his having behaved, at that accursed ball, in a manner as unworthy of a man of breeding as anything could well have

been. What had made him do it he would never know. It had been his intention to treat her with unswerving civility. He had meant to make no mention, then or thereafter, of her book, but to have conducted himself towards her in such a way as must have shown her how grossly she had misjudged him. He had been sure that he had had himself well in hand; and yet, no sooner was his arm round her waist and his hand clasping hers that his anger and a sense of bitter hurt had mastered him.

She had broken from his hold in tears, and he had been furious with her for doing it, because he knew he had brought that scene on himself. And now he found her in Abberville laughing at him. He had never doubted that it was she who had put the notion of a flight from England into Ianthe's head, but he had believed she had not meant to do so. It was now borne in upon him that she must have been throughout in Ianthe's confidence.

Knowing nothing of what was in his mind, Phoebe watched him in perplexity. After a long pause she said, in a constricted tone: "I collect you have not received my letter, Duke?"

"I have not had that pleasure. How obliging of you to have written to me! To inform me of this affair, no doubt?"

"I could have no other reason for writing to you."

"You should have spared yourself the trouble. Having read your book, Miss Marlow, it was not difficult to guess what had happened. I own it did not occur to me that you were actually aiding my sister-in-law, but of course it should have. When I discovered that she had taken Edmund away without his nurse I ought certainly have guessed how it must be. Are you filling that position out of malice, or did you feel, having made London too hot to hold you, that it offered you a chance of escape?"

As she listened to these incredible words, Phoebe passed from shock to an anger as great as his, and not as well concealed.

He had spoken in a light, contemptuous voice; she could not keep hers from shaking when she retorted. "From malice!"

Before he could speak again Edmund said, in an uneasy tone: "Phoebe is my friend, Uncle Vester! Are—are you vexed with her? Please don't be! I love her next to Keighley!"

"Do you, my dear?" said Phoebe. "That is praise indeed! No one is vexed: your uncle was funning, that's all!"

She looked at Sylvester, and said as naturally as she could: "You must wish to see Lady Ianthe, I dare say. I regret that she is indisposed—is confined to her bed, in fact, with an attack of influenza."

His color was rather heightened; for he had forgotten that Edmund was still clinging to his hand, and was annoyed with himself for having been betrayed into impropriety. He said only: "I trust Fotherby is not similarly indisposed?"

"No, I believe he is sitting with Lady Ianthe. I will inform him of your arrival directly." She smiled at Edmund. "Shall we go and see if that cake Madame said she would bake for your supper is done yet?"

"I think I will stay with Uncle Vester," Edmund decided.

"No, go with Miss Marlow. I am going to talk to Sir Nugent," said Sylvester.

"Will you grind his bones?" asked Edmund hopefully.

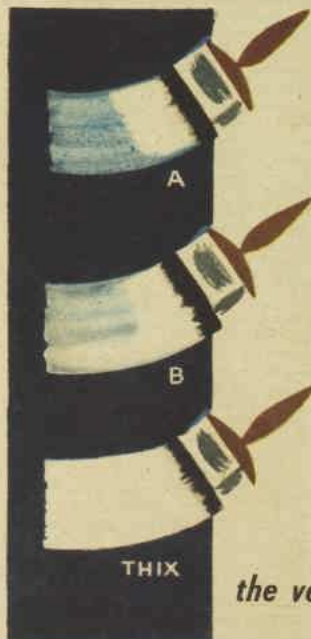
"No, how should I be able to do that? I'm not a giant, and I don't live at the top of a beanstalk. Go, now."

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Edmund looked regretful, but obeyed. Sylvester cast his driving-coat over a chair and walked over to the fire.

He had not long to wait for Sir Nugent. That exquisite came into the room a very few minutes later, exclaiming: "Well, upon my soul! I declare I was never more surprised in my life! How do you do? I'm devilish glad to see your grace!"

This entirely unexpected greeting threw Sylvester off his balance. "Glad to see me?" he repeated.

"Devilish glad to see you!" corrected Sir Nugent. "Ilanthe was persuaded you wouldn't follow us. Thought you wouldn't wish to kick up a dust. I wouldn't have betted on it, though I own I didn't expect you to come up with us so quickly. Damme, I congratulate you, Duke! No flourishing, no castings, and how you picked up the scent heaven only knows!"

"What I want, Fotherby, is not your congratulation but my ward!" said Sylvester. "You will also be so obliging as to explain to me what the devil you meant by bringing him to France!"

"Now, there," said Sir Nugent frankly, "you have me at Point Non-Plus, Duke! I fancy Nugent Fotherby ain't often at a loss. I fancy you'd be told, if you was to ask anyone, that Nugent Fotherby is as shrewd as he can hold together. But that question is a doubler. I don't mind telling you that every time I ask myself why the devil I brought that boy to France I'm floored. It's a great relief to me to hear you say you want him—you did say so, didn't you?"

"I did, and I will add that I am going to have him!"

"I take your word for that," Sir Nugent said. "Nugent Fotherby ain't the man to doubt a gentleman's honor. Let us discuss the matter!"

"There is nothing whatsoever to discuss!" said Sylvester, almost grinding his teeth.

"I assure your grace discussion is most necessary," said Sir Nugent earnestly. "The boy has a mother! She is not at the moment in plump current, you know. She must be cherished!"

"Not by me!" snapped Sylvester.

"Certainly not! If I may say so—without offence, you understand—it's not your business to cherish her: never said you would. I dare say, being aachelor, you may not know, but I did. I'm not at all sure I didn't swear it: itounded devilish like an oath to me."

"If all this is designed to make me relinquish my claim on Edmund—"

"No!" exclaimed Sir Nugent, fenching. "You'r mistake, Duke! Only too happy to store him to you! You know hat I think?"

"No! Nor do I wish to!"

"He's like some fellow in the ble," said Sir Nugent, ignoring this savage interpolation. "Or was it a pig? Well, it can't signify. What I mean is, he's possessed of a devil."

"He added rather hastily: "No need to take a pet: you can rely on my discretion: shouldn't beam of spreading it about! Well, by Jove, now I know why you're so anxious to get on back, and, what's more, don't blame you. He's your son, too, ain't he? Tut, tut, it's a nasty business! Very understandable you should wish to keep him hidden away. I shouldn't be surprised if he got be dangerous when he grows up."

Sylvester said with ominousness: "Will you have the goodness, sir, first to stop talking nonsense, and second to Lady Ianthe, without more, if she will receive me—five minutes! No longer!"

"Five minutes! Why, she be cast down in five minutes!" exclaimed Sir Nugent.

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"In fact, she would be cast down by the very sight of you, Duke. This business must be handled with delicacy. Her la'ship hasn't a suspicion in her noddle that you are here. It was a near-run thing, though. I came out of her room just as Miss Marlow was about to knock on the door. I instantly charged her not to breathe a word to her la'ship. 'Miss Marlow,' I said! 'Heavens!' he ejaculated, with a sudden change of tone. 'The abigail! the landlady! Must crave your grace's indulgence—not a moment to be lost! They must be warned! Obligated to leave you!'"

He hurried over to the door as he spoke, and collided with Tom on the threshold. "The very person!" he said. "Allow me to present Mr. Orde to your Grace! It's Salford, Orde: he's got you will entertain him while I'm gone! Feel sure you'll be pleased with each other!"

"No need to put yourself about," Tom said. "I want a few words with his grace myself."

"You do? Well, that's a devilish fortunate circumstance, because I think I should take a look in at her la'ship, in case she's got wind of Salford."

Tom shut the door upon him, and turned to confront Sylvester, standing by the table, his eyes as hard as agates, and as glittering. Tom met their challenge unwaveringly, and limped forward.

"If there was one person whom I never expected to have lent himself to this affair it was you," said Sylvester very evenly. "What, if you please, am I to understand by it?"

"From all I've been able to make out," said Tom, continuing to look him in the eye, "you're riding too rusty to understand anything, my lord Duke! What the devil do you think I'm doing here? Trying to serve you a backhand turn?"

SYLVESTER shrugged, and turned away to lean his arm along the mantelshelf. "I suppose you to be here in support of Miss Marlow. The distinction between that and serving me a backhanded turn may be plain to you: it is not so to me."

"The only persons who have been trying to serve you a backhanded turn, my lord Duke, are Lady Ianthe and the court-card she's married!" said Tom. "As for Phoebe, I must say I didn't wish her to meddle in this business, but when I think of all she's done for you, and the thanks she's had for it, damme, I'd like to call you out. Oh, I know you wouldn't meet me! You needn't tell me I'm not your rank!"

Sylvester turned his head, and looked at him, a puzzled frown in his eyes. "Don't talk to me like that, Thomas!" he said, in a quieter tone. "You had better sit down: how is that leg of yours?"

"Never mind my leg! It may interest you to know, my lord Duke—"

"Will you stop calling me my lord Duke every time you open your mouth?" interrupted Sylvester irascibly. "Sit down, and tell me what Miss Marlow has done for me to earn my gratitude!"

"Well, that's what I meant to do at the start, but you made me lose my temper, which was the one thing I meant not to do," said Tom. "And what with you fit to murder the lot of us, and Phoebe's swearing she'll starve in a ditch before she travels a yard in your company, it'll be as well if I don't do it again!"

"She will not be asked to travel an inch in my company!"

"We'll see that presently. If you will sit down I'll tell you just how we both come to be

here. But first I'd be glad to know if Lady Ingham's still at Dover. Or didn't you come by way of Dover?"

"I did, but I have no idea where Lady Ingham may be."

"I hoped you might have passed her on the road. Looks as though she couldn't face the jump. I take it you didn't put up at the Ship?"

"I didn't put up anywhere. I came down by the night-mail," said Sylvester.

"Oh! Well, I dare say the old lady is still there. Now, the long and the short of it is, Salford, that Phoebe and I were dashed well kidnapped! I'll tell you how it was."

Sylvester heard him in unresponsive silence, and at the end of the recital said coldly: "I regret having done Miss Marlow an injustice, but I should feel myself obliged to her if she would confine her love of romantic adventure to her novels. If she felt she owed me some form of reciprocation she might, with more propriety and better effect, have written to me from Dover to tell me that Edmund had been taken to France."

"If Fotherby hadn't told the skipper to set sail I expect that's what she would have done," replied Tom equably.

"She had no business to go aboard the schooner at all. My nephew's movements are not her concern," said Sylvester, so haughtily that Tom had much ado not to lose his temper again.

"So I told her," he said. "But she thought them very much her concern, and you know why! I don't blame you for being angry with her for having written that dashed silly book. I didn't even blame you for having given her a trimming—though I did think that it was ungentlemanly of you to have done so in public. You may be a duke, but—"

"That will do!" Sylvester said, flushing. "That episode also—I regret!—deeply regret! But if you imagine that I think my rank entitles me to behave—ungentlemanly—you are doing me as great an injustice as any that I have done Miss Marlow! You appear to believe that I set inordinate store by my dukedom: I do not! If I have pride it is in my lineage! You should understand that your father has the same pride! We Ordes was what he said to me, when we sat at dinner together: not I am the Squire!"

"Beg pardon!" Tom said, smiling a little.

"Yes, very well! but don't throw my rank in my face again! Am I some money-grubbing Côt, sprung from obscurity, decorated with a title for political ends, and crowing like a cock on its own dung-hill?" He broke off, as Tom shouted with laughter, and regarded him almost with hostility. "It was not my intention to divert you!"

"I know it wasn't," said Tom, wiping his eyes. "Oh, don't fall into a miff! I see precisely how it is! You are very like my father, Salford! It's as natural for you to be a duke as it is for him to be the Squire, and the only time when either of you remembers what you are is when some impudent fellow don't treat you with the respect! And I shall be just the same myself!"

He began to laugh again, but gasped: "Never mind! The thing is that you take it in snuff that Phoebe meddled in your affairs, as though she were encroaching! Well, she wasn't. The only idea she had in her head was how to undo the harm she never meant to bring on you!"

Sylvester got up, and went back to the fire, and said, as he stirred a log with one booted

foot: "You think I should be grateful to her, do you? No doubt her intentions were admirable, but when I think how easily I might but for her interference have recovered Edmund without creating the smallest noise, I am not at all grateful."

"Yes, I do think you should be grateful!" retorted Tom. "If it hadn't been for her looking after him on board the Betsy Anne he might have stuck his spoon in the wall! I never saw anyone in worse case, and there was no one else to care what became of him, let me tell you!"

"Then I am grateful to her for that at least. If my gratitude is tempered by the reflection that Edmund would never have been taken to sea if she had not put the notion into his mother's head—"

"Salford, can't you forget that trumpery novel?" begged Tom. "If you mean to brood over it all the way home, a merry journey we shall have!"

Sylvester had been looking down at the fire, but he raised his head at that. "What?"

"How do you imagine I'm to get Phoebe home?" asked Tom. "Was you meaning to leave us stranded here?"

"Stranded! I can't conceive what need you can possibly have of my services when you appear to be on excellent terms with a man of far greater substance! I suggest you apply to Fotherby for a loan."

"Yes, that's what I shall be forced to do, if you're set on a paltry revenge," said Tom, with deliberation.

"Take care!" said Sylvester. "I've borne a good deal from you, Thomas, but that is a trifle too much! If I had a banking correspondent in France you might draw on me to any tune you pleased, but I have not! As for travelling Tab with Miss Marlow—no, I won't! Ask Fotherby to accommodate you. You may as well be indebted to him as to me!"

"No, I may not," returned Tom. "You may not care for the mess Phoebe's in, but I do! You know Lady Ingham! That business—all the kick-up over Phoebe's book!—tried her pretty high, and she wasn't in the best of humors when I saw her last. By now I should think she's in a rare tweak, but you could bring her round your finger. If we go back to England with you, and you tell the old lady it was due to Phoebe you were able to recover young Edmund, all will be tidy. But if I have to take Phoebe back alone, and all you care for is to keep the business secret, we shall be lurching. You won't be able to keep it secret, either. What about Swale? What about—"

"The only one of my servants who knows where I have gone is Keighley. Swale is not with me. I am not as green as you think, Thomas!"

A slow grin spread over Tom's face. "I don't think you green, Salford!" he said. "Touched in the upper works is what you are!"

Sylvester looked frowningly at him. "What the devil are you at now? Do you think me dependent on my valet? You should know better!"

"Should I? Who is going to look after Edmund on the journey?"

"I am."

"Have you ever looked after him?" inquired Tom, grinning more widely.

"No," said Sylvester, very slightly on the defensive.

"You will enjoy the journey! You wait till you've had to wash him half a dozen times a day, my lord Duke! You'll have to dress him and undress him, and tell him stories when he begins to feel queasy in the chaise, and see he don't eat what he shouldn't—and I'll wager you don't know, so the chances are you'll be up half

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W.W.2

the night with him!—and you won't even be able to eat your dinner in peace, because he might wake up and start kicking up a dust.

"He don't like strange places, you know. And don't think you can hand him over to a chambermaid, because he don't like foreigners, either! And if you're gudgeon enough to spank him for being an infernal nuisance he'll start sobbing his heart out, and you'll have every soul in the place behaving as if you was Herod!"

"Heavens, Thomas—" Sylvester said, half laughing. "Is it as bad as that?"

"Much worse!" Tom said. "I ought to have brought Keighley, of course. But what you don't realise is that when I drew from my bank what I supposed I should need I didn't bargain for two more persons being added to my party. We should come to a standstill before we reached Calais!"

"I hadn't thought of that," admitted Tom. "Well, we shall have to pawn something."

"Pawn something?" repeated Sylvester. "Pawn what?"

"We must think. Have you got that dressing-case of yours with you?"

"Oh, it's I who must pawn something, is it? No, I am happy to say I didn't bring anything but a portmanteau!"

"It will have to be your watch and chain, then. It's a pity you don't sport diamond tie-pins and rings. Now, if only you had a spanking great emerald, like the one Fotherby's dazzling us with today—"

"Oh, be quiet!" said Sylvester. "I won't pawn my watch! Or anything else!"

"I'll do it for you," offered Tom. "I ain't so high in the instep!"

"What you are, Thomas, is a—" Sylvester stopped, as the door opened, and Phoebe came into the room.

She was looking so haughty that Tom nearly laughed; and her voice was more frigid than Sylvester's at its coldest. "Excuse me, if you please! Tom—"

"Miss Marlow," interrupted Sylvester. "I understand that I did you an injustice. I beg you will accept my sincere apology."

She threw him a disdainful glance. "It is not of the slightest consequence, sir. Tom, I came to tell you that I meant what I said to you on the stairs, and have settled what I shall do. I mean to beg Lady Lanthie to allow me to accompany her as far as to Paris. Once there I can await Grandmama at the Embassy. I am persuaded Sir Charles and Lady Elizabeth will permit me to remain with them when I tell them who I

Continuing . . . Sylvester

from page 55

am. If you will go back to Dover with his grace—"

"Yes, that's a capital scheme!" said Tom. "What's more, I'd give my last coach-wheel to see Ambassador's face when you tripped in, and said you was Lady Ingham's granddaughter, and had come to stay because you'd mislaid her ladyship on the road, with all your luggage! For heaven's sake, don't be so shatter-brained! Do you want to set Paris talking as well as London?"

She flinched at this, and Sylvester, seeing it, said: "That's enough! Miss Marlow, you must see that that scheme is quite ineligible. Pray accept my escort to England!"

"I had rather hire myself out as a cook-maid!" she declared. "Anything would be preferable to travelling in your company!"

HAVING expressed himself in much the same terms, Sylvester was instantly nettled, and retorted: "You endured my company for a week not so long since without suffering any ill effect, and I dare say you will survive a few more days of it!"

"I wish with all my heart I had never gone aboard that ship!" said Phoebe, with deep feeling.

"So do I wish it! For a more ill-judged—I beg your pardon! I believe you meant well!"

"I shall never mean you well again!" she told him fiercely. "As for your condescension, my lord Duke—"

"Phoebe, take a damper!" commanded Tom sternly. "And listen to me! I've gone along with you till now, but I'm going no farther. You'll do as I tell you, my girl. We shall go home with Salford, and you will not be beholden to him, if that's what frets you, because he needs you to look after Edmund. Yes, and let me remind you that you promised that boy you wouldn't leave him until he had his Button again!"

"He won't care for that now!" she said.

But as Edmund peeped into the coffee-room at that moment, and, upon being applied to by Tom, instantly said that he would not let Phoebe go away, this argument failed. She did suggest to Edmund that his uncle would suffice him, but he vigorously shook his curly head, saying: "No, acoos Uncle Sylvester will not be plagued with me afore breakfast."

This naive confidence did much to alleviate constraint. Phoebe could not help laughing, and Sylvester, wreaking awful vengeance on his small nephew, lost his stiffness.

But just as Edmund's squeals

and chuckles were at their height the company was startled by a roar of rage and anguish from above-stairs. It seemed to emanate from a soul in torment, making Sylvester jerk up his head, and Edmund stop squirming in his hold.

"What the devil—" exclaimed Sylvester.

"Now what's amiss?" said Tom, limping to the door. "It sounds as if the Pink of the Ton has found a speck of mud on his coat."

"Pett! Pett!" bellowed Sir Nugent, descending the stairs. "Pett, where are you? Pett. I say!"

As Tom pulled the door wide Sylvester set Edmund on his feet, demanding: "What ails the fellow?"

With a final appeal to Pett as he crossed the hall Sir Nugent appeared in the doorway, nursing in his arms a pair of glossy Hessians, and commanding the occupants of the coffee-room to look—only to look!

"Don't make that infernal noise!" said Sylvester sharply. "Look at what?"

"That cur, that mongrel!" Sir Nugent shouted. "I'll hang him! I'll tear him limb from limb, I swear I will!"

"Oh, sir, what is it?" cried Pett, running into the room.

"Look!" roared Sir Nugent, holding out the boots.

They were the Hessians of his own design, but gone were their golden tassels. Pett gave a moan, and fell back with starting eyes; Tom shot one quick look at Edmund, tried to keep his countenance, and, failing, leaned against the door in a fit of unseemly laughter, and Phoebe, after one choking moment, managed to say: "Oh, dear, how very unfortunate! But p-p-pay don't be distressed, Sir Nugent! You may have new ones put on, after all!"

"New ones—!" Pett, if it was you who left the door open so that that mongrel could get into my room you leave my service today! Now! Now, do you hear me?"

"Never!" cried Pett dramatically. "The chambermaid, sir! the boots! Anyone but me!"

Balked, Sir Nugent rounded on Tom. "I believe it was you! Laugh, will you? You let that cur into my room!"

"No, of course I didn't," said Tom. "I'm sure I beg your pardon, but of all the kick-ups only for a pair of boots!"

"Only—" Sir Nugent took a hasty step towards him, almost purple with rage.

"Draw his cork, Tom, draw

To page 58

No other winter breakfast (of equal nutrition) is this easy!

Take two or three WEET-BIX

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W7/58

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IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

● Pretty iron-on transfer and the pattern for a doll's four-piece outfit will make your little girl proud of her favorite doll.



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his cork!" begged Edmund, his angelic blue eyes blazing with excitement.

"Fotherby, will you control yourself?" Sylvester said angrily.

"Sir, there is no scratch on them! At least we are spared that!" Pett said. "I shall scour Paris day and night, sir. I shall leave no stone unturned. I shall—"

"My own design!" mourned Sir Nugent, unheeding. "Five times did Hoby have them back before I was satisfied!"

"Oh, sir, shall I ever forget?" "What a couple of Bedlamites!" Sylvester remarked to Phoebe, his eyebrows steeply soaring, his tone one of light contempt.

"Gudgeon," said Edmund experimentally, one eye on his mentor.

But as Tom was telling Sylvester the tale of Chien's previous assault on the Hessians this essay passed unheeded. Sir Nugent, becoming momentarily more like an actor in a Greek tragedy, was lamenting over one boot, while Pett nursed the other, and recalling every circumstance that had led him to design such a triumph of modishness.

Sylvester, losing all patience, exclaimed: "This is ridiculous!"

"Ridiculous!" said Edmund, savoring a new word.

"You can say that?" cried Sir Nugent, stung. Do you know how many hours I spent deciding between a plain gold band round the tops, or a twisted cord? Do you—"

"I'm not amused by foppery! I shall be—"

"Ridiculous gudgeon!"

"Obliged to you if— What did you say?" Sylvester, arrested by Edmund's gleeful voice, turned sharply.

The question, most wrathfully uttered, hung on the air. One scared look up into Sylvester's face and Edmund hung his head. Even Sir Nugent ceased to reprove, and waited for the answer. Sylvester, with equal prudence, did not repeat the question, but said sternly: "Don't let me hear your voice again!" He then turned back to the bereaved dandy, and said: "I shall be obliged to you if you will bring this exhibition to a close, and give me your attention!"

But at this moment the young person arrived on the scene, with an urgent summons from Ianthe. Milady, alarmed by the sounds that had reached her ears, desired her husband to come up to her room immediately.

"I must go to her!" announced Sir Nugent. "She will be in despair when she learns of this outrage! 'Nugent,' she said, when I put them on yesterday—the first time! only once worn! 'You well set a fashion!' she said. I must go to her at once!"

With that, he laid the boot he was still holding in Pett's arms, and hurried from the room. Pett, with a deprecating look at Sylvester, said: "Your grace will forgive us. It is a sad loss—a great blow, your grace!"

"Take yourself off!" "Yes, your grace! At once, your grace!" said Pett, bowing himself out in haste.

"As for you," said Sylvester, addressing his sinful nephew, "if ever I hear such impertinence from you again it will be very much the worse for you! Now go!"

"I won't do it again!" said Edmund, in a small, pleading voice.

"I said, Go!" Scarlet-faced, Edmund fled. This painful interlude afforded Phoebe an opportunity to resume hostilities, and she told Sylvester that his conduct was brutal. "It is extremely improper, moreover, to vent your own ill-temper on the poor child! It would have been enough for you to have given him a quiet reproof. I was never more shocked!"

"When I wish for your ad-

Continuing . . . Sylvester

[from page 57]

vice, Miss Marlow, be sure that I will ask for it," he replied.

She got up quickly and walked to the door. "Take care what you are about!" she said warningly, as a parting shot. "I am not one of your unfortunate servants, obliged to submit to your odious arrogance!"

"One moment!" he said.

She looked back, very ready to continue to do battle.

"Since Fotherby appears to be unable to think of anything but his boots, perhaps you, Miss Marlow, will be good enough to inform Lady Ianthe of my arrival," said Sylvester. "Will you also, if you please, pack Edmund's clothes? I wish to remove from this place as soon as may be possible."

This request startled her into exclaiming: "You can't take him away at this hour! Why, it's past his bedtime already! It may suit you to travel by night, but it won't do for Edmund!"

"I have no intention of travelling by night, but only of removing to some other hotel. We shall leave for Calais in the morning."

"Then you will remove without me!" said Phoebe.

"Have you no thought for anyone's convenience but your own? What do you imagine must be my feelings—if you can condescend to consider anything so trifling? While I was one of Sir Nugent's party my lack of baggage passed unheeded, but in yours it will not! And if you think I am going to one of the fashionable hotels in a travel-stained dress, and nothing but a small band-box for luggage, you are very much mistaken, Duke!"

"Of what conceivable importance are the stares or the curiosity of a parcel of hotel servants?" he asked, raising his brows.

"Oh, how like you!" she cried. "How very like you! To be sure, the mantle of your rank and consequence will be cast over me, won't it? How delightful it will be to become so elevated as to treat with indifference the opinions of inferior persons!"

"As I am not using my title, and my consequence, as you are pleased to call it, is contained in one portmanteau, you will find my mantle somewhat threadbare!" Sylvester flung at her. "However, set your mind at rest! I shall hire a private parlor for your use."

At this point Thomas entered a caveat. "I don't think you should do that, Salford," he said. "You're forgetting that the dubs aren't in tune!"

A look of vexation came into Sylvester's face. "Very well! We will put up at some small inn such as this."

"The inns are most of 'em as full as they can hold," Tom warned him. "If we have to drive all over the town looking for a small inn that has rooms for the four of us, we shall very likely be up till midnight."

"Do you expect me to remain here?" demanded Sylvester.

"Well, there's plenty of room."

"If there is room here there will be—"

"No, there will not be room elsewhere!" interpolated Phoebe. "Sir Nugent is hiring the whole house, having turned out the wretched people who were here before us! And why you should look like that I can't conceive, when it is just what you did yourself when you made Mrs. Scaling give up her coffee-room for your private use!"

"And who, pray, were the people I turned out of the Blue Boar?" asked Sylvester.

"Well, it so happened that there weren't any, but I don't

doubt you would have turned them out!"

"Oh, indeed? Then let me tell you—"

"Listen!" begged Tom. "You can be as insulting to each other as you please all the way to Dover, and I swear I won't say a word! But for heaven's sake decide what we are to do first! They'll be coming to set the covers for dinner soon. I don't blame you for not wanting to stay here, Salford, but what with pockets to let and young Edmund on our hands, what else can we do? If you don't choose to let Fotherby stand the nonsense you can arrange with Madame to pay your own shot."

"Well, I am going to put Edmund to bed!" said Phoebe. "And if you try to drag him away from me, Duke, I shall tell him that you are being cruel to me, which will very likely set him against you. Particularly after your cruelty to him!"

ON this threat she departed, leaving Sylvester without a word to say. Tom grinned at him. "Yes, you don't want Edmund to tell everyone you are a Bad Man. He's got Fotherby regularly blue-devilled, I can assure you! Come to think of it, he's already set it about that you grind men's bones for bread."

Sylvester's lips twitched, but he said: "It seems to me that Edmund has been allowed to become abominably out of hand! As for you, Thomas, if I have much more of your impudence—"

"That's better!" said Tom encouragingly. "I thought you were never coming down from your high ropes! I say—"

He was interrupted by the return of Sir Nugent, who came into the room just then, an expression of settled gloom on his countenance.

"Have you told Ianthe that I am here?" at once demanded Sylvester.

"No! I wouldn't tell her for the world!" replied Sir Nugent, shocked. "Particularly now. She is very much distressed. Feels it just as I knew she must. You will have to steal the boy while we are asleep. In the middle of the night, you know."

"I shall do nothing so improper!"

"Don't take me up so!" said Sir Nugent fretfully. "No impropriety at all! You are thinking you would be obliged to creep into Miss Marlow's bedchamber—"

"I am thinking nothing of the sort!" said Sylvester, with considerable asperity.

"There you go again!" complained Sir Nugent. "Dashed well snapping off my nose the instant I open my mouth! No question of creeping into her room: she'll bring the boy out to you. You'll have to take her along with you, of course, and I'm not sure that Orde hadn't better go, too, because you never know but what her la'ship might bubble the hoax if he stayed behind. The thing is—"

"You needn't tell me! Thomas, either you may stop laughing or I leave you to rot here!—Understand me, Fotherby! I have no need to steal my ward! Neither you nor Ianthe has the power to prevent my removing him. Well, though I am going to do so I have enough respect for her sensibility as to wish not only to inform her of my intention, but to assure her that every care shall be taken of the boy. Now perhaps you will either conduct me to Ianthe or go to tell her yourself that I am taking Edmund home tomorrow!"

"No, I won't," said Sir Nugent. "You may have the right to do it—well, I know you have! asked my attorney!—but does her la'ship know it? What I mean is will she own she knows it? If you think she will, Duke, all I can say is that you don't know much about females! Which is absurd, because you don't bamboozle me into believing you didn't offer a carte blanche, not a year after your come-out, to—what was that little lightskirt's name? You know the one I mean! A regular high flier, with yaller curls, and—"

"We will leave my affairs out of this discussion!" said Sylvester, rigid with anger.

"Oh, just as you wish! Not but what I've often wanted to ask you—However, I can see you'll fly up into the boughs, so never mind that! The thing is, if I was to tell her la'ship what was in the wind she'd expect me to stop you making off with the brat, and let alone I don't want to stop you, how the devil could I?"

"You know what females are, Duke—no objection to my saying that, is there?—She'll think I ought to pull out a sword, and it wouldn't be a mite of use telling her I haven't got a sword, because the trouble with females is they ain't rational! And a pretty time I should have of it, while you were running off with the boy, as merry as cup and can! Why, I shouldn't wonder at it if she didn't forgive me for a twelvemonth!"

"That," said Sylvester, "is your affair!"

"Well, of all the scaly things to say!" gasped Sir Nugent. "Here's me, anxious to help you to the boy, and instead of— Oh, haven't you gone to bed yet?"

This exclamation was caused by the appearance on the threshold of Master Rayne, bearing all the look of one who, having reached a painful decision, was not to be turned from it. He was followed by Phoebe, who said: "Edmund wishes to speak to you before he goes to bed, Sir Nugent."

"No, no, take him away!" said Sir Nugent. "I've had a very unpleasant shock—not by any means in prime twig!"

"It isn't wish ezzactly," said Edmund, walking resolutely up to his chair, and standing before him with his hands behind his back. "If you please, I beg pardon for having called you a gudgeon, sir. Ridiculous gudgeon," he added conscientiously.

Sir Nugent waved him peevishly away. "Oh, very well!"

"And also," said Edmund heroically, "it wasn't Chien. It was me. And I'm sorry, and—here they are!"

As he spoke he brought his hands from behind his back, and opening them disclosed two dishevelled tassels. Phoebe, unprepared for this gesture, gave a gasp of consternation; Sir Nugent, after staring for a tense moment at the tassels, said chokingly: "You—you—I'll—"

"Fotherby!" shouted Sylvester.

To be concluded

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 16, 1951



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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning July 14



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21 — APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, orange.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
★ Luck on a quiet corner.

★ There is more thought than action this week. You have reached the end of a cycle and stand on the threshold of new conditions, new interests, and prospects. Take stock of your assets and liabilities, personal and financial. Your emotional life is changing, and love may appear in a different guise. A chance meeting could influence your life.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21 — MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck on an errand.

★ You tend to embark on projects without planning ahead. Provide yourself with essential facts first. This will save time and money. If you are dealing with authority, make necessary documents along. Should it be a business matter, receipts may be required. Then all will be smooth. In your emotional life, two candidates seek your regard.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21 — JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Wed.
★ Luck in an opportunity.

★ Your sign is rarely afraid to try something new, but you are hesitating to embark upon a new venture or make drastic changes in your life. The decision to sacrifice present gains for future benefits will be up to you. If you feel confident, accept the challenge. This could be a turning point, leading to outstanding success. Social life pleasant.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22 — JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in smooth relationships.

★ You incline towards shyness and timidity. Now you see clearly that being a good mixer will pay off handsomely. The pleasant request will bring better results than a stiff demand and you must be a friend if you wish to have friends. A friendship could blossom into a love affair. A new personality or a completely new interest is coming.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23 — AUGUST 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, black.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a private venture.

★ Less said the better this week. It may not be easy to keep in the background while others get credit; or work on a project without talking of your hopes and wishes. You will see the wisdom of silence after an interview which sets off a chain of events from which you will benefit extremely well. If love, an important incident occurs.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy.
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in romance.

★ You are being rushed with invitations and a good time is indicated. Some of this popularity may spill over on to those less fortunate; you gain friends by being kind to strangers and wallflowers. You meet an attractive member of the opposite sex, probably on the sports field, or romance may begin through club or team activity.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, navy.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in business circles.

★ You put finishing touches to jobs and bring them to a successful conclusion. Focus is now on life's lighter side. You will lose some responsibilities. It would be inadvisable to start new enterprise at present. The house-maker will be catching up with domestic tasks and neglected personal affairs. If in love, complications occur.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, green.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck through travel.

★ Whether your aims are definite or indefinite there could be a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow — in the form of new interests or tangible money. It will arouse new hopes and ambitions. If you've felt restricted, barriers will fall and you will be free to choose your path. If in love, a distinction comes to the man in your life. This influences you.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 24 — DECEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, cream.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ Luck through change.

★ A lucky week. Everything falls into place. You are right on the spot when the prizes are being given out, and if there are any going you get one. Past effort is recognized; you may have been slated for a particular niche which now becomes available. If in love, your beloved will give you moral support in connection with a tricky situation.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 24 — JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck through love.

★ Your loved one offers you a gift. It may not be exactly what you want, but it springs from a desire to make you happy. If engaged, your fiancé may urge you to get the wedding date. If a parent, you help plan a marriage for a son or daughter. A business partnership is offered or, if a voluntary worker, leadership on a committee.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in carrying out plans.

★ This is a week of doing and creating things. Gather the necessary tools for the job and advance at a steady rate. Don't let your imagination run away with you. Many interruptions occur, but carry your work through and you will have a thrill of accomplishment as your reward. You feel a great urge to do something for your loved one.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.
★ Gambling colors, light blue, rose.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
★ Luck in friendships.

★ Most of you will be gay and frivolous, but you have reason to be full of the joy of living. A series of social events may reach a climax in a ball or other glamorous occasion where you are with the partner you like best. This will be followed by a lull in the social whirl and a quiet period at home. Take care of belongings in public places.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

F4917. — Long-line suit has a bow trim of contrasting material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (for three-quarter sleeves) 2½ yds. 54in. material, (for short sleeves) 3½ yds. 36in. material, plus—for both—½ yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 4/.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4335.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make dress for a small girl. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ to 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



F4917

F4862

F4918

F4335

F4919

F4862.—Pretty dress has a slightly bloused top, and a skirt falling in gathers from the hips. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½ yds. 36in. material or 5½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/.

F4918.—Dress designed on slimming lines, features front-buttoning. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires (for three-quarter sleeves) 2½ yds. 54in. material, (for short sleeves) 3½ yds. 36in. material, plus—for both—½ yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 4/.

F4919.—Strapless ballerina dress, with an unusual insertion in the flared skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6 yds. 36in. floral material, and ½ yds. 54in. tulle. Price 4/6.

F4917.—Flowergirl's dress, has a wide sash giving a cummerbund effect. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 5 to 6½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 754.—QUILTED BED-JACKET. The bed-jacket is obtainable cut out ready to make, and clearly traced with the quilted design on muslin or satin. Color choice includes white, pale blue, and pale pink. Sizes: 30 and 34in. bust, 29/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 32/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 755.—TABLE-CENTRE. Flower-design table-centre is obtainable clearly traced to embroider on white and cream Irish linen, or sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size: 17in. by 17in., 8/9. Postage 1/- extra.

No. 756.—LUNCHEON SET. Willow pattern luncheon-set is obtainable clearly traced to embroider on white and cream Irish linen, or sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Centre mat measures 11in. by 16in.; plate mats, 11in. by 13in.; cup-and-saucer mats, 5in. by 6in. Nine-piece set (1 centre mat, 4 plate mats, 4 cup-and-saucer mats), 18/6. Postage 1/6 extra. Thirteen-piece set (1 centre mat, 8 plate mats, 8 cup-and-saucer mats), 22/6. Postage and registration 2/9 extra. Serviettes, size 11in. by 11in., 1/6 each. Postage 4d. extra.

No. 757.—CHILD'S LONG'UNS. The long'uns are obtainable cut out ready to make in corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes flame-red, American beauty, redwood-brown, royal-blue, and junior navy. Sizes: 1 year, 24/6; 2 years, 25/6; 3 years, 27/3; 4 years, 29/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 758.—GIRL'S PEDAL-PUSHERS. The pedal-pushers are obtainable cut out ready to make in corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes pillar-box red, deep rose-red, redwood-brown, junior navy, royal-blue, and black. Sizes: 4 years, 19/6; 5 to 6 years, 21/6; 7 to 8 years, 22/3; 9 to 10 years, 24/6. Postage and registration 2/- extra.

No. 759.—GIRL'S TARTAN BLOUSE. The blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in fleecy backed cotton tartan. Color choice includes Royal Stewart, Dress Stewart, McBeth, Prince Charles, and Victoria. Sizes: 4 years, 12/3; 5 to 6 years, 14/-; 7 to 8 years, 15/3; 9 to 10 years, 16/3. Postage 1/9 extra.

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FOR THE SMOOTH FLAWLESS LOOK OF DRESDEN CHINA



MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD PAN-CAKE make-up

You'll find Pan-Cake perfect for the newest fashion... the smooth, flawless look of Dresden China. Pan-Cake's fine, flattering film gives your complexion a delicate, fragile look... yet conceals every flaw. No matter how uneven your skin tone, no matter what blemishes you have, you, too, can create this new, smooth, deliberately pretty look with Max Factor's Pan-Cake. Goes on in seconds... stays lovely for hours. 12 shades... one perfect for you. Standard 13/11; medium, 8/6.



* PAN-CAKE (TRADE MARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CAKE MAKE-UP.

Watch every week for news about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.



Be Prepared for Your New-born's Look

You've been told that your wonderful new baby may look wrinkled and red at first, but were you prepared for that crossed-eyed look? Don't be alarmed; new babies can't control their eye muscles for a few weeks. Is your little one's head a bit lopsided? Head bones aren't hard yet and may have been squeezed at birth, but the odd shape won't last long.

A NEW BABY'S BREATHING is often very irregular — now fast, now slow, with gurgling

noises and snorts sometimes. It's quite normal. He's gradually getting used to living in air.

HAPPY BABY CARE IS EASY TODAY. It's "legal" to enjoy your baby, and Heinz Baby Foods give you the time! Instead of preparing, cooking and sieving, simply heat a can of Heinz Strained Chicken Broth or Vegetable Soup for a tiny baby's mid-day meal and for tea give baby Heinz Egg Custard. Heinz Baby Foods are recommended by your doctor, Health Centre or Clinic.

HEINZ Baby Foods

Over 40 varieties of Broths, Soups, Meats, Vegetables, Sweets, Puddings for young and older babies.



Insist on VENCATACHELLUM THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY



"Which is the Best Mummy?"

"Each is darling - in its own variety"

NICE



MILK
ARROWROOT



SPICY
FRUIT ROLL



Arnott's
famous
Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and PRINCESS NARDA are about to be plunged into a weird adventure that brings them into close contact with the unknown mysteries of outer space. At this very moment a great invasion fleet of rocket ships has taken off from a distant planet, and is speeding earthwards. Its crew are tiny men from a race with advanced technology who consider earthmen primitive, and have made plans to conquer them. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





Clear SPOTS and RASHES-FAST!

Irritating, embarrassing skin troubles like eczema, spots, pimples, rashes, sores and burns don't heal unless you stop infection first. That is why you need the cooling, cleansing aid of Valderma Double Antiseptic Balm to keep your skin clear and healthy. Valderma contains not one, but TWO antiseptics to kill most germs that cause prolonged skin troubles. Try Valderma for five days. Feel how irritation is soothed immediately, and how quickly your skin grows clear and healthy. At all chemists. Tubes 2/6; Jars 3/6.

Valderma
Double Antiseptic Balm
Greaseless - Non-staining

VL-15-404



Those who Know say— FORD PILLS

are a safe and dependable laxative. Systems become sluggish and the accumulation of everyday poisons in the body often causes aches and pains, indigestion, Sick Headaches, Rheumatism and makes you tired and depressed. It's then you need the concentrated extracts in Ford Pills that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

FORD PILLS

F3

To Soften the Elbows

To keep your elbows smooth and lovely, start with a simple routine to soften away roughness and wrinkles. When elbows are covered over with winter clothes is the ideal time to coax them to permanent beauty. Immediately after the warmth of your bath, rub the elbows with oil of ulan. If you have lemon deph, dab this on to bleach, cleanse and tone, then smooth in the oil of ulan to soften and nourish. This is also a good routine for winter-dry legs and arms. Margaret Merril

REMOVE ACHING CORNS!

★ Painless!
★ Quickly!
★ Safely!

CARNATION CORN CAPS

AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

TEENA[®] by Linda Terry



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Get the sack with a young woman in it (9).
- Bird which never left Lohengrin (3).
- Revolve to tear (6).
- Add nothing to the total, then turn to fine fabric (6).
- Disorder once a ball game in a London thoroughfare (4-4).
- For the oil take us back to the politician (4).
- Correspondence of vowels with a donkey on a broken cane (9).
- Cat takes nothing for a garment (4).
- Superficially decorated would be an exact description (8).
- This merchant could deal in red art (6).
- Ornament with knobs or buttons taking first the best (6).
- Acquired skill of a starter (3).
- This sportsman can be seen in cross-words many a time (9).



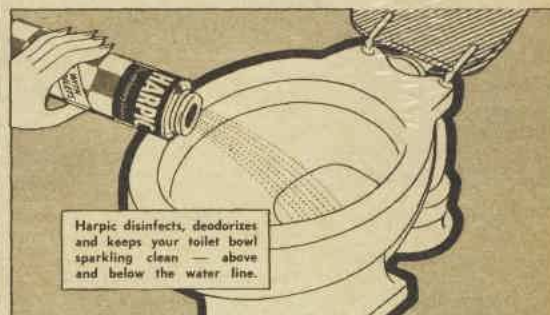
Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

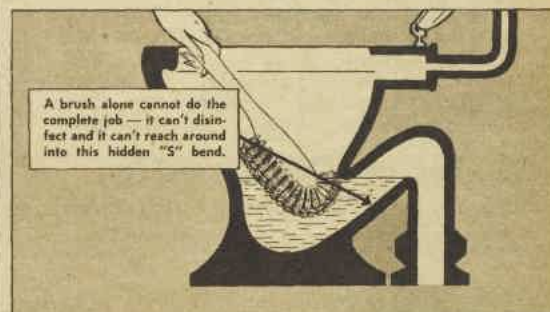
- Her husband was Posthumus Leonatus (6).
- This gentleman had a wife, a daughter named Pet, and, according to Dickens, was "an eminently practical man" (7).
- The stage or just a small part of what is shown on the stage (5).
- Puzzle in a gem (6).
- Is twice a goddess (4).
- The best singing peach produced in Australia (5).
- Though external it may lead to rue (5).
- Ancient instruments of torture used in a game and on churches (7).
- The bull variety can make a formidable noise (6).
- Cloudy patch produced by stars, but not by the Hollywood variety (6).
- Antidemocracy cannot exist without this season (4).
- Surround a graduate with nonsense, then turn the lot into a small drum (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Now Keep your toilet fresh and bright — THIS EASY PLEASANT WAY!



Harpic disinfects, deodorizes and keeps your toilet bowl sparkling clean — above and below the water line.



A brush alone cannot do the complete job — it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into this hidden "S" bend.



Harpic leaves bowl hygienically clean. Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night, and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria in the lavatory bowl, leaving it sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

HARPIC LAVATORY CLEANSER

REGD.

SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS

HP152R



BAYER'S ASPIRIN

Tablets

PRICES:
24 Tablets for 1/9
100 Tablets for 5/6

QUALITY MADE FOR QUICK RELIEF!

BAYER PHARMA PTY. LTD., SYDNEY



Shopping list Don't forget **PHILIPS LAMPS**

for better LIGHT



PHILIPS

Page 62

NEWS!

**FOR THOSE
WHO CANNOT
TAKE ASPIRIN**



**Pain Relief Without
Stomach Upset**

Yes, science has provided a new single answer to how pain can be relieved faster, without stomach upset. It's Nyal DOLAMIN, a genuinely new analgesic, which is naturally accepted by the body—chemically ready to work instantly, without stomach irritation. Nyal DOLAMIN Tablets give rapid relief from the pain of headaches, backaches, colds, neuralgia, sinusitis, sciatica and rheumatism. 36 tablets 4/6.

Nyal DOLAMIN

NO aspirin • NO phenacetin • NO caffeine



next time
you change Baby...
change to
**Nyal
BABY POWDER**

... because NYAL Baby Powder is the softest, smoothest Baby Powder you could ever use. It actually "moisture-proofs" the skin and thus prevents chafing. The moisture resistant powder creates a barrier between wet nappies and baby's skin. NYAL Baby Powder is velvety-smooth, pleasantly perfumed, and mildly deodorant. Helps keep baby fresh and sweet. So next time YOU "change" baby ... change to NYAL Baby Powder. Regular, 2/5 and Giant Economy Size, 4/9.

Nyal BABY POWDER



Soothing Relief from Cold Sores

Stop the burning and itching of cold sores NOW! Discover for yourself how quickly Nyal Cold Sore Cream brings soothing relief from this irritating and painful condition. Nyal Cold Sore Cream soothes irritation—heals quickly because it is specially medicated—and antiseptic. The so s-m-o-o-t-h cream keeps the lips soft, supple, whilst it heals. (If you prefer to "dry up" the cold sore, use Nyal Cold Sore Lotion.) Keep Nyal Cold Sore Cream handy. Cream or Lotion, 2/9.

Nyal COLD SORE CREAM



**Positive
Relief
FROM
COUGHING**

Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

**Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir
Brings "Feelable" Relief in Minutes**

When stubborn coughs and heavy chest congestion make life a misery, remember you can fight colds more effectively with scientifically formulated Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir. Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir brings positive relief from coughing because it treats all symptoms.

Here's the Secret

Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir is a balanced formulation of ten medically proven, active ingredients. That's why 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir acts so much quicker. Its three-way decongestive, expectorant, sedative action clears heavily congested bronchial tubes; stops harmful coughing; allows the patient to breathe deeply. So, when coughs "hit" your family, take your chemist's advice—give Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir, Australia's biggest-selling cough formulation.

Use 'DECONGESTANT' to relieve coughing associated with all these conditions

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| Coughs of Colds | Whooping Cough |
| Nocturnal Coughing | Bronchitis and |
| Influenza | Allergic Bronchitis |
| Tracheitis | Chest Colds |
| Pharyngitis | Laryngitis |
| Croup | Distress of Asthma |
| and other conditions involving congestion of the respiratory tract. | |

There's A Dosage For All Ages

There are three pleasantly flavoured formulations with dosages specially adjusted for all ages.

INFANTS: Six months to five years—NYAL 'Decongestant' BABY Cough Elixir—3 fl. oz., 4/-; 6 fl. oz., 5/9

CHILDREN: Five years to twelve years—NYAL 'Decongestant' CHILDREN'S Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 6/-; 12 fl. oz., 10/3

ADULTS AND CHILDREN: Over 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 6/-; 12 fl. oz., 10/3

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' Cough Elixir